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THE POEMS OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



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*Rydal Mount,
in the time of Wordsworth.*

THE POEMS OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

EDITED
WITH AN INTRODUCTION
AND NOTES BY
NOWELL CHARLES SMITH, M.A.

LATE FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE, AND FORMERLY
FELLOW OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II

WITH A FRONTISPIECE



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THE FORMS OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

EDITED

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

ROBERT GRIFFITHS

WITH A FOREWORD BY

THE EDITOR

First Published in this Edition 1908

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

BY ROBERT GRIFFITHS

EDITED

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MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1803

I

DEPARTURE

FROM THE VALE OF GRASMERE. AUGUST, 1803

THE gentlest Shade that walked Elysian plains
Might sometimes covet dissoluble chains ;
Even for the tenants of the zone that lies
Beyond the stars, celestial Paradise,
Methinks 'twould heighten joy, to overleap
At will the crystal battlements, and peep
Into some other region, though less fair,
To see how things are made and managed there.
Change for the worse might please, incursion bold
Into the tracts of darkness and of cold : 10
O'er Limbo lake with æry flight to steer,
And on the verge of Chaos hang in fear.
Such animation often do I find,
Power in my breast, wings growing in my mind,
Then, when some rock or hill is overpast,
Perchance without one look behind me cast,
Some barrier with which Nature, from the birth
Of things, has fenced this fairest spot on earth.
O pleasant transit, Grasmere ! to resign
Such happy fields, abodes so calm as thine ; 20
Not like an outcast with himself at strife ;
The slave of business, time, or care for life,
But moved by choice ; or, if constrained in part,
Yet still with Nature's freedom at the heart ;—
To cull contentment upon wildest shores,
And luxuries extract from bleakest moors ;
With prompt embrace all beauty to enfold,
And having rights in all that we behold.
—Then why these lingering steps ?—A bright adieu,
For a brief absence, proves that love is true ; 30
Ne'er can the way be irksome or forlorn
That winds into itself for sweet return.

II

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS, 1803

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH

I SHIVER, Spirit fierce and bold,
 At thought of what I now behold :
 As vapours breathed from dungeons cold
 Strike pleasure dead,
 So sadness comes from out the mould
 Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
 And thou forbidden to appear ?
 As if it were thyself that's here
 I shrink with pain ;
 And both my wishes and my fear
 Alike are vain.

10

Off weight—nor press on weight !—away
 Dark thoughts !—they came, but not to stay ;
 With chastened feelings would I pay
 The tribute due
 To him, and aught that hides his clay
 From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
 He sang, his genius 'glinted' forth,
 Rose like a star that touching earth,
 For so it seems,
 Doth glorify its humble birth
 With matchless beams.

20

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
 The struggling heart, where be they now ?—
 Full soon the Aspirant of the plough,
 The prompt, the brave,
 Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
 And silent grave.

30

I mourned with thousands, but as one
 More deeply grieved, for He was gone
 Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
 And showed my youth
 How Verse may build a princely throne
 On humble truth.

Alas ! where'er the current tends,
 Regret pursues and with it blends,—
 Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
 By Skiddaw seen,—
 Neighbours we were, and loving friends
 We might have been ;

40

True friends though diversely inclined ;
 But heart with heart and mind with mind,
 Where the main fibres are entwined,
 Through Nature's skill,
 May even by contraries be joined
 More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow ;
 Thou ' poor Inhabitant below,'
 At this dread moment—even so—
 Might we together
 Have sate and talked where gowans blow,
 Or on wild heather.

50

What treasures would have then been placed
 Within my reach ; of knowledge graced
 By fancy what a rich repast !
 But why go on ?—
 Oh ! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,
 His grave grass-grown.

60

There, too, a Son, his joy and pride,
 (Not three weeks past the Stripling died,)
 Lies gathered to his Father's side,
 Soul-moving sight !
 Yet one to which is not denied
 Some sad delight.

For *he* is safe, a quiet bed
 Hath early found among the dead,
 Harboured where none can be misled,
 Wronged, or distrest ;
 And surely here it may be said
 That such are blest.

70

And oh for Thee, by pitying grace
 Checked oft-times in a devious race,
 May He, who halloweth the place
 Where Man is laid,
 Receive thy Spirit in the embrace
 For which it prayed !

Sighing I turned away ; but ere
 Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,
 Music that sorrow comes not near,
 A ritual hymn,
 Chanted in love that casts out fear
 By Seraphim.

80

Published 1842

III

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING, ON THE BANKS OF NITH,
 NEAR THE POET'S RESIDENCE

TOO frail to keep the lofty vow
 That must have followed when his brow
 Was wreathed—'The Vision' tells us how—
 With holly spray,
 He faltered, drifted to and fro,
 And passed away.

Well might such thoughts, dear Sister, throng
 Our minds when, lingering all too long,
 Over the grave of Burns we hung
 In social grief—
 Indulged as if it were a wrong
 To seek relief.

10

But, leaving each unquiet theme
 Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,
 And prompt to welcome every gleam
 Of good and fair,
 Let us beside this limpid Stream
 Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight ;
 Think rather of those moments bright
 When to the consciousness of right
 His course was true,
 When Wisdom prospered in his sight
 And virtue grew.

20

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,
 Freely as in youth's season bland,
 When side by side, his Book in hand,
 We wont to stray,
 Our pleasure varying at command
 Of each sweet Lay.

30

How oft inspired must he have trod
 These pathways, yon far-stretching road !
 There lurks his home ; in that Abode,
 With mirth elate,
 Or in his nobly-pensive mood,
 The Rustic sate.

Proud thoughts that Image overawes,
 Before it humbly let us pause,
 And ask of Nature, from what cause
 And by what rules
 She trained her Burns to win applause
 That shames the Schools.

40

Through busiest street and loneliest glen
 Are felt the flashes of his pen ;
 He rules 'mid winter snows, and when
 Bees fill their hives ;
 Deep in the general heart of men
 His power survives.

What need of fields in some far clime
 Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime,
 And all that fetched the flowing rhyme
 From genuine springs,
 Shall dwell together till old Time
 Folds up his wings ?

50

Sweet Mercy ! to the gates of Heaven
 This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven ;
 The rueful conflict, the heart riven
 With vain endeavour,
 And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,
 Effaced for ever.

60

But why to Him confine the prayer,
 When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
 On the frail heart the purest share
 With all that live ?—
 The best of what we do and are,
 Just God, forgive.¹

Finished 1839

¹ See Note.

IV

TO THE SONS OF BURNS,

AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR FATHER

'The Poet's grave is in a corner of the churchyard. We looked at it with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own verses—

"Is there a man whose judgment clear," etc.'

Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-traveller.

'MID crowded obelisks and urns
I sought the untimely grave of Burns;
Sons of the Bard, my heart still mourns
With sorrow true;
And more would grieve, but that it turns
Trembling to you!

Through twilight shades of good and ill
Ye now are panting up life's hill,
And more than common strength and skill
Must ye display;
If ye would give the better will
Its lawful sway.

10

Hath Nature strung your nerves to bear
Intemperance with less harm, beware!
But if the Poet's wit ye share,
Like him can speed
The social hour—of tenfold care
There will be need;

For honest men delight will take
To spare your failings for his sake,
Will flatter you,—and fool and rake
Your steps pursue;
And of your Father's name will make
A snare for you.

20

Far from their noisy haunts retire,
And add your voices to the quire
That sanctify the cottage fire
With service meet;
There seek the genius of your Sire,
His spirit greet;

30

Or where, 'mid 'lonely heights and hows,'
 He paid to Nature tuneful vows ;
 Or wiped his honourable brows
 Bedewed with toil,
 While reapers strove, or busy ploughs
 Upturned the soil.

His judgment with benignant ray
 Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way ;
 But ne'er to a seductive lay
 Let faith be given ;
 Nor deem that 'light which leads astray,
 Is light from Heaven.'

40

Let no mean hope your souls enslave ;
 Be independent, generous, brave ;
 Your Father such example gave,
 And such revere ;
 But be admonished by his grave,
 And think, and fear !

1803-1827

V

ELLEN IRWIN :

OR, THE BRAES OF KIRTLE¹

FAIR Ellen Irwin, when she sate
 Upon the braes of Kirtle,
 Was lovely as a Grecian maid
 Adorned with wreaths of myrtle ;
 Young Adam Bruce beside her lay,
 And there did they beguile the day
 With love and gentle speeches,
 Beneath the budding beeches.

From many knights and many squires
 The Bruce had been selected ;
 And Gordon, fairest of them all,
 By Ellen was rejected.
 Sad tidings to that noble Youth !
 For it may be proclaimed with truth,
 If Bruce hath loved sincerely,
 That Gordon loves as dearly.

10

¹ The Kirtle is a river in the southern part of Scotland, on the banks of which the events here related took place.

But what are Gordon's form and face,
 His shattered hopes and crosses,
 To them, 'mid Kirtle's pleasant braes,
 Reclined on flowers and mosses?
 Alas that ever he was born!
 The Gordon, couched behind a thorn,
 Sees them and their caressing;
 Beholds them blest and blessing.

20

Proud Gordon, maddened by the thoughts
 That through his brain are travelling,
 Rushed forth, and at the heart of Bruce
 He launched a deadly javelin!
 Fair Ellen saw it as it came,
 And, starting up to meet the same,
 Did with her body cover
 The Youth, her chosen lover.

30

And, falling into Bruce's arms,
 Thus died the beauteous Ellen,
 Thus, from the heart of her True-love,
 The mortal spear repelling.
 And Bruce, as soon as he had slain
 The Gordon, sailed away to Spain;
 And fought with rage incessant
 Against the Moorish crescent.

40

But many days, and many months,
 And many years ensuing,
 This wretched Knight did vainly seek
 The death that he was wooing.
 So, coming his last help to crave,
 Heart-broken, upon Ellen's grave
 His body he extended,
 And there his sorrow ended.

Now ye, who willingly have heard
 The tale I have been telling,
 May in Kirkconnell churchyard view
 The grave of lovely Ellen:
 By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid;
 And, for the stone upon his head,
 May no rude hand deface it,
 And its forlorn *Uir* jacet!

50

VI

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

(AT INVERSNEYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND)

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
 Twice seven consenting years have shed
 Their utmost bounty on thy head :
 And these grey rocks ; that household lawn ;
 Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
 This fall of water that doth make
 A murmur near the silent lake ;
 This little bay ; a quiet road
 That holds in shelter thy Abode—
 In truth together do ye seem
 Like something fashioned in a dream ;
 Such Forms as from their covert peep
 When earthly cares are laid asleep !
 But, O fair Creature ! in the light
 Of common day, so heavenly bright,
 I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
 I bless thee with a human heart ;
 God shield thee to thy latest years !
 Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers ;
 And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
 For thee when I am far away :
 For never saw I mien, or face,
 In which more plainly I could trace
 Benignity and home-bred sense
 Ripening in perfect innocence.
 Here scattered, like a random seed,
 Remote from men, Thou dost not need
 The embarrassed look of shy distress,
 And maidenly shamefacedness :
 Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
 The freedom of a Mountaineer :
 A face with gladness overspread !
 Soft smiles, by human kindness bred !
 And seemliness complete, that sways
 Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;
 With no restraint, but such as springs
 From quick and eager visitings
 Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
 Of thy few words of English speech :

A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life !
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind—
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess !
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality :
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea ; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see !
Thy elder Brother I would be,
Thy Father—anything to thee !

50

60

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had ; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes :
Then, why should I be loth to stir ?
I feel this place was made for her ;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl ! from thee to part ;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;
And Thee, the Spirit of them all !

70

1803

VII

GLEN ALMAIN ;

OR, THE NARROW GLEN

IN this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian, in the NARROW GLEN ;
In this still place, where murmurs on
But one meek streamlet, only one :

He sang of battles, and the breath
 Of stormy war, and violent death ;
 And should, methinks, when all was past,
 Have rightfully been laid at last
 Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent
 As by a spirit turbulent ; 10
 Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
 And everything unreconciled ;
 In some complaining, dim retreat,
 For fear and melancholy meet ;
 But this is calm ; there cannot be
 A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed ?
 Or is it but a groundless creed ?
 What matters it ?—I blame them not
 Whose Fancy in this lonely Spot 20
 Was moved ; and in such way expressed
 Their notion of its perfect rest.
 A convent, even a hermit's cell,
 Would break the silence of this Dell :
 It is not quiet, is not ease ;
 But something deeper far than these :
 The separation that is here
 Is of the grave ; and of austere
 Yet happy feelings of the dead :
 And, therefore, was it rightly said 30
 That Ossian, last of all his race !
 Lies buried in this lonely place.

Between 1803 and 1805

VIII

STEPPING WESTWARD

WHILE my Fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side of Loch Ketterine, one fine evening after sunset, in our road to a Hut where, in the course of our Tour, we had been hospitably entertained some weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed Women, one of whom said to us, by way of greeting, 'What, you are stepping westward?'

'WHAT, you are stepping westward ?' — 'Yea.'
 — 'Twould be a *wildish* destiny,
 If we, who thus together roam
 In a strange Land, and far from home,
 Were in this place the guests of Chance :
 Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
 Though home or shelter he had none,
 With such a sky to lead him on ?

The dewy ground was dark and cold ;
 Behind, all gloomy to behold ;
 And stepping westward seemed to be
 A kind of *heavenly* destiny :
 I liked the greeting ; 'twas a sound
 Of something without place or bound ;
 And seemed to give me spiritual right
 To travel through that region bright.

10

The voice was soft, and she who spake
 Was walking by her native lake :
 The salutation had to me
 The very sound of courtesy :
 Its power was felt ; and while my eye
 Was fixed upon the glowing Sky,
 The echo of the voice enwrought
 A human sweetness with the thought
 Of travelling through the world that lay
 Before me in my endless way.

20

Between 1803 and 1805

IX

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass !
 Reaping and singing by herself ;
 Stop here, or gently pass !
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain ;
 O listen ! for the Vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands :
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

10

Will no one tell me what she sings ?—
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago :

20

Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;—
I listened, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

30

Between 1803 and 1805

X

ADDRESS TO KILCHURN CASTLE, UPON
LOCH AWE

'FROM the top of the hill a most impressive scene opened upon our view,—a ruined Castle on an Island (for an Island the flood had made it) at some distance from the shore, backed by a Cove of the Mountain Cruachan, down which came a foaming stream. The Castle occupied every foot of the Island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water,—mists rested upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine ; there was a mild desolation in the low grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the Castle was wild, yet stately—not dismantled of turrets—nor the walls broken down, though obviously a ruin.'—*Extract from the Journal of my Companion.*

CHILD of loud-throated War ! the mountain Stream
Roars in thy hearing ; but thy hour of rest
Is come, and thou art silent in thy age ;
Save when the wind sweeps by and sounds are caught
Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs.
Oh ! there is life that breathes not ; Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of. What art Thou, from care
Cast off—abandoned by thy rugged Sire,
Nor by soft Peace adopted ; though, in place
And in dimension, such that thou might'st seem
But a mere footstool to yon sovereign Lord,
Huge Cruachan, (a thing that meaner hills
Might crush, nor know that it had suffered harm ;)
Yet he, not loth, in favour of thy claims
To reverence, suspends his own ; submitting
All that the God of Nature hath conferred,
All that he holds in common with the stars,
To the memorial majesty of Time
Impersonated in thy calm decay !

10

20

Take, then, thy seat, Vicegerent unproved !
 Now, while a farewell gleam of evening light
 Is fondly lingering on thy shattered front,
 Do thou, in turn, be paramount ; and rule
 Over the pomp and beauty of a scene
 Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and woods, unite
 To pay thee homage ; and with these are joined,
 In willing admiration and respect,
 Two Hearts, which in thy presence might be called 30
 Youthful as Spring.—Shade of departed Power,
 Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,
 The chronicle were welcome that should call
 Into the compass of distinct regard
 The toils and struggles of thy infant years !
 Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice ;
 Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
 Frozen by distance ; so, majestic Pile,
 To the perception of this Age, appear
 Thy fierce beginnings, softened and subdued 40
 And quieted in character—the strife,
 The pride, the fury uncontrollable,
 Lost on the aërial heights of the Crusades !¹

Published 1827

XI

ROB ROY'S GRAVE

THE history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known ; his grave is near the head of Loch Ketterine, in one of those small pinfold-like Burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,
 The English ballad-singer's joy !
 And Scotland has a thief as good,
 An outlaw of as daring mood ;
 She has her brave Rob Roy !
 Then clear the weeds from off his Grave,
 And let us chant a passing stave,
 In honour of that Hero brave !

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart
 And wondrous length and strength of arm : 10
 Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
 Or keep his friends from harm.

¹ The tradition is, that the Castle was built by a Lady during the absence of her Lord in Palestine.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave ;
 Forgive me if the phrase be strong ;—
 A Poet worthy of Rob Roy
 Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave ;
 As wise in thought as bold in deed :
 For in the principles of things
 He sought his moral creed.

20

Said generous Rob, ' What need of books ?
 Burn all the statutes and their shelves :
 They stir us up against our kind ;
 And worse, against ourselves.

' We have a passion—make a law,
 Too false to guide us or control !
 And for the law itself we fight
 In bitterness of soul.

' And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
 Distinctions that are plain and few :
 These find I graven on my heart :
 That tells me what to do.

30

' The creatures see of flood and field,
 And those that travel on the wind !
 With them no strife can last ; they live
 In peace, and peace of mind.

' For why ?—because the good old rule
 Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
 That they should take, who have the power,
 And they should keep who can.

40

' A lesson that is quickly learned,
 A signal this which all can see !
 Thus nothing here provokes the strong
 To wanton cruelty.

' All freakishness of mind is checked ;
 He tamed, who foolishly aspires ;
 While to the measure of his might
 Each fashions his desires.

' All kinds, and creatures, stand and fall
 By strength of prowess or of wit :
 'Tis God's appointment who must sway,
 And who is to submit.

50

'Since, then, the rule of right is plain,
And longest life is but a day;
To have my ends, maintain my rights,
I'll take the shortest way.'

And thus among these rocks he lived,
Through summer heat and winter snow :
The Eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below.

60

So was it—*would*, at least, have been
But through untowardness of fate ;
For Polity was then too strong—
He came an age too late ;

Or shall we say an age too soon ?
For, were the bold Man living *now*,
How might he flourish in his pride,
With buds on every bough !

Then rents and factors, rights of chase,
Sheriffs, and lairds and their domains,
Would all have seemed but paltry things,
Not worth a moment's pains.

70

Rob Roy had never lingered here,
To these few meagre Vales confined ;
But thought how wide the world, the times
How fairly to his mind !

And to his Sword he would have said,
'Do Thou my sovereign will enact
From land to land through half the earth !
Judge thou of law and fact !

80

'Tis fit that we should do our part,
Becoming that mankind should learn
That we are not to be surpassed
In fatherly concern.

'Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough :—
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

'I, too, will have my kings that take
From me the sign of life and death :
Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,
Obedient to my breath.'

90

And, if the word had been fulfilled,
 As *might* have been, then, thought of joy !
 France would have had her present Boast,
 And we our own Rob Roy !

Oh ! say not so ; compare them not ;
 I would not wrong thee, Champion brave !
 Would wrong thee nowhere ; least of all
 Here standing by thy grave.

100

For Thou, although with some wild thoughts,
 Wild Chieftain of a savage Clan !
 Hadst this to boast of ; thou didst love
 The *liberty* of man.

And, had it been thy lot to live
 With us who now behold the light,
 Thou wouldst have nobly stirred thyself,
 And battled for the Right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
 The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand ;
 And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,
 Had thine at their command.

110

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
 Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays
 Alone upon Loch Veol's heights,
 And by Loch Lomond's braes.

And, far and near, through vale and hill,
 Are faces that attest the same ;
 The proud heart flashing through the eyes,
 At sound of Rob Roy's name.

120

Between 1803 and 1805

XII

SONNET

COMPOSED AT ——— CASTLE

DEGENERATE Douglas ! oh, the unworthy Lord !
 Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,
 And love of havoc, (for with such disease
 Fame taxes him,) that he could send forth word

To level with the dust a noble horde,
 A brotherhood of venerable Trees,
 Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,
 Beggared and outraged!—Many hearts deplored
 The fate of those old Trees; and oft with pain
 The traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze
 On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed:
 For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
 And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
 And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

Sept. 1803

XIII

YARROW UNVISITED

SEE the various Poems the scene of which is laid upon the banks of the Yarrow; in particular, the exquisite Ballad of Hamilton beginning—

‘Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow!’

FROM Stirling castle we had seen
 The mazy Forth unravelled;
 Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
 And with the Tweed had travelled;
 And when we came to Clovenford,
 Then said my ‘winsome Marrow,’
 ‘Whate’er betide, we’ll turn aside,
 And see the Braes of Yarrow.’

‘Let Yarrow folk, *frae* Selkirk town,
 Who have been buying, selling,
 Go back to Yarrow, ’tis their own;
 Each maiden to her dwelling!
 On Yarrow’s banks let herons feed,
 Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
 But we will downward with the Tweed,
 Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

‘There’s Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
 Both lying right before us;
 And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
 The lintwhites sing in chorus;
 There’s pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
 Made blithe with plough and harrow:
 Why throw away a needful day
 To go in search of Yarrow?’

'What's Yarrow but a river bare,
 That glides the dark hills under?
 There are a thousand such elsewhere
 As worthy of your wonder.'
 —Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn;
 My True-love sighed for sorrow; 30
 And looked me in the face, to think
 I thus could speak of Yarrow!

'Oh! green,' said I, 'are Yarrow's holms,
 And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,¹
 But we will leave it growing.
 O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
 We'll wander Scotland thorough;
 But, though so near, we will not turn
 Into the dale of Yarrow. 40

'Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
 The sweets of Burn-mill meadow,
 The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
 Float double, swan and shadow!
 We will not see them; will not go,
 To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
 Enough if in our hearts we know
 There's such a place as Yarrow.

'Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
 It must, or we shall rue it: 50
 We have a vision of our own;
 Ah! why should we undo it?
 The treasured dreams of times long past,
 We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
 For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
 'Twill be another Yarrow!

'If Care with freezing years should come,
 And wandering seem but folly,—
 Should we be loth to stir from home,
 And yet be melancholy; 60
 Should life be dull, and spirits low,
 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
 That earth has something yet to show,
 The bonny holms of Yarrow!'

1803

¹ See Hamilton's Ballad as above.

XIV

SONNET

IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKY

An invasion being expected, October 1803

SIX thousand veterans practised in war's game,
 Tried men, at Killicranky were arrayed
 Against an equal host that wore the plaid,
 Shepherds and herdsman.—Like a whirlwind came
 The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like flame;
 And Garry, thundering down his mountain-road,
 Was stopped, and could not breathe beneath the load
 Of the dead bodies.—'Twas a day of shame
 For them whom precept and the pedantry
 Of cold mechanic battle do enslave. 10
 O for a single hour of that Dundee,
 Who on that day the word of onset gave!
 Like conquest would the Men of England see;
 And her Foes find a like inglorious grave.

Oct. 1803

XV

THE MATRON OF JEDBOROUGH AND
HER HUSBAND

At Jedborough, my companion and I went into private lodgings for a few days; and the following Verses were called forth by the character and domestic situation of our Hostess.

A GE! twine thy brows with fresh spring
 flowers,
 And call a train of laughing Hours;
 And bid them dance, and bid them sing;
 And thou, too, mingle in the ring!
 Take to thy heart a new delight;
 If not, make merry in despite
 That there is One who scorns thy power:—
 But dance! for under Jedborough Tower
 A Matron dwells who, though she bears
 The weight of more than seventy years, 10
 Lives in the light of youthful glee,
 And she will dance and sing with thee.

Nay! start not at that Figure—there!
 Him who is rooted to his chair!
 Look at him—look again! for he
 Hath long been of thy family.

With legs that move not, if they can,
And useless arms, a trunk of man,
He sits, and with a vacant eye ;
A sight to make a stranger sigh !
Deaf, drooping, that is now his doom :
His world is in this single room :
Is this a place for mirthful cheer ?
Can merry-making enter here ?

20

The joyous Woman is the Mate
Of him in that forlorn estate !
He breathes a subterraneous damp ;
But bright as Vesper shines her lamp :
He is as mute as Jedborough Tower :
She jocund as it was of yore,
With all its bravery on ; in times
When, all alive with merry chimes,
Upon a sun-bright morn of May,
It roused the Vale to holiday.

30

I praise thee, Matron ! and thy due
Is praise, heroic praise, and true !
With admiration I behold
Thy gladness unsubdued and bold :
Thy looks, thy gestures, all present
The picture of a life well spent :
This do I see ; and something more ;
A strength unthought of heretofore !
Delighted am I for thy sake ;
And yet a higher joy partake :
Our Human-nature throws away
Its second twilight, and looks gay ;
A land of promise and of pride
Unfolding, wide as life is wide.

40

Ah ! see her helpless Charge ! enclosed
Within himself as seems, composed ;
To fear of loss, and hope of gain,
The strife of happiness and pain,
Utterly dead ! yet in the guise
Of little infants, when their eyes
Begin to follow to and fro
The persons that before them go,
He tracks her motions, quick or slow.
Her buoyant spirit can prevail
Where common cheerfulness would fail ;

50

She strikes upon him with the heat 60
 Of July suns; he feels it sweet;
 An animal delight though dim!
 'Tis all that now remains for him!

The more I looked, I wondered more—
 And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er,
 Some inward trouble suddenly
 Broke from the Matron's strong black eye—
 A remnant of uneasy light,
 A flash of something over-bright!
 Nor long this mystery did detain 70
 My thoughts;—she told in pensive strain
 That she had borne a heavy yoke,
 Been stricken by a twofold stroke;
 Ill health of body; and had pined
 Beneath worse ailments of the mind.

So be it!—but let praise ascend
 To Him who is our lord and friend!
 Who from disease and suffering
 Hath called for thee a second spring;
 Repaid thee for that sore distress 80
 By no untimely joyousness;
 Which makes of thine a blissful state;
 And cheers thy melancholy Mate!

Between 1803 and 1805

XVI

FLY, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-dale!
 Say that we come, and come by this day's light;
 Fly upon swiftest wing round field and height,
 But chiefly let one Cottage hear the tale;
 There let a mystery of joy prevail,
 The kitten frolic, like a gamesome sprite,
 And Rover whine, as at a second sight
 Of near-approaching good that shall not fail:
 And from that Infant's face let joy appear;
 Yea, let our Mary's one companion child— 10
 That hath her six weeks' solitude beguiled
 With intimations manifold and dear,
 While we have wandered over wood and wild—
 Smile on his Mother now with bolder cheer.

Sept. 25, 1803

XVII

THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY

A TALE TOLD BY THE FIRE-SIDE, AFTER RETURNING
TO THE VALE OF GRASMERE

NOW we are tired of boisterous joy,
Have romped enough, my little Boy !
Jane hangs her head upon my breast,
And you shall bring your stool and rest ;
This corner is your own.

There ! take your seat, and let me see
That you can listen quietly :
And, as I promised, I will tell
That strange adventure which befell
A poor blind Highland Boy.

10

A *Highland Boy* !—why call him so ?
Because, my Darlings, ye must know
That, under hills which rise like towers,
Far higher hills than these of ours !
He from his birth had lived.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight ;
The sun, the day ; the stars, the night ;
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,
Or woman, man, or child.

20

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,
Nor had a melancholy mind ;
For God took pity on the Boy,
And was his friend ; and gave him joy
Of which we nothing know.

His Mother, too, no doubt, above
Her other children him did love :
For, was she here, or was she there,
She thought of him with constant care,
And more than mother's love.

30

And proud she was of heart, when clad
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
And bonnet with a feather gay,
To Kirk he on the sabbath day
Went hand in hand with her.

A dog too had he ; not for need,
 But one to play with and to feed ;
 Which would have led him, if bereft
 Of company or friends, and left
 Without a better guide.

40

And then the bagpipes he could blow—
 And thus from house to house would go ;
 And all were pleased to hear and see,
 For none made sweeter melody
 Than did the poor blind Boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream ;
 Both when he heard the eagles scream,
 And when he heard the torrents roar,
 And heard the water beat the shore
 Near which their cottage stood.

50

Beside a lake their cottage stood,
 Not small like ours, a peaceful flood ;
 But one of mighty size, and strange ;
 That, rough or smooth, is full of change,
 And stirring in its bed.

For to this lake, by night and day,
 The great Sea-water finds its way
 Through long, long windings of the hills,
 And drinks up all the pretty rills
 And rivers large and strong :

60

Then hurries back the road it came—
 Returns, on errand still the same ;
 This did it when the earth was new ;
 And this for evermore will do,
 As long as earth shall last.

And, with the coming of the tide,
 Come boats and ships that safely ride
 Between the woods and lofty rocks ;
 And to the shepherds with their flocks
 Bring tales of distant lands.

70

And of those tales, whate'er they were,
 The blind Boy always had his share ;
 Whether of mighty towns, or vales
 With warmer suns and softer gales,
 Or wonders of the Deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it stirred,
When from the water-side he heard
The shouting, and the jolly cheers;
The bustle of the mariners
In stillness or in storm.

80

But what do his desires avail?
For He must never handle sail;
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float
In sailor's ship, or fisher's boat,
Upon the rocking waves.

His Mother often thought, and said,
What sin would be upon her head
If she should suffer this: 'My Son,
Whate'er you do, leave this undone;
The danger is so great.'

90

Thus lived he by Loch Leven's side
Still sounding with the sounding tide,
And heard the billows leap and dance,
Without a shadow of mischance,
Till he was ten years old.

When one day (and now mark me well,
Ye soon shall know how this befell)
He in a vessel of his own
On the swift flood is hurrying down,
Down to the mighty Sea.

100

In such a vessel never more
May human creature leave the shore!
If this or that way he should stir,
Woe to the poor blind Mariner!
For death will be his doom.

But say what bears him?—Ye have seen
The Indian's bow, his arrows keen,
Rare beasts, and birds with plumage bright;
Gifts which, for wonder or delight,
Are brought in ships from far.

110

Such gifts had those seafaring men
Spread round that haven in the glen;
Each hut, perchance, might have its own;
And to the Boy they all were known—
He knew and prized them all.

The rarest was a Turtle-shell
Which he, poor Child, had studied well ;
A shell of ample size, and light
As the pearly car of Amphitrite,
That sportive dolphins drew.

120

And, as a Coracle that braves
On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,
This shell upon the deep would swim,
And gaily lift its fearless brim
Above the tossing surge.

And this the little blind Boy knew ;
And he a story strange yet true
Had heard, how in a shell like this
An English Boy, O thought of bliss !
Had stoutly launched from shore ;

130

Launched from the margin of a bay
Among the Indian isles, where lay
His father's ship, and had sailed far—
To join that gallant ship of war,
In his delightful shell.

Our Highland Boy oft visited
The house that held this prize ; and, led
By choice or chance, did thither come
One day when no one was at home,
And found the door unbarred.

140

While there he sate, alone and blind,
That story flashed upon his mind ;—
A bold thought roused him, and he took
The shell from out its secret nook,
And bore it on his head.

He launched his vessel,—and in pride
Of spirit, from Loch Leven's side,
Stepped into it—his thoughts all free
As the light breezes that with glee
Sang through the adventurer's hair.

150

A while he stood upon his feet ;
He felt the motion—took his seat ;
Still better pleased as more and more
The tide retreated from the shore,
And sucked, and sucked him in.

And there he is in face of Heaven.
How rapidly the Child is driven !
The fourth part of a mile, I ween,
He thus had gone, ere he was seen
By any human eye.

160

But when he was first seen, oh me
What shrieking and what misery !
For many saw ; among the rest
His Mother, she who loved him best,
She saw her poor blind Boy.

But for the child, the sightless Boy,
It is the triumph of his joy !
The bravest traveller in balloon,
Mounting as if to reach the moon,
Was never half so blessed.

170

And let him, let him go his way,
Alone, and innocent, and gay !
For, if good Angels love to wait
On the forlorn unfortunate,
This Child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,
Which from the crowd on shore was sent,
The cries which broke from old and young
In Gaelic, or the English tongue,
Are stifled—all is still.

180

And quickly with a silent crew
A boat is ready to pursue ;
And from the shore their course they take,
And swiftly down the running lake
They follow the blind Boy.

But soon they move with softer pace ;
So have ye seen the fowler chase
On Grasmere's clear unruffled breast
A youngling of the wild-duck's nest
With deftly-lifted oar ;

190

Or as the wily sailors crept
To seize (while on the Deep it slept)
The hapless creature which did dwell
Erewhile within the dancing shell,
They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be made,
 They follow, more and more afraid,
 More cautious as they draw more near ;
 But in his darkness he can hear,
 And guesses their intent.

200

'*Lei-gha—Lei-gha*'—he then cried out,
 '*Lei-gha—Lei-gha*'—with eager shout ;
 Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,
 And what he meant was, 'Keep away,
 And leave me to myself !'

Alas ! and when he felt their hands——
 You've often heard of magic wands,
 That with a motion overthrow
 A palace of the proudest show,
 Or melt it into air :

210

So all his dreams—that inward light
 With which his soul had shone so bright—
 All vanished ;—'twas a heartfelt cross
 To him, a heavy, bitter loss,
 As he had ever known.

But hark ! a gratulating voice,
 With which the very hills rejoice :
 'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly
 Have watched the event, and now can see
 That he is safe at last.

220

And then, when he was brought to land,
 Full sure they were a happy band,
 Which, gathering round, did on the banks
 Of that great Water give God thanks,
 And welcomed the poor Child.

And in the general joy of heart
 The blind Boy's little dog took part ;
 He leapt about, and oft did kiss
 His master's hands in sign of bliss,
 With sound like lamentation.

230

But most of all, his Mother dear,
 She who had fainted with her fear,
 Rejoiced when waking she espies
 The Child ; when she can trust her eyes,
 And touches the blind Boy.

She led him home, and wept amain,
When he was in the house again :
Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes ;
She kissed him—how could she chastise ?
She was too happy far.

240

Thus, after he had fondly braved
The perilous Deep, the Boy was saved ;
And, though his fancies had been wild,
Yet he was pleased and reconciled
To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland dell
Still do they keep the Turtle-shell ;
And long the story will repeat
Of the blind Boy's adventurous feat,
And how he was preserved.

250

Probably 1806

Note.—It is recorded in *Dampier's Voyages*, that a boy, son of the captain of a Man-of-War, seated himself in a Turtle-shell, and floated in it from the shore to his father's ship, which lay at anchor at the distance of half a mile. In deference to the opinion of a Friend, I have substituted such a shell for the less elegant vessel in which my blind Voyager did actually entrust himself to the dangerous current of Loch Leven, as was related to me by an eye-witness.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN
SCOTLAND, 1814

I

SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL RUIN UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF
LOCH LOMOND, A PLACE CHOSEN FOR THE RETREAT OF A SOLI-
TARY INDIVIDUAL, FROM WHOM THIS HABITATION ACQUIRED
THE NAME OF

THE BROWNIE'S CELL

I

TO barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen,
Or depth of labyrinthine glen;
Or into trackless forest set
With trees, whose lofty umbrage met;
World-wearied Men withdrew of yore;
(Penance their trust, and prayer their store;)
And in the wilderness were bound
To such apartments as they found;
Or with a new ambition raised;
That God might suitably be praised.

10

II

High lodged the *Warrior*, like a bird of prey;
Or where broad waters round him lay:
But this wild Ruin is no ghost
Of his devices—buried, lost!
Within this little lonely isle
There stood a consecrated Pile;
Where tapers burned, and mass was sung,
For them whose timid Spirits clung
To mortal succour, though the tomb
Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom!

20

III

Upon those servants of another world
When madding Power her bolts had hurled,
Their habitation shook;—it fell,
And perished, save one narrow cell;

Whither, at length, a Wretch retired
Who neither grovelled nor aspired :
He, struggling in the net of pride,
The future scorned, the past defied ;
Still tempering, from the unguilty forge
Of vain conceit, an iron scourge !

30

IV

Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race,
Who stood and flourished face to face
With their perennial hills ;—but Crime,
Hastening the stern decrees of Time,
Brought low a Power, which from its home
Burst, when repose grew wearisome ;
And, taking impulse from the sword,
And, mocking its own plighted word,
Had found, in ravage widely dealt,
Its warfare's bourn, its travel's belt !

40

V

All, all were dispossessed, save him whose smile
Shot lightning through this lonely Isle !
No right had he but what he made
To this small spot, his leafy shade ;
But the ground lay within that ring
To which he only dared to cling ;
Renouncing here, as worse than dead,
The craven few who bowed the head
Beneath the change ; who heard a claim
How loud ! yet lived in peace with shame.

50

VI

From year to year this shaggy Mortal went
(So seemed it) down a strange descent :
Till they, who saw his outward frame,
Fixed on him an unhallowed name ;
Him, free from all malicious taint,
And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,
A pen unwearied—to indite,
In his lone Isle, the dreams of night ;
Impassioned dreams, that strove to span
The faded glories of his Clan !

60

VII

Suns that through blood their western harbour sought,
And stars that in their courses fought ;
Towers rent, winds combating with woods,
Lands deluged by unbridled floods ;

And beast and bird that from the spell
 Of sleep took import terrible ;—
 These types mysterious (if the show
 Of battle and the routed foe
 Had failed) would furnish an array
 Of matter for the dawning day !

70

VIII

How disappeared He ?—ask the newt and toad,
 Inheritors of his abode ;
 The otter crouching undisturbed,
 In her dank cleft ;—but be thou curbed,
 O froward Fancy ! 'mid a scene
 Of aspect winning and serene ;
 For those offensive creatures shun
 The inquisition of the sun !
 And in this region flowers delight,
 And all is lovely to the sight.

80

IX

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,
 When she applies her annual test
 To dead and living ; when her breath
 Quickens, as now, the withered heath ;—
 Nor flaunting Summer—when he throws
 His soul into the briar-rose ;
 Or calls the lily from her sleep
 Prolonged beneath the bordering deep ;
 Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren
 Is warbling near the BROWNIE'S Den.

90

X

Wild Relique ! beauteous as the chosen spot
 In Nysa's isle, the embellished grot,
 Whither, by care of Libyan Jove,
 (High Servant of paternal Love)
 Young Bacchus was conveyed—to lie
 Safe from his step-dame Rhea's eye ;
 Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage, glowed,
 Close-crowding round the infant-god ;
 All colours,—and the liveliest streak
 A foil to his celestial cheek !

100

II

COMPOSED AT CORA LINN

IN SIGHT OF WALLACE'S TOWER

'—How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the name
Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
All over his dear Country ; left the deeds
Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,
To people the steep rocks and river banks,
Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
Of independence and stern liberty.'—*MS.*

LORD of the vale ! astounding Flood ;
The dullest leaf in this thick wood
Quakes—conscious of thy power ;
The caves reply with hollow moan ;
And vibrates, to its central stone,
Yon time-cemented Tower !

And yet how fair the rural scene !
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
Beneficent as strong ;
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
The little trembling flowers that peep
Thy shelving rocks among.

10

Hence all who love their country, love
To look on thee—delight to rove
Where they thy voice can hear ;
And, to the patriot-warrior's Shade,
Lord of the vale ! to Heroes laid
In dust, that voice is dear !

Along thy banks, at dead of night
Sweeps visibly the Wallace Wight ;
Or stands, in warlike vest,
Aloft, beneath the moon's pale beam,
A Champion worthy of the stream,
Yon grey tower's living crest !

20

But clouds and envious darkness hide
A Form not doubtfully descried :—
Their transient mission o'er,
O say to what blind region flee
These Shapes of awful phantasy ?
To what untrodden shore ?

30

Less than divine command they spurn;
 But this we from the mountains learn,
 And this the valleys show;
 That never will they deign to hold
 Communion where the heart is cold
 To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain
 Shall walk the Marathonian plain;
 Or thrid the shadowy gloom,
 That still invests the guardian Pass,
 Where stood, sublime, Leonidas
 Devoted to the tomb.

40

And let no Slave his head incline,
 Or kneel, before the votive shrine
 By Uri's lake, where Tell
 Leapt, from his storm-vest boat, to land,
 Heaven's Instrument, for by his hand
 That day the Tyrant fell.

Published 1820

III

EFFUSION

IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND ON THE BANKS OF THE BRAN,
 NEAR DUNKELD

'THE waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us when we must expect it. We were first, however, conducted into a small apartment, where the Gardener desired us to look at a picture of Ossian, which, while he was telling the history of the young Artist who executed the work, disappeared, parting in the middle—flying asunder as by the touch of magic—and lo! we are at the entrance of a splendid apartment, which was almost dizzy and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions; the great cascade, opposite the window, which faced us, being reflected in innumerable mirrors upon the ceiling and against the walls.'—*Extract from the Journal of my Fellow Traveller.*

WHAT! He—who, 'mid the kindred throng
 Of Heroes that inspired his song,
 Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,
 The stars dim-twinkling through their forms;
 What! Ossian here—a painted Thrall,
 Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall;
 To serve—an unsuspected screen
 For show that must not yet be seen;
 And, when the moment comes, to part
 And vanish by mysterious art;
 Head, harp, and body, split asunder,
 For ingress to a world of wonder;

10

A gay saloon, with waters dancing
 Upon the sight wherever glancing;
 One loud cascade in front, and lo!
 A thousand like it, white as snow—
 Streams on the walls, and torrent-foam
 As active round the hollow dome,
 Illusive cataracts! of their terrors
 Not stripped, nor voiceless in the mirrors, 20
 That catch the pageant from the flood
 Thundering adown a rocky wood.
 What pains to dazzle and confound!
 What strife of colour, shape and sound
 In this quaint medley, that might seem
 Devised out of a sick man's dream!
 Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy
 As ever made a maniac dizzy,
 When disenchanted from the mood
 That loves on sullen thoughts to brood! 30

O Nature—in thy changeful visions,
 Through all thy most abrupt transitions
 Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime—
 Ever averse to pantomime,
 Thee neither do they know nor us
 Thy servants, who can trifle thus;
 Else verily the sober powers
 Of rock that frowns, and stream that roars,
 Exalted by congenial sway
 Of Spirits, and the undying Lay, 40
 And Names that moulder not away,
 Had wakened some redeeming thought
 More worthy of this favoured Spot;
 Recalled some feeling—to set free
 The Bard from such indignity!

The Effigies¹ of a valiant Wight
 I once beheld, a Templar Knight;
 Not prostrate, not like those that rest
 On tombs, with palms together prest,
 But sculptured out of living stone, 50
 And standing upright and alone,
 Both hands with rival energy
 Employed in setting his sword free
 From its dull sheath—stern sentinel
 Intent to guard St. Robert's cell;

¹ On the banks of the river Nid, near Knaresborough.

As if with memory of the affray
 Far distant, when, as legends say,
 The Monks of Fountains thronged to force
 From its dear home the Hermit's corse,
 That in their keeping it might lie, 60
 To crown their abbey's sanctity.
 So had they rushed into the grot
 Of sense despised, a world forgot,
 And torn him from his loved retreat,
 Where altar-stone and rock-hewn seat
 Still hint that quiet best is found,
 Even by the *Living*, under ground ;
 But a bold Knight, the selfish aim
 Defeating, put the Monks to shame,
 There where you see his Image stand 70
 Bare to the sky, with threatening brand
 Which lingering Nid is proud to show
 Reflected in the pool below.

Thus, like the men of earliest days,
 Our sires set forth their grateful praise :
 Uncouth the workmanship, and rude !
 But, nursed in mountain solitude,
 Might some aspiring artist dare
 To seize whate'er, through misty air,
 A ghost, by glimpses, may present 80
 Of imitable lineament,
 And give the phantom an array
 That less should scorn the abandoned clay ;
 Then let him hew with patient stroke
 An Ossian out of mural rock,
 And leave the figurative Man—
 Upon thy margin, roaring Bran !—
 Fixed, like the Templar of the steep,
 An everlasting watch to keep ;
 With local sanctities in trust, 90
 More precious than a hermit's dust ;
 And virtues through the mass infused,
 Which old idolatry abused.

What though the Granite would deny
 All fervour to the sightless eye ;
 And touch from rising suns in vain
 Solicit a Memnonian strain ;
 Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,
 The wind might force the deep-grooved harp
 To utter melancholy moans 100

Not unconnected with the tones
Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones ;
While grove and river notes would lend,
Less deeply sad, with these to blend !

Vain pleasures of luxurious life,
For ever with yourselves at strife ;
Through town and country both deranged
By affectations interchanged,
And all the perishable gauds
That heaven-deserted man applauds ;
When will your hapless patrons learn
To watch and ponder—to discern
The freshness, the everlasting youth,
Of admiration sprung from truth ;
From beauty infinitely growing
Upon a mind with love o'erflowing—
To sound the depths of every Art
That seeks its wisdom through the heart ?

110

Thus (where the intrusive Pile, ill-graced
With baubles of theatric taste,
O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers
On motley bands of alien flowers
In stiff confusion set or sown,
Till Nature cannot find her own,
Or keep a remnant of the sod
Which Caledonian Heroes trod)
I mused ; and, thirsting for redress,
Recoiled into the wilderness.

120

1814-1827

IV

YARROW VISITED

SEPTEMBER, 1814

AND is this—Yarrow ?—*This* the Stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream ?
An image that hath perished !
O that some Minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness !

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
 With uncontrolled meanderings ; 10
 Nor have these eyes by greener hills
 Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
 And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
 Is visibly delighted ;
 For not a feature of those hills
 Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
 Save where that pearly whiteness
 Is round the rising sun diffused,
 A tender hazy brightness ; 20
 Mild dawn of promise ! that excludes
 All profitless dejection ;
 Though not unwilling here to admit
 A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
 Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding ?
 His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
 On which the herd is feeding :
 And haply from this crystal pool,
 Now peaceful as the morning, 30
 The Water-wraith ascended thrice—
 And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
 The haunts of happy Lovers,
 The path that leads them to the grove,
 The leafy grove that covers :
 And Pity sanctifies the Verse
 That paints, by strength of sorrow,
 The unconquerable strength of love ;
 Bear witness, rueful Yarrow ! 40

But thou, that didst appear so fair
 To fond imagination,
 Dost rival in the light of day
 Her delicate creation :
 Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
 A softness still and holy ;
 The grace of forest charms decayed,
 And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
 Rich groves of lofty stature, 50
 With Yarrow winding through the pomp
 Of cultivated nature ;

And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin hoary !
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in ;
For manhood to enjoy his strength ;
And age to wear away in !
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—
The brood of chaste affection.

60

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather !
And what if I enwreathed my own !
'Twere no offence to reason ;
The sober Hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

70

I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ;
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee !
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure ;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

80

The vapours linger round the Heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish ;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow !
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

POEMS DEDICATED TO NATIONAL
INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY

PART I

I

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802

FAIR Star of evening, Splendour of the west,
Star of my Country!—on the horizon's brink
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink
On England's bosom; yet well pleased to rest,
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,
Shouldst be my Country's emblem; and shouldst wink,
Bright Star! with laughter on her banners, drest
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot
Beneath thee, that is England; there she lies. 10
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,
One life, one glory!—I, with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
Among men who do not love her, linger here.

II

CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802

IS it a reed that's shaken by the wind,
Or what is it that ye go forth to see?
Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low degree,
Men known, and men unknown, sick, lame, and blind,
Post forward all, like creatures of one kind,
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee
In France, before the new-born Majesty.
'Tis ever thus. Ye men of prostrate mind,
A seemly reverence may be paid to power;
But that's a loyal virtue, never sown 10
In haste, nor springing with a transient shower:
When truth, when sense, when liberty were flown,
What hardship had it been to wait an hour?
Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery prone!

III

COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS, ON THE ROAD LEADING
TO ARDRES, AUGUST 7, 1802

JONES! as from Calais southward you and I
Went pacing side by side, this public Way
Streamed with the pomp of a too-credulous day,¹
When faith was pledged to new-born Liberty :
A homeless sound of joy was in the sky :
From hour to hour the antiquated Earth
Beat like the heart of Man : songs, garlands, mirth,
Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh !
And now, sole register that these things were,
Two solitary greetings have I heard, 10
'Good morrow, Citizen !' a hollow word,
As if a dead man spake it ! Yet despair
Touches me not, though pensive as a bird
Whose vernal coverts winter hath laid bare.²

IV

1801

I GRIEVED for Buonaparté, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! The tenderest mood
Of that Man's mind—what can it be? what food
Fed his first hopes? what knowledge could *he* gain?
'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The Governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees :
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk 10
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business : these are the degrees
By which true Sway doth mount ; this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on ; and her rights are these.
May 21, 1802

V

CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802

FESTIVALS have I seen that were not names :
This is young Buonaparté's natal day,
And his is henceforth an established sway—
Consul for life. With worship France proclaims

¹ July 14, 1790.

² See Note.

Her approbation, and with pomps and games.
 Heaven grant that other Cities may be gay !
 Calais is not : and I have bent my way
 To the sea-coast, noting that each man frames
 His business as he likes. Far other show
 My youth here witnessed, in a prouder time ; 10
 The senselessness of joy was then sublime !
 Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,
 Consul, or King, can sound himself to know
 The destiny of Man, and live in hope.

VI

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous east in fee ;
 And was the safeguard of the west : the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
 Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
 She was a maiden City, bright and free ;
 No guile seduced, no force could violate ;
 And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
 And what if she had seen those glories fade,
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay ; 10
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
 When her long life hath reached its final day :
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
 Of that which once was great is passed away.

Probably Aug. 1802

VII

THE KING OF SWEDEN

THE Voice of song from distant lands shall call
 To that great King : shall hail the crownèd
 Youth
 Who, taking counsel of unbending Truth,
 By one example hath set forth to all
 How they with dignity may stand ; or fall,
 If fall they must. Now, whither doth it tend ?
 And what to him and his shall be the end ?
 That thought is one which neither can appal
 Nor cheer him ; for the illustrious Swede hath done
 The thing which ought to be ; is raised *above* 10
 All consequences : work he hath begun
 Of fortitude, and piety, and love,
 Which all his glorious ancestors approve :
 The heroes bless him, him their rightful son.¹

Probably Aug. 1802

¹ See Note.

VIII

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men !
 Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
 Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den ;—
 O miserable Chieftain ! where and when
 Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ; do thou
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
 Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
 Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies ; 10
 There's not a breathing of the common wind
 That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

Probably Aug. 1802

IX

SEPTEMBER 1, 1802

Among the capricious acts of tyranny that disgraced those times, was the chasing of all Negroes from France by decree of the government : we had a Fellow-passenger who was one of the expelled.

WE had a female Passenger who came
 From Calais with us, spotless in array,—
 A white-robed Negro, like a lady gay,
 Yet downcast as a woman fearing blame ;
 Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim
 She sate, from notice turning not away,
 But on all proffered intercourse did lay
 A weight of languid speech, or to the same
 No sign of answer made by word or face :
 Yet still her eyes retained their tropic fire, 10
 That, burning independent of the mind,
 Joined with the lustre of her rich attire
 To mock the Outcast—O ye Heavens, be kind !
 And feel, thou Earth, for this afflicted Race !

1802

X

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY NEAR DOVER, ON THE DAY OF LANDING

HERE, on our native soil, we breathe once more.
 The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that
 sound
 Of bells ;—those boys who in yon meadow-ground
 In white-sleeved shirts are playing ; and the roar

Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore ;—
 All, all are English. Oft have I looked round
 With joy in Kent's green vales ; but never found
 Myself so satisfied in heart before.
 Europe is yet in bonds ; but let that pass,
 Thought for another moment. Thou art free,
 My Country ! and 'tis joy enough and pride
 For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass
 Of England once again, and hear and see,
 With such a dear Companion at my side.

Aug. 30, 1802

XI

SEPTEMBER, 1802. NEAR DOVER

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood ;
 And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
 The coast of France—the coast of France how near !
 Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.
 I shrunk ; for verily the barrier flood
 Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
 A span of waters ; yet what power is there !
 What mightiness for evil and for good !
 Even so doth God protect us if we be
 Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll,
 Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity ;
 Yet in themselves are nothing ! One decree
 Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul
 Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

Sept. 1802

XII

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

TWO Voices are there ; one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains ; each a mighty Voice :
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
 There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
 Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven :
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ;
 For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
 That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful Voice be heard by thee !

1807

XIII

WRITTEN IN LONDON. SEPTEMBER, 1802

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look
 For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd,
 To think that now our life is only drest
 For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
 Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
 The wealthiest man among us is the best:
 No grandeur now in nature or in book
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry; and these we adore: 10
 Plain living and high thinking are no more:
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

XIV

LONDON, 1802

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea: 10
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

1802

XV

GREAT men have been among us; hands that
 penn'd
 And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none:
 The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
 Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.
 These moralists could act and comprehend:
 They knew how genuine glory was put on;
 Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
 In splendour: what strength was, that would not
 bend

But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,
 Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then. 10
 Perpetual emptiness ! unceasing change !
 No single volume paramount, no code,
 No master spirit, no determined road ;
 But equally a want of books and men !

Published 1807

XVI

IT is not to be thought of that the Flood
 Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
 Hath flowed, ' with pomp of waters, unwithstood,'
 Roused though it be full often to a mood
 Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
 That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
 Should perish ; and to evil and to good
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
 Armoury of the invincible Knights of old : 10
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakspeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

Published 1803

XVII

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed
 Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts
 depart

When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
 The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
 I had, my Country !—am I to be blamed ?
 Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
 For dearly must we prize thee ; we who find
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men ; 10
 And I by my affection was beguiled :
 What wonder if a Poet now and then,
 Among the many movements of his mind,
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child !

Published 1803

XVIII

OCTOBER, 1803

ONE might believe that natural miseries
 Had blasted France, and made of it a land
 Unfit for men ; and that in one great band
 Her sons were bursting forth, to dwell at ease.

But 'tis a chosen soil, where sun and breeze
 Shed gentle favours : rural works are there,
 And ordinary business without care ;
 Spot rich in all things that can soothe and please !
 How piteous then that there should be such dearth
 Of knowledge ; that whole myriads should unite 10
 To work against themselves such fell despite :
 Should come in frenzy and in drunken mirth,
 Impatient to put out the only light
 Of Liberty that yet remains on earth !

Oct. 1803

XIX

THERE is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear
 Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and
 wall,
 Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall :
 'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
 One of a Nation who, henceforth, must wear
 Their fetters in their souls. For who could be,
 Who, even the best, in such condition, free
 From self-reproach, reproach that he must share
 With Human-nature ? Never be it ours
 To see the sun how brightly it will shine, 10
 And know that noble feelings, manly powers,
 Instead of gathering strength, must droop and pine ;
 And earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers
 Fade, and participate in man's decline.

Published 1807

XX

OCTOBER, 1803

THESE times strike monied worldlings with dismay :
 Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
 With words of apprehension and despair :
 While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,
 Men unto whom sufficient for the day
 And minds not stinted or untilled are given,
 Sound, healthy, children of the God of heaven,
 Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.
 What do we gather hence but firmer faith
 That every gift of noble origin 10
 Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath ;
 That virtue and the faculties within
 Are vital,—and that riches are akin
 To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death ?

Oct. 1803

XXI

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou shouldst
 wean
 Thy heart from its emasculating food ;
 The truth should now be better understood ;
 Old things have been unsettled ; we have seen
 Fair seed-time, better harvest might have been
 But for thy trespasses ; and, at this day,
 If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,
 Aught good were destined, thou wouldst step between.
 England ! all nations in this charge agree :
 But worse, more ignorant in love and hate, 10
 Far—far more abject, is thine Enemy :
 Therefore the wise pray for thee, though the freight
 Of thy offences be a heavy weight :
 Oh grief that Earth's best hopes rest all with Thee !
 Probably 1803

XXII

OCTOBER, 1803

WHEN, looking on the present face of things,
 I see one man, of men the meanest too !
 Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,
 With mighty Nations for his underlings,
 The great events with which old story rings
 Seem vain and hollow ; I find nothing great :
 Nothing is left which I can venerate ;
 So that a doubt almost within me springs
 Of Providence, such emptiness at length
 Seems at the heart of all things. But, great God ! 10
 I measure back the steps which I have trod ;
 And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength
 Of such poor Instruments, with thoughts sublime
 I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

Oct. 1803

XXIII

TO THE MEN OF KENT. OCTOBER, 1803

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye men of Kent,
 Ye children of a Soil that doth advance
 Her haughty brow against the coast of France,
 Now is the time to prove your hardiment !
 To France be words of invitation sent !
 They from their fields can see the countenance
 Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
 And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.

Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,
 Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath ; 10
 Confirmed the charters that were yours before ;—
 No parleying now ! In Britain is one breath ;
 We all are with you now from shore to shore :—
 Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death !

Oct. 1803

XXIV

WHAT if our numbers barely could defy
 The arithmetic of babes, must foreign hordes,
 Slaves, vile as ever were befooled by words,
 Striking through English breasts the anarchy
 Of Terror, bear us to the ground, and tie
 Our hands behind our backs with felon cords ?
 Yields every thing to discipline of swords ?
 Is man as good as man, none low, none high ?—
 Nor discipline nor valour can withstand
 The shock, nor quell the inevitable rout, 10
 When in some great extremity breaks out
 A people, on their own beloved Land
 Risen, like one man, to combat in the sight
 Of a just God for liberty and right.

Published 1837

XXV

LINES ON THE EXPECTED INVASION, 1803

COME ye—who, if (which Heaven avert !) the Land
 Were with herself at strife, would take your stand,
 Like gallant Falkland, by the Monarch's side,
 And, like Montrose, make Loyalty your pride—
 Come ye—who, not less zealous, might display
 Banners at enmity with regal sway,
 And, like the Pym and Miltons of that day,
 Think that a State would live in sounder health
 If Kingship bowed its head to Commonwealth—
 Ye too—whom no discreditable fear 10
 Would keep, perhaps with many a fruitless tear,
 Uncertain what to choose and how to steer—
 And ye—who might mistake for sober sense
 And wise reserve the plea of indolence—
 Come ye—whate'er your creed—O waken all,
 Whate'er your temper, at your Country's call ;
 Resolving (this a free-born Nation can)
 To have one Soul, and perish to a man,

Or save this honoured Land from every Lord
But British reason and the British sword.

1803

20

XXVI

ANTICIPATION. OCTOBER, 1803

SHOUT, for a mighty Victory is won !
On British ground the Invaders are laid low ;
The breath of Heaven has drifted them like snow,
And left them lying in the silent sun,
Never to rise again !—the work is done.
Come forth, ye old men, now in peaceful show
And greet your sons ! drums beat and trumpets blow !
Make merry, wives ! ye little children, stun
Your grandame's ears with pleasure of your noise !
Clap, infants, clap your hands ! Divine must be
That triumph, when the very worst, the pain,
And even the prospect of our brethren slain,
Hath something in it which the heart enjoys :—
In glory will they sleep and endless sanctity.

10

Oct. 1803

XXVII

NOVEMBER, 1806

ANOTHER year !—another deadly blow !
Another mighty Empire overthrown !
And We are left, or shall be left, alone ;
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
'Tis well ! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought ;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought ;
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer !
We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant ; not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.

10

Nov. 1806

XXVIII

ODE

I

WHO rises on the banks of Seine,
And binds her temples with the civic wreath ?
What joy to read the promise of her mien !
How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings beneath !

But they are ever playing,
 And twinkling in the light,
 And, if a breeze be straying,
 That breeze she will invite ;

And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,
 And calls a look of love into her face, 10
 And spreads her arms, as if the general air
 Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.
 —Melt, Principalities, before her melt !
 Her love ye hailed—her wrath have felt !
 But She through many a change of form hath gone,
 And stands amidst you now an armed creature,
 Whose panoply is not a thing put on,
 But the live scales of a portentous nature ;
 That, having forced its way from birth to birth,
 Stalks round—abhorred by Heaven, a terror to the
 Earth ! 20

II

I marked the breathings of her dragon crest :
 My Soul, a sorrowful interpreter,
 In many a midnight vision bowed
 Before the ominous aspect of her spear ;
 Whether the mighty beam, in scorn upheld,
 Threatened her foes,—or, pompously at rest,
 Seemed to bisect her orbèd shield,
 As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud
 Across the setting sun and all the fiery west.

III

So did she daunt the Earth, and God defy ! 30
 And, wheresoe'er she spread her sovereignty,
 Pollution tainted all that was most pure.
 —Have we not known—and live we not to tell—
 That Justice seemed to hear her final knell ?
 Faith buried deeper in her own deep breast
 Her stores, and sighed to find them insecure !
 And Hope was maddened by the drops that fell
 From shades, her chosen place of short-lived rest.
 Shame followed shame, and woe supplanted woe—
 Is this the only change that time can show ? 40
 How long shall vengeance sleep ? Ye patient Heavens,
 how long ?
 —Infirm ejaculation ! from the tongue
 Of Nations wanting virtue to be strong
 Up to the measure of accorded might,
 And daring not to feel the majesty of right !

IV

Weak Spirits are there—who would ask,
 Upon the pressure of a painful thing,
 The lion's sinews, or the eagle's wing;
 Or let their wishes loose, in forest-glade,
 Among the lurking powers
 Of herbs and lowly flowers,
 Or seek, from saints above, miraculous aid—
 That Man may be accomplished for a task
 Which his own nature hath enjoined;—and why?
 If, when that interference hath relieved him,
 He must sink down to languish
 In worse than former helplessness—and lie
 Till the caves roar,—and, imbecility
 Again engendering anguish,
 The same weak wish returns, that had before deceived
 him.

50

60

V

But Thou, supreme Disposer! may'st not speed
 The course of things, and change the creed
 Which hath been held aloft before men's sight
 Since the first framing of societies,
 Whether, as bards have told in ancient song,
 Built up by soft seducing harmonies;
 Or prest together by the appetite,
 And by the power, of wrong.

Probably 1816

PART II

I

ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY

A ROMAN Master stands on Grecian ground,
 And to the people at the Isthmian Games
 Assembled, He, by a herald's voice, proclaims
 THE LIBERTY OF GREECE :—the words rebound
 Until all voices in one voice are drowned;
 Glad acclamation by which air was rent!
 And birds, high flying in the element,
 Dropped to the earth, astonished at the sound!
 Yet were the thoughtful grieved; and still that voice
 Haunts, with sad echoes, musing Fancy's ear:
 Ah! that a *Conqueror's* words should be so dear:
 Ah! that a *boon* could shed such rapturous joys!

10

A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven.

Published 1815

II

UPON THE SAME EVENT

WHEN, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn
The tidings passed of servitude repealed,
And of that joy which shook the Isthmian Field,
The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter scorn.
'Tis known,' cried they, 'that he, who would adorn
His envied temples with the Isthmian crown,
Must either win, through effort of his own,
The prize, or be content to see it worn
By more deserving brows.—Yet so ye prop,
Sons of the brave who fought at Marathon, 10
Your feeble spirits! Greece her head hath bowed,
As if the wreath of liberty thereon
Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,
Which, at Jove's will, descends on Pelion's top.'

Published 1815

III

TO THOMAS CLARKSON, ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL FOR
THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE. MARCH, 1807

CLARKSON! it was an obstinate hill to climb:
How toilsome—nay, how dire—it was, by thee
Is known; by none, perhaps, so feelingly:
But thou, who, starting in thy fervent prime,
Didst first lead forth that enterprise sublime,
Hast heard the constant Voice its charge repeat,
Which, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,
First roused thee.—O true yoke-fellow of Time,
Duty's intrepid liegeman, see, the palm
Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn! 10
The blood-stained Writing is for ever torn;
And thou henceforth wilt have a good man's calm,
A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall find
Repose at length, firm friend of human kind!

March 1807

IV

A PROPHECY. FEBRUARY, 1807

HIGH deeds, O Germans, are to come from you!
Thus in your books the record shall be found,
'A watchword was pronounced, a potent sound—
ARMINIUS!—all the people quaked like dew

Stirred by the breeze ; they rose, a Nation, true,
 True to herself—the mighty Germany,
 She of the Danube and the Northern Sea,
 She rose, and off at once the yoke she threw.
 All power was given her in the dreadful trance ;
 Those new-born Kings she withered like a flame.' 10
 —Woe to them all ! but heaviest woe and shame
 To that Bavarian who could first advance
 His banner in accursed league with France,
 First open traitor to the German name !

V

COMPOSED BY THE SIDE OF GRASMERE LAKE, 1807

CLOUDS, lingering yet, extend in solid bars
 Through the grey west ; and lo ! these waters,
 steeled
 By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
 A vivid repetition of the stars ;
 Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars
 Amid his fellows beautifully revealed
 At happy distance from earth's groaning field,
 Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.
 Is it a mirror ?—or the nether Sphere
 Opening to view the abyss in which she feeds 10
 Her own calm fires ?—But list ! a voice is near ;
 Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds,
 ' Be thankful, thou ; for, if unholy deeds
 Ravage the world, tranquillity is here ! '

VI

G O back to antique ages, if thine eyes
 The genuine mien and character would trace
 Of the rash Spirit that still holds her place,
 Prompting the world's audacious vanities !
 Go back, and see the Tower of Babel rise ;
 The pyramid extend its monstrous base,
 For some Aspirant of our short-lived race,
 Anxious an aery name to immortalize.
 There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute
 Gave specious colouring to aim and act, 10
 See the first mighty Hunter leave the brute—
 To chase mankind, with men in armies packed
 For his field-pastime high and absolute,
 While, to dislodge his game, cities are sacked !

Published 1827

VII

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS ENGAGED IN WRITING A
TRACT OCCASIONED BY THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA, 1808

NOT 'mid the World's vain objects that enslave
The free-born Soul—that World whose vaunted
skill

In selfish interest perverts the will,
Whose factions lead astray the wise and brave—
Not there ; but in dark wood and rocky cave,
And hollow vale which foaming torrents fill
With omnipresent murmur as they rave
Down their steep beds, that never shall be still :
Here, mighty Nature !—in this school sublime
I weigh the hopes and fears of suffering Spain ; 10
For her consult the auguries of time,
And through the human heart explore my way ;
And look and listen—gathering, whence I may,
Triumph, and thoughts no bondage can restrain.

Nov. or Dec. 1808

VIII

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME AND ON THE SAME OCCASION

I DROPPED my pen ; and listened to the Wind
That sang of trees up-torn and vessels tost—
A midnight harmony ; and wholly lost
To the general sense of men by chains confined
Of business, care, or pleasure ; or resigned
To timely sleep. Thought I, the impassioned strain,
Which, without aid of numbers, I sustain,
Like acceptance from the World will find.
Yet some with apprehensive ear shall drink
A dirge devoutly breathed o'er sorrows past ; 10
And to the attendant promise will give heed—
The prophecy,—like that of this wild blast,
Which, while it makes the heart with sadness shrink,
Tells also of bright calms that shall succeed.

IX

HOFER

OF mortal parents is the Hero born
By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are led ?
Or is it Tell's great Spirit, from the dead
Returned to animate an age forlorn ?

He comes like Phœbus through the gates of morn
 When dreary darkness is discomfited,
 Yet, mark his modest state ! upon his head,
 That simple crest, a heron's plume, is worn.
 O Liberty ! they stagger at the shock
 From van to rear—and with one mind would flee, 10
 But half their host is buried :—rock on rock
 Descends :—beneath this godlike Warrior, see !
 Hills, torrents, woods, embodied to bemock
 The Tyrant, and confound his cruelty.

1809

X

ADVANCE—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,
 Dear Liberty ! stern Nymph of soul untamed ;
 Sweet Nymph, O rightly of the mountains named !
 Through the long chain of Alps from mound to mound
 And o'er the eternal snows, like Echo, bound ;
 Like Echo, when the hunter train at dawn
 Have roused her from her sleep : and forest-lawn,
 Cliffs, woods and caves, her viewless steps resound
 And babble of her pastime !—On, dread Power !
 With such invisible motion speed thy flight, 10
 Through hanging clouds, from craggy height to height,
 Through the green vales and through the herdsman's
 bower—
 That all the Alps may gladden in thy might,
 Here, there, and in all places at one hour.

1809

XI

FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE

THE Land we from our fathers had in trust,
 And to our children will transmit, or die :
 This is our maxim, this our piety ;
 And God and Nature say that it is just.
 That which we *would* perform in arms—we must !
 We read the dictate in the infant's eye ;
 In the wife's smile ; and in the placid sky ;
 And, at our feet, amid the silent dust
 Of them that were before us.—Sing aloud
 Old songs, the precious music of the heart ! 10
 Give, herds and flocks, your voices to the wind !
 While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,
 With weapons grasped in fearless hands, to assert
 Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.

1809

XII

ALAS! what boots the long laborious quest
 Of moral prudence, sought through good and ill;
 Or pains abstruse—to elevate the will,
 And lead us on to that transcendent rest
 Where every passion shall the sway attest
 Of Reason, seated on her sovereign hill;
 What is it but a vain and curious skill,
 If sapient Germany must lie deprest,
 Beneath the brutal sword?—Her haughty Schools
 Shall blush; and may not we with sorrow say, 10
 A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
 Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought
 More for mankind at this unhappy day
 Than all the pride of intellect and thought?

1809

XIII

AND is it among rude untutored Dales,
 There, and there only, that the heart is true?
 And, rising to repel or to subdue,
 Is it by rocks and woods that man prevails?
 Ah no! though Nature's dread protection fails,
 There is a bulwark in the soul. This knew
 Iberian Burghers when the sword they drew
 In Zaragoza, naked to the gales
 Of fiercely-breathing war. The truth was felt
 By Palafox, and many a brave compeer, 10
 Like him of noble birth and noble mind;
 By ladies, meek-eyed women without fear;
 And wanderers of the street, to whom is dealt
 The bread which without industry they find.

1809

XIV

O'ER the wide earth, on mountain and on plain,
 Dwells in the affections and the soul of man
 A Godhead, like the universal PAN;
 But more exalted, with a brighter train:
 And shall his bounty be dispensed in vain,
 Showered equally on city and on field,
 And neither hope nor steadfast promise yield
 In these usurping times of fear and pain?

Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it Heaven !
 We know the arduous strife, the eternal laws
 To which the triumph of all good is given,
 High sacrifice, and labour without pause,
 Even to the death :—else wherefore should the eye
 Of man converse with immortality ?

10

1809

XV

ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE TYROLESE

IT was a *moral* end for which they fought ;
 Else how, when mighty Thrones were put to shame,
 Could they, poor Shepherds, have preserved an aim,
 A resolution, or enlivening thought ?
 Nor hath that moral good been *vainly* sought ;
 For in their magnanimity and fame
 Powers have they left, an impulse, and a claim
 Which neither can be overturned nor bought.
 Sleep, Warriors, sleep ! among your hills repose !
 We know that ye, beneath the stern control
 Of awful prudence, keep the unvanquished soul :
 And when, impatient of her guilt and woes,
 Europe breaks forth ; then, Shepherds ! shall ye rise
 For perfect triumph o'er your Enemies.

10

1809

XVI

HAIL, Zaragoza ! If with unwet eye
 We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,
 Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold ;
 Such spectacle demands not tear nor sigh.
 These desolate remains are trophies high
 Of more than martial courage in the breast
 Of peaceful civic virtue : they attest
 Thy matchless worth to all posterity.
 Blood flowed before thy sight without remorse ;
 Disease consumed thy vitals ; War upheaved
 The ground beneath thee with volcanic force :
 Dread trials ! yet encountered and sustained
 Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,
 And law was from necessity received.

10

1809

XVII

SAY, what is Honour ?—'Tis the finest sense
 Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,
 Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
 And guard the way of life from all offence

Suffered or done. When lawless violence
 Invades a Realm, so pressed that in the scale
 Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,
 Honour is hopeful elevation,—whence
 Glory, and triumph. Yet with politic skill
 Endangered States may yield to terms unjust ; 10
 Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the dust—
 A Foe's most favourite purpose to fulfil :
 Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
 Are forfeited ; but infamy doth kill.

Published 1815

XVIII

THE martial courage of a day is vain,
 An empty noise of death the battle's roar,
 If vital hope be wanting to restore,
 Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,
 Armies or kingdoms. We have heard a strain
 Of triumph, how the labouring Danube bore
 A weight of hostile corse: drenched with gore
 Were the wide fields, the hamlets heaped with slain.
 Yet see (the mighty tumult overpast)
 Austria a Daughter of her Throne hath sold ! 10
 And her Tyrolean Champion we behold
 Murdered, like one ashore by shipwreck cast,
 Murdered without relief. Oh ! blind as bold,
 To think that such assurance can stand fast !

1810

XIX

BRAVE Schill ! by death delivered, take thy flight
 From Prussia's timid region. Go, and rest
 With heroes, 'mid the islands of the Blest,
 Or in the fields of empyrean light.
 A meteor wert thou crossing a dark night :
 Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and sublime,
 Stand in the spacious firmament of time,
 Fixed as a star : such glory is thy right.
 Alas ! it may not be : for earthly fame
 Is Fortune's frail dependant ; yet there lives 10
 A Judge, who, as man claims by merit, gives ;
 To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,
 Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed ;
 In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

1809

XX

CALL not the royal Swede unfortunate,
 Who never did to Fortune bend the knee ;
 Who slighted fear ; rejected steadfastly
 Temptation ; and whose kingly name and state
 Have ‘perished by his choice, and not his fate !’
 Hence lives He, to his inner self endeared ;
 And hence, wherever virtue is revered,
 He sits a more exalted Potentate,
 Throned in the hearts of men. Should Heaven ordain
 That this great Servant of a righteous cause 10
 Must still have sad or vexing thoughts to endure,
 Yet may a sympathising spirit pause,
 Admonished by these truths, and quench all pain
 In thankful joy and gratulation pure.¹

1809

XXI

LOOK now on that Adventurer who hath paid
 His vows to Fortune ; who, in cruel slight
 Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,
 Hath followed wheresoe’er a way was made
 By the blind Goddess,—ruthless, undismayed ;
 And so hath gained at length a prosperous height,
 Round which the elements of worldly might
 Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds, are laid.
 O joyless power that stands by lawless force !
 Curses are *his* dire portion, scorn, and hate, 10
 Internal darkness and unquiet breath ;
 And, if old judgments keep their sacred course,
 Him from that height shall Heaven precipitate
 By violent and ignominious death.

1809

XXII

IS there a power that can sustain and cheer
 The captive chieftain, by a tyrant’s doom,
 Forced to descend into his destined tomb—
 A dungeon dark ! where he must waste the year,
 And lie cut off from all his heart holds dear ;
 What time his injured country is a stage
 Whereon deliberate Valour and the rage
 Of righteous Vengeance side by side appear,

¹ See Note to Sonnet vii., page 42.

Filling from morn to night the heroic scene
 With deeds of hope and everlasting praise :— 10
 Say can he think of this with mind serene
 And silent fetters? Yes, if visions bright
 Shine on his soul, reflected from the days
 When he himself was tried in open light.

Probably 1809

XXIII

1810

AH! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen
 Reports of him, his dwelling or his grave!
 Does yet the unheard-of vessel ride the wave?
 Or is she swallowed up, remote from ken
 Of pitying human-nature? Once again
 Methinks that we shall hail thee, Champion brave,
 Redeemed to baffle that imperial Slave,
 And through all Europe cheer desponding men
 With new-born hope. Unbounded is the might 10
 Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and right.
 Hark, how thy Country triumphs!—Smilingly
 The Eternal looks upon her sword that gleams,
 Like his own lightning, over mountains high,
 On rampart, and the banks of all her streams.

1810

XXIV

IN due observance of an ancient rite,
 The rude Biscayans, when their children lie
 Dead in the sinless time of infancy,
 Attire the peaceful corse in vestments white;
 And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright,
 They bind the unoffending creature's brows
 With happy garlands of the pure white rose:
 Then do a festal company unite
 In choral song; and, while the uplifted cross
 Of Jesus goes before, the child is borne 10
 Uncovered to his grave: 'tis closed,—her loss
 The Mother *then* mourns, as she needs must mourn;
 But soon, through Christian faith, is grief subdued:
 And joy returns, to brighten fortitude.

1810

XXV

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN AT ONE OF THOSE FUNERALS

1810

YET, yet, Biscayans ! we must meet our Foes
 With firmer soul, yet labour to regain
 Our ancient freedom ; else 'twere worse than vain
 To gather round the bier these festal shows.
 A garland fashioned of the pure white rose
 Becomes not one whose father is a slave :
 Oh, bear the infant covered to his grave !
 These venerable mountains now enclose
 A people sunk in apathy and fear.
 If this endure, farewell, for us, all good !
 The awful light of heavenly innocence
 Will fail to illuminate the infant's bier ;
 And guilt and shame, from which is no defence,
 Descend on all that issues from our blood.

10

1810

XXVI

THE OAK OF GUERNICA

THE ancient oak of Guernica, says Laborde in his account of Biscay, is a most venerable natural monument. Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1476, after hearing Mass in the church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, repaired to this tree, under which they swore to the Biscayans to maintain their *fueros* (privileges). What other interest belongs to it in the minds of this people will appear from the following

SUPPOSED ADDRESS TO THE SAME. 1810

OAK of Guernica ! Tree of holier power
 Than that which in Dodona did enshrine
 (So faith too fondly deemed) a voice divine
 Heard from the depths of its ærial bower—
 How canst thou flourish at this blighting hour ?
 What hope, what joy can sunshine bring to thee,
 Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic sea,
 The dews of morn, or April's tender shower ?
 Stroke merciful and welcome would that be
 Which should extend thy branches on the ground, 10
 If never more within their shady round
 Those lofty-minded Lawgivers shall meet,
 Peasant and lord, in their appointed seat,
 Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

1810

XXVII

INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD. 1810

WE can endure that He should waste our lands,
 Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame
 Return us to the dust from which we came ;
 Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands :
 And we can brook the thought that by his hands
 Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,
 For his delight, a solemn wilderness
 Where all the brave lie dead. But, when of bands
 Which he will break for us he dares to speak,
 Of benefits, and of a future day 10
 When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway ;
 Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak ;
 Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
 That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to
 bear.

1810

XXVIII

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind
 In men of low degree, all smooth pretence !
 I better like a blunt indifference,
 And self-respecting slowness, disinclined
 To win me at first sight : and be there joined
 Patience and temperance with this high reserve,
 Honour that knows the path and will not swerve ;
 Affections which, if put to proof, are kind ;
 And piety towards God. Such men of old
 Were England's native growth ; and, throughout Spain,
 (Thanks to high God) forests of such remain : 11
 Then for that Country let our hopes be bold ;
 For matched with these shall policy prove vain,
 Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her gold.

Probably 1810

XXIX

O'ERWEENING Statesmen have full long relied
 On fleets and armies, and external wealth :
 But from *within* proceeds a Nation's health ;
 Which shall not fail, though poor men cleave with pride

To the paternal floor ; or turn aside,
 In the thronged city, from the walks of gain,
 As being all unworthy to detain
 A Soul by contemplation sanctified.
 There are who cannot languish in this strife,
 Spaniards of every rank, by whom the good 10
 Of such high course was felt and understood ;
 Who to their Country's cause have bound a life
 Erewhile, by solemn consecration, given
 To labour, and to prayer, to nature, and to heaven.¹
 1810

XXX

THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH GUERRILLAS

HUNGER, and sultry heat, and nipping blast
 From bleak hill-top, and length of march by
 night
 Through heavy swamp, or over snow-clad height—
 These hardships ill-sustained, these dangers past,
 The roving Spanish Bands are reached at last,
 Charged, and dispersed like foam : but as a flight
 Of scattered quails by signs do reunite,
 So these,—and, heard of once again, are chased
 With combinations of long-practised art 10
 And newly-kindled hope ; but they are fled—
 Gone are they, viewless as the buried dead :
 Where now ?—Their sword is at the Foeman's heart !
 And thus from year to year his walk they thwart,
 And hang like dreams around his guilty bed.
 1810 or 1811

XXXI

SPANISH GUERRILLAS. 1811

THEY seek, are sought ; to daily battle led,
 Shrink not, though far outnumbered by their
 Foes,
 For they have learnt to open and to close
 The ridges of grim war ; and at their head
 Are captains such as erst their country bred
 Or fostered, self-supported chiefs,—like those
 Whom hardy Rome was fearful to oppose ;
 Whose desperate shock the Carthaginian fled.

¹ See Laborde's character of the Spanish people ; from him the sentiment of these last two lines is taken.

In One who lived unknown a shepherd's life
 Redoubted Viriathus breathes again ; 10
 And Mina, nourished in the studious shade,
 With that great Leader¹ vies, who, sick of strife
 And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid
 In some green island of the western main.

1811

XXXII

1811

THE power of Armies is a visible thing,
 Formal, and circumscribed in time and space ;
 But who the limits of that power shall trace
 Which a brave People into light can bring
 Or hide, at will,—for freedom combating
 By just revenge inflamed ? No foot may chase,
 No eye can follow, to a fatal place
 That power, that spirit, whether on the wing
 Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind
 Within its awful caves.—From year to year 10
 Springs this indigenous produce far and near ;
 No craft this subtle element can bind,
 Rising like water from the soil, to find
 In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

1811

XXXIII

1811

HERE pause : the poet claims at least this praise,
 That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
 Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope
 In the worst moment of these evil days ;
 From hope, the paramount *duty* that Heaven lays,
 For its own honour, on man's suffering heart.
 Never may from our souls one truth depart—
 That an accursed thing it is to gaze
 On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye ;
 Nor—touched with due abhorrence of *their* guilt 10
 For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,
 And justice labours in extremity—
 Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
 O wretched man, the throne of tyranny !

1811

¹ Sertorius.

XXXIV

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA

1812-13

HUMANITY, delighting to behold
 A fond reflection of her own decay,
 Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,
 Propped on a staff, and, through the sullen day,
 In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,
 As though his weakness were disturbed by pain :
 Or, if a juster fancy should allow
 An undisputed symbol of command,
 The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
 Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand. 10
 These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn,
 But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.

For he it was—dread Winter ! who beset,
 Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,
 That host, when from the regions of the Pole
 They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal—
 That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied
 Their God, and placed their trust in human pride !
 As fathers persecute rebellious sons,
 He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth ; 20
 He called on Frost's inexorable tooth
 Life to consume in Manhood's firmest hold ;
 Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs :
 For why—unless for liberty enrolled
 And sacred home—ah ! why should hoary Age be bold ?
 Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,
 But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind,
 Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed,
 And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,
 And bade the Snow their ample backs bestride, 30
 And to the battle ride.
 No pitying voice commands a halt,
 No courage can repel the dire assault ;
 Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
 Whole legions sink—and, in one instant, find
 Burial and death : look for them—and descry,
 When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,
 A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy !

Feb. 1816

XXXV

ON THE SAME OCCASION

YE Storms, resound the praises of your King !
 And ye mild Seasons—in a sunny clime,
 Midway on some high hill, while father Time
 Looks on delighted—meet in festal ring,
 And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing !
 Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and fruits, and flowers,
 Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleety showers,
 And the dire flapping of his hoary wing !
 Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green grass ;
 With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report your gain ; 10
 Whisper it to the billows of the main,
 And to the ærial zephyrs as they pass,
 That old decrepit Winter—*He* hath slain
 That Host, which rendered all your bounties vain !
 Feb. 1816

XXXVI

BY Moscow self-devoted to a blaze
 Of dreadful sacrifice ; by Russian blood
 Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood ;
 The unfeeling Elements no claim shall raise
 To rob our Human-nature of just praise
 For what she did and suffered. Pledges sure
 Of a deliverance absolute and pure
 She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten ways
 Of Providence. But now did the Most High 10
 Exalt his still small voice ;—to quell that Host
 Gathered his power, a manifest ally ;
 He, whose heaped waves confounded the proud boast
 Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, and Frost,
 ' Finish the strife by deadliest victory !'
 Perhaps 1822

XXXVII

THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCHHEIM

ABRUPTLY paused the strife ;—the field throughout
 Resting upon his arms each warrior stood,
 Checked in the very act and deed of blood,
 With breath suspended, like a listening scout.
 O Silence ! thou wert mother of a shout
 That through the texture of yon azure dome
 Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest home
 Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout !

The barrier Rhine hath flashed, through battle-smoke,
 On men who gaze heart-smitten by the view, 10
 As if all Germany had felt the shock !
 —Fly, wretched Gauls ! ere they the charge renew
 Who have seen—their selves now casting off the yoke —
 The unconquerable Stream his course pursue.

1820

XXXVIII

NOVEMBER, 1813

NOW that all hearts are glad, all faces bright,
 Our aged Sovereign sits, to the ebb and flow
 Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or woe,
 Insensible. He sits deprived of sight,
 And lamentably wrapped in twofold night,
 Whom no weak hopes deceived ; whose mind ensued,
 Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,
 Peace that should claim respect from lawless Might.
 Dread King of Kings, vouchsafe a ray divine
 To his forlorn condition ! let thy grace 10
 Upon his inner soul in mercy shine ;
 Permit his heart to kindle, and to embrace
 (Though it were only for a moment's space)
 The triumphs of this hour ; for they are THINE !

Nov. 1813

XXXIX

O D E

1814

—————Carmina possumus
 Donare, et pretium dicere munerì.
 Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
 Per quae spiritus et vita redit bonis
 Post mortem ducibus

—————clarius indicant
 Laudes, quam—————Pierides ; neque,
 Si chartae sileant quod bene feceris,
 Mercedem tuleris.—Hor. Car. iv. 8.

I

WHEN the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch
 On the tired household of corporeal sense,
 And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,
 Was free her choicest favours to dispense ;
 I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,
 A landscape more august than happiest skill
 Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade ;
 An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,

City, and naval stream, suburban grove,
 And stately forest where the wild deer rove ; 10
 Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,
 And scattered rural farms of aspect bright ;
 And, here and there, between the pastoral downs,
 The azure sea upswelled upon the sight.
 Fair prospect, such as Britain only shows !
 But not a living creature could be seen
 Through its wide circuit, that, in deep repose,
 And, even to sadness, lonely and serene,
 Lay hushed ; till—through a portal in the sky
 Brighter than brightest loop-hole, in a storm, 20
 Opening before the sun's triumphant eye—
 Issued, to sudden view, a glorious Form !
 Earthward it glided with a swift descent :
 Saint George himself this Visitant must be ;
 And, ere a thought could ask on what intent
 He sought the regions of humanity,
 A thrilling voice was heard, that vivified
 City and field and flood ;—aloud it cried—

' Though from my celestial home,
 Like a Champion, armed I come ; 30
 On my helm the dragon crest,
 And the red cross on my breast ;
 I, the Guardian of this Land,
 Speak not now of toilsome duty ;
 Well obeyed was that command—
 Whence bright days of festive beauty ;
 Haste, Virgins, haste !—the flowers which summer gave
 Have perished in the field ;
 But the green thickets plenteously shall yield 40
 Fit garlands for the brave,
 That will be welcome, if by you entwined ;
 Haste, Virgins, haste ; and you, ye Matrons grave,
 Go forth with rival youthfulness of mind,
 And gather what ye find
 Of hardy laurel and wild holly boughs—
 To deck your stern Defenders' modest brows !
 Such simple gifts prepare,
 Though they have gained a worthier meed,
 And in due time shall share 50
 Those palms and amaranthine wreaths
 Unto their martyred Countrymen decreed,
 In realms where everlasting freshness breathes ! '

II

And lo ! with crimson banners proudly streaming,
 And upright weapons innocently gleaming,
 Along the surface of a spacious plain
 Advance in order the redoubted Bands,
 And there receive green chaplets from the hands
 Of a fair female train—
 Maids and Matrons, dight
 In robes of dazzling white ; 60
 While from the crowd bursts forth a rapturous
 noise
 By the cloud-capt hills retorted ;
 And a throng of rosy boys
 In loose fashion tell their joys ;
 And grey-haired sires, on staffs supported,
 Look round, and by their smiling seem to say,
 ‘ Thus strives a grateful Country to display
 The mighty debt which nothing can repay ! ’

III

Anon before my sight a palace rose
 Built of all precious substances,—so pure 70
 And exquisite, that sleep alone bestows
 Ability like splendour to endure :
 Entered, with streaming thousands, through the
 gate,
 I saw the banquet spread beneath a Dome of state,
 A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate
 The heaven of sable night
 With starry lustre ; yet had power to throw
 Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,
 Upon a princely company below,
 While the vault rang with choral harmony, 80
 Like some Nymph-haunted grot beneath the roaring
 sea.
 —No sooner ceased that peal, than on the verge
 Of exultation hung a dirge
 Breathed from a soft and lonely instrument,
 That kindled recollections
 Of agonised affections ;
 And, though some tears the strain attended,
 The mournful passion ended
 In peace of spirit, and sublime content !

IV

But garlands wither ; festal shows depart, 90
 Like dreams themselves ; and sweetest sound—
 (Albeit of effect profound)

It was—and it is gone !

Victorious England ! bid the silent Art
 Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not fade,
 Those high achievements ; even as she arrayed
 With second life the deed of Marathon

Upon Athenian walls ;

So may she labour for thy civic halls :

And be the guardian spaces 100

Of consecrated places,

As nobly graced by Sculpture's patient toil ;
 And let imperishable Columns rise.

Fixed in the depths of this courageous soil ;

Expressive signals of a glorious strife,

And competent to shed a spark divine

Into the torpid breast of daily life ;—

Records on which, for pleasure of all eyes,

The morning sun may shine

With gratulation thoroughly benign ! 110

V

And ye, Pierian Sisters, sprung from Jove

And sage Mnemosyne,—full long debarred

From your first mansions, exiled all too long

From many a hallowed stream and grove,

Dear native regions where ye wont to rove,

Chanting for patriot heroes the reward

Of never-dying song !

Now (for, though Truth descending from above

The Olympian summit hath destroyed for aye

Your kindred Deities, Ye live and move, 120

Spared for obeisance from perpetual love,

For privilege redeemed of godlike sway),

Now, on the margin of some spotless fountain,

Or top serene of unmolested mountain,

Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres,

And for a moment meet the soul's desires !

That I, or some more favoured Bard, may hear

What ye, celestial Maids ! have often sung

Of Britain's acts,—may catch it with rapt ear, 130

And give the treasure to our British tongue !

So shall the characters of that proud page

Support their mighty theme from age to age ;

And, in the desert places of the earth,
 When they to future empires have given birth,
 So shall the people gather and believe
 The bold report, transferred to every clime ;
 And the whole world, not envious but admiring,
 And to the like aspiring,

Own—that the progeny of this fair Isle
 Had power as lofty actions to achieve
 As were performed in man's heroic prime ;
 Nor wanted, when their fortitude had held
 Its even tenor, and the foe was quelled,
 A corresponding virtue to beguile
 The hostile purpose of wide-wasting Time—
 That not in vain they laboured to secure,
 For their great deeds, perpetual memory,
 And fame as largely spread as land and sea,
 By Works of spirit high and passion pure !

140

1816

XL

FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST, ON THE DISINTERMENT OF
 THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN

DEAR Reliques ! from a pit of vilest mould
 Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral kings ;
 And to inflict shame's salutary stings
 On the remorseless hearts of men grown old
 In a blind worship ; men perversely bold
 Even to this hour,—yet, some shall now forsake
 Their monstrous Idol if the dead e'er spake,
 To warn the living ; if truth were ever told
 By aught redeemed out of the hollow grave :
 O murdered Prince ! meek, loyal, pious, brave !
 The power of retribution once was given :
 But 'tis a rueful thought that willow bands
 So often tie the thunder-wielding hands
 Of Justice sent to earth from highest Heaven !

10

1816

XLI

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO
 (The last six lines intended for an Inscription)

FEBRUARY, 1816

INTREPID sons of Albion ! not by you
 Is life despised ; ah no, the spacious earth
 Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of birth,
 So many objects to which love is due :

Ye slight not life—to God and Nature true ;
 But death, becoming death, is dearer far,
 When duty bids you bleed in open war :
 Hence hath your prowess quelled that impious crew.
 Heroes !—for instant sacrifice prepared ;
 Yet filled with ardour and on triumph bent 10
 'Mid direst shocks of mortal accident—
 To you who fell, and you whom slaughter spared
 To guard the fallen, and consummate the event,
 Your Country rears this sacred Monument !

Feb. 1816

XLII

SIEGE OF VIENNA RAISED BY JOHN SOBIESKI

FEBRUARY, 1816

FOR a kindling touch from that pure flame
 Which ministered, erewhile, to a sacrifice
 Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,
 In words like these : ' Up, Voice of song ! proclaim
 Thy saintly rapture with celestial aim :
 For lo ! the Imperial City stands released
 From bondage threatened by the embattled East,
 And Christendom respire ; from guilt and shame
 Redeemed, from miserable fear set free
 By one day's feat, one mighty victory. 10
 —Chant the Deliverer's praise in every tongue !
 The Cross shall spread, the Crescent hath waxed dim ;
 He conquering, as in joyful Heaven is sung,
 HE CONQUERING THROUGH GOD, AND GOD BY HIM.' ¹

Feb. 1816

XLIII

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

FEBRUARY, 1816

THE Bard—whose soul is meek as dawning day,
 Yet trained to judgments righteously severe,
 Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,
 As recognising one Almighty sway :
 He,—whose experienced eye can pierce the array
 Of past events ; to whom, in vision clear,
 The aspiring heads of future things appear,
 Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled away—

¹See Filicaia's Ode.

Assoiled from all encumbrance of our time,¹
 He only, if such breathe, in strains devout
 Shall comprehend this victory sublime;
 Shall worthily rehearse the hideous rout,
 The triumph hail, which from their peaceful clime
 Angels might welcome with a choral shout!

10

Feb. 1816

XLIV

EMPERORS and Kings, how oft have temples rung
 With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's scorn!
 How oft above their altars have been hung
 Trophies that led the good and wise to mourn
 Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born,
 And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung!
 Now, from Heaven-sanctioned victory, Peace is sprung;
 In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn.
 Glory to arms! But, conscious that the nerve
 Of popular reason, long mistrusted, freed
 Your thrones, ye Powers, from duty fear to swerve!
 Be just, be grateful; nor, the oppressor's creed
 Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve
 Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed.

10

Probably Feb. 1816

XLV

O D E

1815

I

IMAGINATION—ne'er before content,
 But aye ascending, restless in her pride
 From all that martial feats could yield
 To her desires, or to her hopes present—
 Stooped to the Victory on that Belgic field
 Achieved, this closing deed magnificent,
 And with the embrace was satisfied.

—Fly, ministers of Fame,
 With every help that ye from earth and heaven may
 claim!
 Bear through the world these tidings of delight!
 —Hours, Days, and Months, *have* borne them in the
 sight

10

¹ 'From all this world's encumbrance did himself assoil.'—SPENSER
 [*Faerie Queene*, Bk. vi. canto v. stanza 37].

Of mortals, hurrying like a sudden shower
 That landward stretches from the sea,
 The morning's splendours to devour;
 But this swift travel scorns the company
 Of irksome change, or threats from saddening power.
—The shock is given—the Adversaries bleed—
Lo, Justice triumphs! Earth is freed!
 Joyful annunciation!—it went forth—
 It pierced the caverns of the sluggish North— 20
 It found no barrier on the ridge
 Of Andes—frozen gulfs became its bridge—
 The vast Pacific gladdens with the freight—
 Upon the Lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed—
 The Arabian desert shapes a willing road
 Across her burning breast,
 For this refreshing incense from the West!—
 —Where snakes and lions breed,
 Where towns and cities thick as stars appear,
 Wherever fruits are gathered, and where'er 30
 The upturned soil receives the hopeful seed—
 While the Sun rules, and cross the shades of night—
 The unwearied arrow hath pursued its flight!
 The eyes of good men thankfully give heed,
 And in its sparkling progress read
 Of virtue crowned with glory's deathless meed:
 Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,
 And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty feats are done;
 Even the proud Realm, from whose distracted borders
 This messenger of good was launched in air, 40
 France, humbled France, amid her wild disorders,
 Feels, and hereafter shall the truth declare,
 That she too lacks not reason to rejoice,
 And utter England's name with sadly-plausible voice.

II

O genuine glory, pure renown!
 And well might it beseech that mighty Town
 Into whose bosom earth's best treasures flow,
 To whom all persecuted men retreat;
 If a new Temple lift her votive brow
 High on the shore of silver Thames—to greet 50
 The peaceful guest advancing from afar.
 Bright be the Fabric, as a star
 Fresh risen, and beautiful within!—there meet
 Dependence infinite, proportion just;
 A Pile that Grace approves, and Time can trust
 With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust.

III

But if the valiant of this land
 In reverential modesty demand,
 That all observance, due to them, be paid
 Where their serene progenitors are laid ; 60
 Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saint-like sages,
 England's illustrious sons of long, long ages ;
 Be it not unordained that solemn rites,
 Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,
 Shall be performed at pregnant intervals ;
 Commemoration holy that unites
 The living generations with the dead ;
 By the deep soul-moving sense
 Of religious eloquence,—
 By visual pomp, and by the tie 70
 Of sweet and threatening harmony ;
 Soft notes, awful as the omen
 Of destructive tempests coming,
 And escaping from that sadness
 Into elevated gladness ;
 While the white-robed choir attendant,
 Under mouldering banners pendant,
 Provoke all potent symphonies to raise
 Songs of victory and praise,
 For them who bravely stood unhurt, or bled 80
 With medicable wounds, or found their graves
 Upon the battle field, or under ocean's waves ;
 Or were conducted home in single state,
 And long procession—there to lie,
 Where their sons' sons, and all posterity,
 Unheard by them, their deeds shall celebrate !

IV

Nor will the God of peace and love
 Such martial service disapprove.
 He guides the Pestilence—the cloud
 Of locusts travels on his breath ; 90
 The region that in hope was ploughed
 His drought consumes, his mildew taints with death ;
 He springs the hushed Volcano's mine,
 He puts the Earthquake on her still design,
 Darkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink,
 And, drinking towns and cities, still can drink
 Cities and towns—'tis Thou—the work is Thine !—

The fierce Tornado sleeps within Thy courts—
 He hears the word—he flies—
 And navies perish in their ports ; 100
 For Thou art angry with Thine enemies !
 For these, and mourning for our errors,
 And sins, that point their terrors,
 We bow our heads before Thee, and we laud
 And magnify Thy name, Almighty God !
 But Man is Thy most awful instrument,
 In working out a pure intent ;
 Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,
 And for Thy righteous purpose they prevail ;
 Thine arm from peril guards the coasts 110
 Of them who in Thy laws delight :
 Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful fight,
 Tremendous God of battles, Lord of Hosts !

v

Forbear :—to Thee—
 Father and Judge of all, with fervent tongue,
 But in a gentler strain
 Of contemplation, by no sense of wrong
 (Too quick and keen) incited to disdain
 Of pity pleading from the heart in vain—
 To THEE—To THEE, 120
 Just God of christianised Humanity,
 Shall praises be poured forth, and thanks ascend,
 That Thou hast brought our warfare to an end,
 And that we need no second victory !
 Blest, above measure blest,
 If on Thy love our Land her hopes shall rest,
 And all the Nations labour to fulfil
 Thy law, and live henceforth in peace, in pure good
 will.

1815 or 1816

XLVI

O D E

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED FOR A GENERAL
 THANKSGIVING. JANUARY 18, 1816

I

HAIL, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night !
 Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude
 On hearts howe'er insensible or rude ;
 Whether thy punctual visitations smite

The haughty towers where monarchs dwell ;
 Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright
 Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's cell !
 Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky
 In naked splendour, clear from mist or haze,
 Or cloud approaching to divert the rays, 10
 Which even in deepest winter testify
 Thy power and majesty,
 Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze.
 —Well does thine aspect usher in this Day ;
 As aptly suits therewith that modest pace
 Submitted to the chains
 That bind thee to the path which God ordains
 That thou shalt trace,
 Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass away !
 Nor less, the stillness of these frosty plains, 20
 Their utter stillness, and the silent grace
 Of yon ethereal summits white with snow
 (Whose tranquil pomp and spotless purity
 Report of storms gone by
 To us who tread below),
 Do with the service of this Day accord.
 —Divinest Object which the uplifted eye
 Of mortal man is suffered to behold ;
 Thou, who upon those snow-clad Heights hast poured
 Meek lustre, nor forget'st the humble Vale ; 30
 Thou who dost warm Earth's universal mould,
 And for thy bounty wert not unadored
 By pious men of old ;
 Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee hail !
 Bright be thy course to-day, let not this promise fail !

II

'Mid the deep quiet of this morning hour,
 All nature seems to hear me while I speak,
 By feelings urged that do not vainly seek
 Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes
 That stream in blithe succession from the throats 40
 Of birds, in leafy bower,
 Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.
 —There is a radiant though a short-lived flame,
 That burns for Poets in the dawning east ;
 And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,
 When the captivity of sleep had ceased ;
 But He who fixed immoveably the frame
 Of the round world, and built, by laws as strong,

A solid refuge for distress—
 The towers of righteousness ; 50
 He knows that from a holier altar came
 The quickening spark of this day's sacrifice ;
 Knows that the source is nobler whence doth rise
 The current of this matin song ;
 That deeper far it lies
 Than aught dependent on the fickle skies.

III

Have we not conquered ?—by the vengeful sword ?
 Ah no, by dint of Magnanimity ;
 That curbed the baser passions, and left free
 A loyal band to follow their liege Lord 60
 Clear-sighted Honour, and his staid Compeers,
 Along a track of most unnatural years ;
 In execution of heroic deeds
 Whose memory, spotless as the crystal beads
 Of morning dew upon the untrodden meads,
 Shall live enrolled above the starry spheres.
 He, who in concert with an earthly string
 Of Britain's acts would sing,
 He with enraptured voice will tell
 Of One whose spirit no reverse could quell ; 70
 Of One that 'mid the failing never failed—
 Who paints how Britain struggled and prevailed
 Shall represent her labouring with an eye
 Of circumspect humanity ;
 Shall show her clothed with strength and skill
 All martial duties to fulfil ;
 Firm as a rock in stationary fight ;
 In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam ;
 Fierce as a flood-gate bursting at mid night
 To rouse the wicked from their giddy dream— 80
 Woe, woe to all that face her in the field !
 Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield.

IV

And thus is *missed* the sole true glory
 That can belong to human story !
 At which they only shall arrive
 Who through the abyss of weakness dive.
 The very humblest are too proud of heart ;
 And one brief day is rightly set apart
 For Him who lifteth up and layeth low ;
 For that Almighty God to whom we owe. 90
 Say not that we have vanquished—but that we survive.

V

How dreadful the dominion of the impure !
 Why should the Song be tardy to proclaim
 That less than power unbounded could not tame
 That soul of Evil—which, from Hell let loose,
 Had filled the astonished world with such abuse
 As boundless patience only could endure ?
 —Wide-wasted regions—cities wrapt in flame—
 Who sees, may lift a streaming eye
 To Heaven ;—who never saw, may heave a sigh ; 100
 But the foundation of our nature shakes,
 And with an infinite pain the spirit aches,
 When desolated countries, towns on fire,
 Are but the avowed attire
 Of warfare waged with desperate mind
 Against the life of virtue in mankind ;
 Assaulting without ruth
 The citadels of truth ;
 While the fair gardens of civility,
 By ignorance defaced, 110
 By violence laid waste,
 Perish without reprieve for flower or tree !

VI

A crouching purpose—a distracted will—
 Opposed to hopes that battened upon scorn,
 And to desires whose ever-waxing horn
 Not all the light of earthly power could fill ;
 Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient skill,
 And to celerities of lawless force ;
 Which, spurning God, had flung away remorse—
 What could they gain but shadows of redress ? 120
 —So bad proceeded propagating worse ;
 And discipline was passion's dire excess.
 Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,
 And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend.
 When will your trials teach you to be wise ?
 —O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies !

VII

No more—the guilt is banish'd,
 And, with the guilt, the shame is fled ;
 And, with the guilt and shame, the Woe hath vanish'd,
 Shaking the dust and ashes from her head ! 130

—No more—these lingerings of distress
 Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.
 What robe can Gratitude employ
 So seemly as the radiant vest of Joy?
 What steps so suitable as those that move
 In prompt obedience to spontaneous measures
 Of glory, and felicity, and love,
 Surrendering the whole heart to sacred pleasures?

VIII

O Britain! dearer far than life is dear,
 If one there be 140
 Of all thy progeny
 Who can forget thy prowess, never more
 Be that ungrateful Son allowed to hear
 Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents roar.
 As springs the lion from his den,
 As from a forest-brake
 Upstarts a glistening snake,
 The bold Arch-despot re-appeared;—again
 Wide Europe heaves, impatient to be cast,
 With all her armed Powers, 150
 On that offensive soil, like waves upon a thousand
 shores.
 The trumpet blew a universal blast!
 But Thou art foremost in the field:—there stand:
 Receive the triumph destined to thy hand!
 All States have glorified themselves;—their claims
 Are weighed by Providence, in balance even;
 And now, in preference to the mightiest names,
 To Thee the exterminating sword is given.
 Dread mark of approbation, justly gained!
 Exalted office, worthily sustained! 160

IX

Preserve, O Lord! within our hearts
 The memory of Thy favour,
 That else insensibly departs,
 And loses its sweet savour!
 Lodge it within us!—as the power of light
 Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,
 Fixed on the front of Eastern diadems,
 So shine our thankfulness for ever bright!
 What offering, what transcendent monument
 Shall our sincerity to Thee present? 170

—Not work of hands ; but trophies that may reach
To highest Heaven—the labour of the Soul ;
That builds, as Thy unerring precepts teach,
Upon the internal conquests made by each,
Her hope of lasting glory for the whole.

Yet will not heaven disown nor earth gainsay
The outward service of this day ;

Whether the worshippers entreat

Forgiveness from God's mercy-seat ;

Or thanks and praises to His throne ascend

180

That He has brought our warfare to an end,

And that we need no second victory !——

Ha ! what a ghastly sight for man to see ;

And to the heavenly saints in peace who dwell,

For a brief moment, terrible ;

But, to Thy sovereign penetration, fair,

Before whom all things are, that were,

All judgments that have been, or e'er shall be ;

Links in the chain of Thy tranquillity !

Along the bosom of this favoured Nation,

190

Breathe Thou, this day, a vital undulation !

Let all who do this land inherit

Be conscious of Thy moving spirit !

Oh, 'tis a goodly Ordinance,—the sight,

Though sprung from bleeding war, is one of pure delight ;

Bless Thou the hour, or ere the hour arrive,

When a whole people shall kneel down in prayer,

And, at one moment, in one rapture, strive

With lip and heart to tell their gratitude

For Thy protecting care,

200

Their solemn joy—praising the Eternal Lord

For tyranny subdued,

And for the sway of equity renewed,

For liberty confirmed, and peace restored !

X

But hark—the summons !—down the placid lake

Floats the soft cadence of the church-tower bells ;

Bright shines the Sun, as if his beams would wake

The tender insects sleeping in their cells ;

Bright shines the Sun—and not a breeze to shake

The drops that tip the melting icicles.

210

O, enter now his temple gate !

Inviting words—perchance already flung

(As the crowd press devoutly down the aisle

Of some old Minster's venerable pile)

From voices into zealous passion stung,

While the tubed engine feels the inspiring blast,
 And has begun—its clouds of sound to cast
 Forth towards empyreal Heaven,
 As if the fretted roof were riven.

Us humbler ceremonies now await ; 220
 But in the bosom with devout respect
 The banner of our joy we will erect,
 And strength of love our souls shall elevate :
 For to a few collected in His name,
 Their heavenly Father will incline an ear
 Gracious to service hallowed by its aim ;—
 Awake ! the majesty of God revere !

Go—and with foreheads meekly bowed
 Present your prayers—go—and rejoice aloud—
 The Holy One will hear ! 230

And what, 'mid silence deep, with faith sincere,
 Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,
 Shall simply feel and purely meditate—
 Of warnings—from the unprecedented might,
 Which, in our time, the impious have disclosed ;
 And of more arduous duties thence imposed
 Upon the future advocates of right ;

Of mysteries revealed,
 And judgments unrepealed,
 Of earthly revolution, 240
 And final retribution,—

To His omniscience will appear
 An offering not unworthy to find place,
 On this high DAY of THANKS, before the Throne
 of Grace !

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT, 1820

DEDICATION

(SENT WITH THESE POEMS, IN MS., TO ——)

DEAR Fellow-travellers ! think not that the Muse,
To You presenting these memorial Lays,
Can hope the general eye thereon would gaze,
As on a mirror that gives back the hues
Of living Nature ; no—though free to choose
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days—
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.
For You she wrought : Ye only can supply
The life, the truth, the beauty : she confides
In that enjoyment which with You abides,
Trusts to your love and vivid memory ;
Thus far contented, that for You her verse
Shall lack not power the 'meeting soul to pierce !'

W. WORDSWORTH

RYDAL MOUNT, *Nov.* 1821

I

FISH-WOMEN.—ON LANDING AT CALAIS

'TIS said, fantastic ocean doth enfold
The likeness of whate'er on land is seen ;
But, if the Nereid Sisters and their Queen,
Above whose heads the tide so long hath rolled,
The Dames resemble whom we here behold,
How fearful were it down through opening waves
To sink, and meet them in their fretted caves,
Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,
And shrill and fierce in accent !—Fear it not :
For they Earth's fairest daughters do excel ;
Pure undecaying beauty is their lot ;
Their voices into liquid music swell,
Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry grot,
The undisturbed abodes where Sea-nymphs dwell !

10

1820 or 1821

II

BRUGÈS

BRUGÈS I saw attired with golden light
 (Streamed from the west) as with a robe of
 power :

The splendour fled ; and now the sunless hour,
 That, slowly making way for peaceful night,
 Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight
 Offers the beauty, the magnificence,
 And sober graces, left her for defence
 Against the injuries of time, the spite
 Of fortune, and the desolating storms
 Of future war. Advance not—spare to hide, 10
 O gentle Power of darkness ! these mild hues ;
 Obscure not yet these silent avenues
 Of stateliest architecture, where the Forms
 Of nun-like females with soft motion, glide !
 1821

III

BRUGÈS

THE Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined
 In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet song,
 In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,
 And with devout solemnities entwined—
 Mounts to the seat of grace within the mind :
 Hence Forms that glide with swan-like ease along,
 Hence motions, even amid the vulgar throng,
 To an harmonious decency confined :
 As if the streets were consecrated ground,
 The city one vast temple, dedicate 10
 To mutual respect in thought and deed ;
 To leisure, to forbearances sedate ;
 To social cares from jarring passions freed ;
 A deeper peace than that in deserts found !
 1820 or 1821

IV

INCIDENT AT BRUGÈS

IN Brugès town is many a street
 Whence busy life hath fled ;
 Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
 The grass-grown pavement tread.

There heard we, halting in the shade
 Flung from a Convent-tower,
 A harp that tuneful prelude made
 To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,
 Was fit for some gay throng ;
 Though from the same grim turret fell
 The shadow and the song.
 When silent were both voice and chords,
 The strain seemed doubly dear,
 Yet sad as sweet,—for *English* words
 Had fallen upon the ear.

10

It was a breezy hour of eve ;
 And pinnacle and spire
 Quivered and seemed almost to heave,
 Clothed with innocuous fire ;
 But, where we stood, the setting sun
 Showed little of his state ;
 And, if the glory reached the Nun,
 'Twas through an iron grate.

20

Not always is the heart unwise,
 Nor pity idly born,
 If even a passing Stranger sighs
 For them who do not mourn.
 Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
 Captive, whoe'er thou be !
 Oh ! what is beauty, what is love,
 And opening life to thee ?

30

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,
 A feeling sanctified
 By one soft trickling tear that stole
 From the Maiden at my side ;
 Less tribute could she pay than this,
 Borne gaily o'er the sea,
 Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
 Of English liberty ?

40

1828

V

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO

A WINGÈD Goddess—clothed in vesture wrought
 Of rainbow colours ; One whose port was bold,
 Whose overburthened hand could scarcely hold
 The glittering crowns and garlands which it brought—

Hovered in air above the far-famed Spot.
 She vanished ; leaving prospect blank and cold
 Of wind-swept corn that wide around us rolled
 In dreary billows, wood, and meagre cot,
 And monuments that soon must disappear :
 Yet a dread local recompense we found ;
 While glory seemed betrayed, while patriot-zeal
 Sank in our hearts, we felt as men *should* feel
 With such vast hoards of hidden carnage near,
 And horror breathing from the silent ground !
 1820 or 1821

10

VI

BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE

WHAT lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose ?
 Is this the stream, whose cities, heights, and
 plains,

War's favourite playground, are with crimson stains
 Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dews ?

The Morn, that now, along the silver MEUSE,
 Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains
 To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,
 Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews
 The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes
 Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
 How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,
 With its grey rocks clustering in pensive shade—
 That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
 From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still !
 1820 or 1821

10

VII

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

WAS it to disenchant, and to undo,
 That we approached the Seat of Charlemaine ?
 To sweep from many an old romantic strain
 That faith which no devotion may renew !
 Why does this puny Church present to view
 Her feeble columns ? and that scanty chair !
 This sword that one of our weak times might wear !
 Objects of false pretence, or meanly true !
 If from a traveller's fortune I might claim
 A palpable memorial of that day,
 Then would I seek the Pyrenean Breach
 That ROLAND clove 'with huge two-handed sway,'
 And to the enormous labour left his name,
 Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent bleach.
 1820 or 1821

10

VIII

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE

O FOR the help of Angels to complete
 This Temple—Angels governed by a plan
 Thus far pursued (how gloriously!) by Man,
 Studious that *He* might not disdain the seat
 Who dwells in heaven! But that aspiring heat
 Hath failed; and now, ye Powers! whose gorgeous wings
 And splendid aspect yon emblazonings
 But faintly picture, 'twere an office meet
 For you, on these unfinished shafts to try
 The midnight virtues of your harmony:—
 This vast design might tempt you to repeat
 Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground
 Immortal Fabrics, rising to the sound
 Of penetrating harps and voices sweet!

10

1820 or 1821

IX

IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE

A MID this dance of objects sadness steals
 O'er the defrauded heart—while sweeping by,
 As in a fit of Thespian jollity,
 Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green Earth reels:
 Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels
 The venerable pageantry of Time,
 Each beetling rampart, and each tower sublime,
 And what the Dell unwillingly reveals
 Of lurking cloistral arch, through trees espied
 Near the bright River's edge. Yet why repine?
 To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze—
 Such sweet wayfaring—of life's spring the pride,
 Her summer's faithful joy—*that* still is mine,
 And in fit measure cheers autumnal days.

10

1820 or 1821

X

HYMN

 FOR THE BOATMEN, AS THEY APPROACH THE RAPIDS UNDER
 THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG

JESU! bless our slender Boat,
 By the current swept along;
 Loud its threatenings—let them not
 Drown the music of a song
 Breathed thy mercy to implore,
 Where these troubled waters roar!

Saviour, for our warning, seen
 Bleeding on that precious Rood ;
 If, while through the meadows green
 Gently wound the peaceful flood, 10
 We forgot Thee, do not Thou
 Disregard Thy Suppliants now !

Hither, like yon ancient Tower
 Watching o'er the River's bed,
 Fling the shadow of thy power,
 Else we sleep among the dead ;
 Thou who trod'st the billowy sea,
 Shield us in our jeopardy !

Guide our Bark among the waves ;
 Through the rocks our passage smooth ; 20
 Where the whirlpool frets and raves
 Let Thy love its anger soothe :
 All our hope is placed in Thee ;
*Miserere Domine !*¹

1820 or 1821

XI

THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE

NOT, like his great Compeers, indignantly
 Doth DANUBE spring to life !¹ The wandering
 Stream

(Who loves the Cross, yet to the Crescent's gleam
 Unfolds a willing breast) with infant glee
 Slips from his prison walls : and Fancy, free
 To follow in his track of silver light,
 Mounts on rapt wing, and with a moment's flight
 Hath reached the encincture of that gloomy sea
 Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbad to meet
 In conflict ; whose rough winds forgot their jars 10
 To waft the heroic progeny of Greece ;
 When the first Ship sailed for the Golden Fleece—
 ARGO—exalted for that daring feat
 To fix in heaven her shape distinct with stars.

1820 or 1821

XII

ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH, LAUTERBRUNNEN

UTTERED by whom, or how inspired—designed
 For what strange service, does this concert reach
 Our ears, and near the dwellings of mankind !
 'Mid fields familiarised to human speech?—

¹ See Note.

No Mermaids warble—to allay the wind
 Driving some vessel toward a dangerous beach—
 More thrilling melodies; Witch answering Witch,
 To chaunt a love-spell, never intertwined
 Notes shrill and wild with art more musical:
 Alas! that from the lips of abject Want 10
 Or Idleness in tatters mendicant
 The strain should flow—free Fancy to enthrall,
 And with regret and useless pity haunt
 This bold, this bright, this sky-born, WATERFALL! ¹
 1820 or 1821

XIII

THE FALL OF THE AAR—HANDEC

FROM the fierce aspect of this River, throwing
 His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,
 Back in astonishment and fear we shrink:
 But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,
 Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing;
 Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and chink,
 And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink
 Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing:
 They suck—from breath that, threatening to destroy,
 Is more benignant than the dewy eve— 10
 Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy:
 Nor doubt but HE to whom yon Pine-trees nod
 Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's God,
 These humbler adorations will receive.
 1820 or 1821

XIV

MEMORIAL

NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF THUN

'DEM
 ANDENKEN
 MEINES FREUNDES
 ALOYS REDING
 MDCCCXVIII'

ALOYS REDING, it will be remembered, was Captain-General of the Swiss forces, which, with a courage and perseverance worthy of the cause, opposed the flagitious and too successful attempt of Buonaparte to subjugate their country.

AROUND a wild and woody hill
 A gravelled pathway treading,
 We reached a votive Stone that bears
 The name of Aloys Reding.

¹ See Note.

Well judged the Friend who placed it there
 For silence and protection ;
 And haply with a finer care
 Of dutiful affection.

The Sun regards it from the West ;
 And, while in summer glory
 He sets, his sinking yields a type
 Of that pathetic story :

10

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss
 Amid the grove to linger ;
 Till all is dim, save this bright Stone
 Touched by his golden finger.

1820 or 1821

XV

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC
CANTONS

DOOMED as we are our native dust
 To wet with many a bitter shower,
 It ill befits us to disdain
 The altar, to deride the fane,
 Where simple Sufferers bend, in trust
 To win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,
 Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze :
 Hail to the firm unmoving cross,
 Aloft, where pines their branches toss !
 And to the chapel far withdrawn,
 That lurks by lonely ways !

10

Where'er we roam—along the brink
 Of Rhine—or by the sweeping Po,
 Through Alpine vale, or champain wide,
 Whate'er we look on, at our side
 Be Charity !—to bid us think,
 And feel, if we would know.

Probably 1820

XVI

AFTER-THOUGHT

OH Life ! without thy chequered scene
 Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
 Success and failure, could a ground
 For magnanimity be found ;
 For faith, 'mid ruined hopes, serene ?
 Or whence could virtue flow ?

Pain entered through a ghastly breach—
 Nor while sin lasts must effort cease ;
 Heaven upon earth 's an empty boast ;
 But, for the bowers of Eden lost,
 Mercy has placed within our reach
 A portion of God's peace.

10

Published 1837

XVII

SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ

' **W**HAT know we of the Blest above
 But that they sing and that they love ?'
 Yet, if they ever did inspire
 A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,
 Now, where those harvest Damsels float
 Homeward in their rugged Boat
 (While all the ruffling winds are fled—
 Each slumbering on some mountain's head),
 Now, surely, hath that gracious aid
 Been felt, that influence is displayed.
 Pupils of Heaven, in order stand
 The rustic Maidens, every hand
 Upon a Sister's shoulder laid,—
 To chant, as glides the boat along,
 A simple, but a touching, song ;
 To chant, as Angels do above,
 The melodies of Peace in love !

10

1820 or 1821

XVIII

ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS¹

FOR gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes
 The work of Fancy from her willing hands ;
 And such a beautiful creation makes
 As renders needless spells and magic wands,
 And for the boldest tale belief commands.
 When first mine eyes beheld that famous Hill
 The sacred ENGELBERG, celestial Bands,
 With intermingling motions soft and still,
 Hung round its top, on wings that changed their
 hues at will.

Clouds do not name those Visitants ; they were 10
 The very Angels whose authentic lays,
 Sung from that heavenly ground in middle air,
 Made known the spot where piety should raise
 A holy Structure to the Almighty's praise.

¹ See Note.

Resplendent Apparition ! if in vain
 My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze ;
 And watch the slow departure of the train,
 Whose skirts the glowing Mountain thirsted to
 detain.

1820 or 1821

XIX

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW

MEEK Virgin Mother, more benign
 Than fairest Star, upon the height
 Of thy own mountain,¹ set to keep
 Lone vigils through the hours of sleep,
 What eye can look upon thy shrine
 Untroubled at the sight ?

These crowded offerings as they nang
 In sign of misery relieved,
 Even these, without intent of theirs,
 Report of comfortless despairs,
 Of many a deep and cureless pang
 And confidence deceived.

10

To Thee, in this aërial cleft,
 As to a common centre, tend
 All sufferers that no more rely
 On mortal succour—all who sigh
 And pine, of human hope bereft,
 Nor wish for earthly friend.

And hence, O Virgin Mother mild !
 Though plenteous flowers around thee blow, 20
 Not only from the dreary strife
 Of Winter, but the storms of life,
 Thee have thy Votaries aptly styled,
 OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

Even for the Man who stops not here,
 But down the irriguous valley hies,
 Thy very name, O Lady ! flings,
 O'er blooming fields and gushing springs,
 A tender sense of shadowy fear,
 And chastening sympathies !

30

¹ Mount Righi.

Nor falls that intermingling shade
 To summer-gladsomeness unkind :
 It chastens only to requite
 With gleams of fresher, purer, light ;
 While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade,
 More sweetly breathes the wind.

But on !—a tempting downward way,
 A verdant path before us lies ;
 Clear shines the glorious sun above ;
 Then give free course to joy and love,
 Deeming the evil of the day
 Sufficient for the wise.

40

1820 or 1821

XX

EFFUSION

IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED TOWER OF TELL, AT ALTORF

THIS Tower stands upon the spot where grew the Linden Tree against which his Son is said to have been placed, when the Father's archery was put to proof under circumstances so famous in Swiss Story.

WHAT though the Italian pencil wrought not
 here,

Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow
 On Marathonian valour, yet the tear
 Springs forth in presence of this gaudy show,
 While narrow cares their limits overflow.
 Thrice happy, burghers, peasants, warriors old,
 Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go
 Homeward or schoolward, ape what ye behold ;
 Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy bold !

And when that calm Spectatress from on high
 Looks down—the bright and solitary Moon,
 Who never gazes but to beautify ;
 And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of noon
 Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune
 That fosters peace, and gentleness recalls ;
 Then might the passing Monk receive a boon
 Of saintly pleasure from these pictured walls,
 While on the warlike groups the mellowing lustre falls.

10

How blest the souls who when their trials come
 Yield not to terror or despondency,
 But face like that sweet Boy their mortal doom,
 Whose head the ruddy apple tops, while he
 Expectant stands beneath the linden tree :

20

He quakes not like the timid forest game,
 But smiles—the hesitating shaft to free;
 Assured that Heaven its justice will proclaim,
 And to his Father give its own unerring aim.

1820 or 1821

XXI

THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ

BY antique Fancy trimmed—though lowly, bred
 To dignity—in thee, O SCHWYTZ ! are seen
 The genuine features of the golden mean ;
 Equality by Prudence governed,
 Or jealous Nature ruling in her stead ;
 And, therefore, art thou blest with peace, serene
 As that of the sweet fields and meadows green
 In unambitious compass round thee spread.
 Majestic BERNE, high on her guardian steep,
 Holding a central station of command, 10
 Might well be styled this noble body's HEAD ;
 Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous entrenchments deep,
 Its HEART ; and ever may the heroic Land
 Thy name, O SCHWYTZ, in happy freedom keep !¹

1820 or 1821

XXII

ON HEARING THE 'RANZ DES VACHES' ON THE TOP OF THE
PASS OF ST. GOTHARD

I LISTEN—but no faculty of mine
 Avails those modulations to detect,
 Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
 With tenderest passion ; leaving him to pine
 (So fame reports) and die,—his sweet-breath'd kine
 Remembering, and green Alpine pastures decked
 With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject
 The tale as fabulous.—Here while I recline,
 Mindful how others by this simple Strain
 Are moved, for me—upon this Mountain named 10
 Of God himself from dread pre-eminence—
 Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,
 Yield to the Music's touching influence ;
 And joys of distant home my heart enchain.

1820 or 1821

¹ Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of the French Invasion) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small Canton, to impose upon it the laws of their governors.

XXIII

FORT FUENTES

THE Ruins of Fort Fuentes form the crest of a rocky eminence that rises from the plain at the head of the lake of Como, commanding views up the Valteline, and toward the town of Chiavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterised by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at being favoured with a distinct view of those Alpine heights; not, as we had expected from the breaking up of the storm, steeped in celestial glory, yet in communion with clouds floating or stationary—scatterings from heaven. The Ruin is interesting both in mass and in detail. An Inscription, upon elaborately-sculptured marble lying on the ground, records that the Fort had been erected by Count Fuentes in the year 1600, during the reign of Philip the Third; and the Chapel, about twenty years after, by one of his Descendants. Marble pillars of gateways are yet standing, and a considerable part of the Chapel walls: a smooth green turf has taken place of the pavement, and we could see no trace of altar or image; but everywhere something to remind one of former splendour, and of devastation and tumult. In our ascent we had passed abundance of wild vines intermingled with bushes: near the ruins were some ill tended, but growing willingly; and rock, turf, and fragments of the pile, are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-coloured pink was growing in great beauty. While descending, we discovered on the ground, apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the ruined Chapel, a statue of a Child in pure white marble, uninjured by the explosion that had driven it so far down the hill. 'How little,' we exclaimed, 'are these things valued here! Could we but transport this pretty Image to our own garden!'—Yet it seemed it would have been a pity any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years.—*Extract from Journal.*

D READ hour! when, upheaved by war's sulphurous blast,

This sweet-visaged Cherub of Parian stone
So far from the holy enclosure was cast,
To couch in this thicket of brambles alone,

To rest where the lizard may bask in the palm
Of his half-open hand pure from blemish or speck;
And the green, gilded snake, without troubling the calm
Of the beautiful countenance, twine round his neck;

Where haply (kind service to Piety due!)

When winter the grove of its mantle bereaves, 10
Some bird (like our own honoured redbreast) may strew
The desolate Slumberer with moss and with leaves.

FUENTES once harboured the good and the brave,
Nor to her was the dance of soft pleasure unknown;
Her banners for festal enjoyment did wave
While the thrill of her fifes thro' the mountains was
blown:

Now gads the wild vine o'er the pathless ascent :—
 O silence of Nature, how deep is thy sway,
 When the whirlwind of human destruction is spent,
 Our tumults appeased, and our strifes passed away ! 20
 1820 or 1821

XXIV

THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR, SEEN FROM
 THE LAKE OF LUGANO

THIS Church was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, but the altar and the image of the Patron Saint were untouched. The Mount, upon the summit of which the Church is built, stands amid the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano; and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 2000 feet, and, on one side, nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome; but the traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded. Splendid fertility, rich woods and dazzling waters, seclusion and confinement of view contrasted with sea-like extent of plain fading into the sky; and this again, in an opposite quarter, with an horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps—unite in composing a prospect more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity, than perhaps any other point in Europe, of so inconsiderable an elevation, commands.

THOU sacred Pile ! whose turrets rise
 From yon steep mountain's loftiest stage,
 Guarded by lone San Salvador;
 Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,
 To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice,
 But ne'er to human rage !

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned
 To rest the universal Lord :
 Why leap the fountains from their cells
 Where everlasting Bounty dwells ?—
 That, while the Creature is sustained,
 His God may be adored.

10

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times—
 Let all remind the soul of heaven ;
 Our slack devotion needs them all;
 And Faith—so oft of sense the thrall,
 While she, by aid of Nature, climbs—
 May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic Love,
 And all the Poms of this frail 'spot
 Which men call Earth,' have yearned to seek,
 Associate with the simply meek,
 Religion in the sainted grove,
 And in the hallowed grot.

20

Thither, in time of adverse shocks,
 Of fainting hopes and backward wills,
 Did mighty Tell repair of old—
 A Hero cast in Nature's mould,
 Deliverer of the steadfast rocks
 And of the ancient hills !

30

He, too, of battle-martyrs chief!
 Who, to recall his daunted peers,
 For victory shaped an open space,
 By gathering with a wide embrace,
 Into his single breast, a sheaf
 Of fatal Austrian spears.¹

1820 or 1821

XXV

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT, AND THE
SWISS GOATHERD

PART I

I

NOW that the farewell tear is dried,
 Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy guide !
 Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy ;
 The wages of thy travel, joy !
 Whether for London bound—to trill
 Thy mountain notes with simple skill ;
 Or on thy head to poise a show
 Of Images in seemly row ;
 The graceful form of milk-white Steed,
 Or Bird that soared with Ganymede ;
 Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear
 The sightless Milton, with his hair
 Around his placid temples curled ;
 And Shakspeare at his side—a freight,
 If clay could think and mind were weight,
 For him who bore the world !
 Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy ;
 The wages of thy travel, joy !

10

II

But thou, perhaps (alert as free,
 Though serving sage philosophy),
 Wilt ramble over hill and dale,
 A Vender of the well-wrought Scale,

20

¹ Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Sempach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this manner. The event is one of the most famous in the annals of Swiss heroism ; and pictures and prints of it are frequent throughout the country.

Whose sentient tube instructs to time
 A purpose to a fickle clime :
 Whether thou choose this useful part,
 Or minister to finer art,
 Though robbed of many a cherished dream,
 And crossed by many a shattered scheme,
 What stirring wonders wilt thou see
 In the proud Isle of liberty !
 Yet will the Wanderer sometimes pine
 With thoughts which no delights can chase,
 Recall a Sister's last embrace,
 His Mother's neck entwine ;
 Nor shall forget the Maiden coy
 That *would* have loved the bright-haired Boy !

30

III

My Song, encouraged by the grace
 That beams from his ingenuous face,
 For this Adventurer scruples not
 To prophesy a golden lot ;
 Due recompense, and safe return
 To Como's steeps—his happy bourne !
 Where he, aloft in garden-glade,
 Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed Maid,
 The towering maize, and prop the twig
 That ill supports the luscious fig ;
 Or feed his eye in paths sun-proof
 With purple of the trellis-roof,
 That through the jealous leaves escapes
 From Cadenabbia's pendent grapes.
 —Oh might he tempt that Goatherd-child
 To share his wanderings ! him whose look
 Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,
 So touchingly he smiled—
 As with a rapture caught from heaven—
 For unasked alms in pity given.

40

50

PART II

I

With nodding plumes, and lightly drest
 Like foresters in leaf-green vest,
 The Helvetian Mountaineers, on ground
 For Tell's dread archery renowned,
 Before the target stood—to claim
 The guerdon of the steadiest aim.

60

Loud was the rifle-gun's report—
 A startling thunder quick and short!
 But, flying through the heights around,
 Echo prolonged a tell-tale sound
 Of hearts and hands alike 'prepared
 The treasures they enjoy to guard!'—
 And, if there be a favoured hour
 When Heroes are allowed to quit
 The tomb, and on the clouds to sit
 With tutelary power,
 On their Descendants shedding grace—
 This was the hour, and that the place.

70

II

But Truth inspired the Bards of old
 When of an iron age they told,
 Which to unequal laws gave birth,
 And drove Astræa from the earth.
 —A gentle Boy (perchance with blood
 As noble as the best endued,
 But seemingly a Thing despised;
 Even by the sun and air unprized;
 For not a tinge or flowery streak
 Appeared upon his tender cheek)
 Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes,
 Apart, beside his silent goats,
 Sate watching in a forest shed,
 Pale, ragged, with bare feet and head;
 Mute as the snow upon the hill,
 And, as the saint he prays to, still.
 Ah, what avails heroic deed?
 What liberty? if no defence
 Be won for feeble Innocence.
 Father of all! though wilful Manhood read
 His punishment in soul-distress,
 Grant to the morn of life its natural blessedness!

80

90

1820 or 1821

XXVI

THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE REFECTORY
 OF THE CONVENT OF MARIA DELLA GRAZIA—MILAN¹

THOU' searching damps and many an envious flaw
 Have marred this Work; the calm ethereal grace,
 The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,
 The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe
 The Elements; as they do melt and thaw

¹ See Note.

The heart of the Beholder—and erase
 (At least for one rapt moment) every trace
 Of disobedience to the primal law.
 The annunciation of the dreadful truth
 Made to the Twelve, survives : lip, forehead, cheek, 10
 And hand reposing on the board in ruth
 Of what it utters, while the unguilty seek
 Unquestionable meanings—still bespeak
 A labour worthy of eternal youth !

1820 or 1821

XXVII

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1820

HIGH on her speculative tower
 Stood Science waiting for the hour
 When Sol was destined to endure
That darkening of his radiant face
 Which Superstition strove to chase,
 Erewhile, with rites impure.

Afloat beneath Italian skies,
 Through regions fair as Paradise
 We gaily passed,—till Nature wrought
 A silent and unlooked-for change, 10
 That checked the desultory range
 Of joy and sprightly thought.

Where'er was dipped the toiling oar,
 The waves danced round us as before,
 As lightly, though of altered hue,
 'Mid recent coolness, such as falls
 At noontide from umbrageous walls
 That screen the morning dew.

No vapour stretched its wings ; no cloud
 Cast far or near a murky shroud ; 20
 The sky an azure field displayed ;
 'Twas sunlight sheathed and gently charmed,
 Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,
 And as in slumber laid,—

Or something night and day between,
 Like moonshine—but the hue was green ;
 Still moonshine, without shadow, spread
 On jutting rock, and curvèd shore,
 Where gazed the peasant from his door,
 And on the mountain's head. 30

It tinged the Julian steeps—it lay,
 Lugano! on thy ample bay;
 The solemnising veil was drawn
 O'er villas, terraces, and towers;
 To Albogasio's olive bowers,
 Porlezza's verdant lawn.

But Fancy with the speed of fire
 Hath past to Milan's loftiest spire,
 And there alights 'mid that aerial host
 Of Figures human and divine,¹
 White as the snows of Apennine
 Indurated by frost.

40

Awe-stricken she beholds the array
 That guards the Temple night and day;
 Angels she sees—that might from heaven have
 flown,
 And Virgin-saints, who not in vain
 Have striven by purity to gain
 The beatific crown—

Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings
 Each narrowing above each;—the wings,
 The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,
 The starry zone of sovereign height²
 All steeped in this portentous light!
 All suffering dim eclipse!

50

Thus after Man had fallen (if aught
 These perishable spheres have wrought
 May with that issue be compared)
 Throngs of celestial visages,
 Darkening like water in the breeze,
 A holy sadness shared.

60

Lo! while I speak, the labouring Sun
 His glad deliverance has begun:
 The cypress waves her sombre plume
 More cheerily; and town and tower,
 The vineyard and the olive-bower,
 Their lustre re-assume!

O Ye, who guard and grace my home
 While in far-distant lands we roam,

¹ See Note.

² Above the highest circle of figures is a zone of metallic stars.

What countenance hath this Day put on for you?
 While we looked round with favoured eyes, 70
 Did sullen mists hide lake and skies
 And mountains from your view?

Or was it given you to behold
 Like vision, pensive though not cold,
 From the smooth breast of gay Winandermere?
 Saw ye the soft yet awful veil
 Spread over Grasmere's lovely dale,
 Helvellyn's brow severe?

I ask in vain—and know far less
 If sickness, sorrow, or distress 80
 Have spared my Dwelling to this hour;
 Sad blindness! but ordained to prove
 Our faith in Heaven's unfailing love
 And all-controlling power.

1820 or 1821

XXVIII

THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS

I

HOW blest the Maid whose heart—yet free
 From Love's uneasy sovereignty—
 Beats with a fancy running high,
 Her simple cares to magnify;
 Whom Labour, never urged to toil,
 Hath cherished on a healthful soil;
 Who knows not pomp, who heeds not pelf;
 Whose heaviest sin it is to look
 Askance upon her pretty Self
 Reflected in some crystal brook; 10
 Whom grief hath spared—who sheds no tear
 But in sweet pity; and can hear
 Another's praise from envy clear.

II

Such (but O lavish Nature! why
 That dark unfathomable eye,
 Where lurks a Spirit that replies
 To stillest mood of softest skies,
 Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
 Another's first, and then her own?)

Such, haply, yon ITALIAN Maid, 20
 Our Lady's laggard Votaress,
 Halting beneath the chestnut shade
 To accomplish there her loveliness :
 Nice aid maternal fingers lend ;
 A Sister serves with slacker hand ;
 Then, glittering like a star, she joins the festal
 band.

III

How blest (if truth may entertain
 Coy fancy with a bolder strain)
 The HELVETIAN Girl—who daily braves,
 In her light skiff, the tossing waves, 30
 And quits the bosom of the deep
 Only to climb the rugged steep!
 —Say whence that modulated shout !
 From Wood-nymph of Diana's throng ?
 Or does the greeting to a rout
 Of giddy Bacchanals belong ?
 Jubilant outcry ! rock and glade
 Resounded—but the voice obeyed
 The breath of an Helvetic Maid.

IV

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood ; 40
 Her courage animates the flood ;
 Her steps the elastic green-sward meets
 Returning unreluctant sweets ;
 The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
 Aloud, saluted by her voice !
 Blithe Paragon of Alpine grace,
 Be as thou art—for through thy veins
 The blood of Heroes runs its race !
 And nobly wilt thou brook the chains
 That, for the virtuous, Life prepares ; 50
 The fetters which the Matron wears ;
 The patriot Mother's weight of anxious cares !

V

¹ 'Sweet HIGHLAND Girl ! a very shower
 Of beauty was thy earthly dower,'
 When thou didst flit before mine eyes,
 Gay Vision under sullen skies,
 While Hope and Love around thee played,
 Near the rough Falls of Inversneyd !

¹ See address 'To a Highland Girl,' above, p. 9.

Have they, who nursed the blossom; seen
 No breach of promise in the fruit? 60
 Was joy, in following joy, as keen
 As grief can be in grief's pursuit?
 When youth had flown did hope still bless
 Thy goings—or the cheerfulness
 Of innocence survive to mitigate distress?

VI

But from our course why turn—to tread
 A way with shadows overspread;
 Where what we gladliest would believe
 Is feared as what may most deceive?
 Bright Spirit, not with amaranth crowned 70
 But heath-bells from thy native ground,
 Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
 Nor take one ray of light from Thee;
 For in my Fancy thou dost share
 The gift of immortality;
 And there shall bloom, with Thee allied,
 The Votaress by Lugano's side;
 And that intrepid Nymph, on Uri's steep descried!
 1820 or 1821

XXIX

THE COLUMN INTENDED BY BUONAPARTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL
 EDIFICE IN MILAN, NOW LYING BY THE WAY-SIDE IN THE
 SIMPLON PASS

AMBITION—following down this far-famed slope
 Her Pioneer, the snow-dissolving Sun,
 While clarions prate of kingdoms to be won—
 Perchance, in future ages, here may stop;
 Taught to mistrust her flattering horoscope
 By admonition from this prostrate Stone!
 Memento uninscribed of Pride o'erthrown;
 Vanity's hieroglyphic; a choice trope
 In Fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of the Rock,
 Rest where thy course was stayed by Power divine! 10
 The Soul transported sees, from hint of thine,
 Crimes which the great Avenger's hand provoke,
 Hears combats whistling o'er the ensanguined heath:
 What groans! what shrieks! what quietness in death!
 1820 or 1821

XXX

STANZAS

COMPOSED IN THE SIMPLON PASS

VALLOMBROSA ! I longed in thy shadiest wood
 To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor,
 To listen to ANIO's precipitous flood,
 When the stillness of evening hath deepened its roar ;
 To range through the Temples of PAESTUM, to muse
 In POMPEII preserved by her burial in earth ;
 On pictures to gaze where they drank in their hues ;
 And murmur sweet songs on the ground of their birth !

The beauty of Florence, the grandeur of Rome,
 Could I leave them unseen, and not yield to regret ? 10
 With a hope (and no more) for a season to come,
 Which ne'er may discharge the magnificent debt ?
 Thou fortunate Region ! whose Greatness inured
 Awoke to new life from its ashes and dust ;
 Twice-glorified fields ! if in sadness I turned
 From your infinite marvels, the sadness was just.

Now, risen ere the light-footed Chamois retires
 From dew-sprinkled grass to heights guarded with snow,
 Toward the mists that hang over the land of my Sires
 From the climate of myrtles contented I go. 20
 My thoughts become bright like yon edging of Pines
 On the steep's lofty verge : how it blackened the air !
 But, touched from behind by the Sun, it now shines
 With threads that seem part of his own silver hair.

Though the toil of the way with dear Friends we divide,
 Though by the same zephyr our temples be fanned
 As we rest in the cool orange-bower side by side,
 A yearning survives which few hearts shall withstand :
 Each step hath its value while homeward we move ;—
 O joy when the girdle of England appears ! 30
 What moment in life is so conscious of love,
 Of love in the heart made more happy by tears ?
 1820 or 1821

XXXI

ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI

WHAT beast of chase hath broken from the
cover?

Stern GEMMI listens to as full a cry,
As multitudinous a harmony
Of sounds as rang the heights of Latmos over,
When, from the soft couch of her sleeping Lover
Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain-dew
In keen pursuit—and gave, where'er she flew,
Impetuous motion to the Stars above her.
A solitary Wolf-dog, ranging on
Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous chime
Of æry voices locked in unison,—
Faint—far-off—near—deep—solemn and sublime !—
So, from the body of one guilty deed,
A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting thoughts,
proceed!

1820 or 1821

XXXII

PROCESSIONS

SUGGESTED ON A SABBATH MORNING IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY

TO appease the Gods ; or public thanks to yield ;
Or to solicit knowledge of events,
Which in her breast Futurity concealed ;
And that the past might have its true intents
Feelingly told by living monuments—
Mankind of yore were prompted to devise
Rites such as yet Persepolis presents
Graven on her cankered walls, solemnities
That moved in long array before admiring eyes.

The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful state
Thick boughs of palm, and willows from the brook,
Marched round the altar—to commemorate
How, when their course they through the desert took,
Guided by signs which ne'er the sky forsook,
They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low ;
Green boughs were borne, while, for the blast that
shook

Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,
Shouts rise, and storms of sound from lifted trumpets
blow !

And thus, in order, 'mid the sacred grove
 Fed in the Libyan waste by gushing wells,
 The priests and damsels of Ammonian Jove
 Provoked responses with shrill canticles ;
 While, in a ship begirt with silver bells,
 They round his altar bore the hornèd God,
 Old Cham, the solar Deity, who dwells
 Aloft, yet in a tilting vessel rode,
 When universal sea the mountains overflowed.

20

Why speak of Roman Poms? the haughty claims
 Of Chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars ;
 The feast of Neptune—and the Cereal Games,
 With images, and crowns, and empty cars ;
 The dancing Salii—on the shields of Mars
 Smiting with fury ; and a deeper dread
 Scattered on all sides by the hideous jars
 Of Corybantian cymbals, while the head
 Of Cybelè was seen, sublimely turreted !

30

At length a Spirit more subdued and soft
 Appeared—to govern Christian pageantries :
 The Cross, in calm procession, borne aloft
 Moved to the chant of sober litanies.
 Even such, this day, came wafted on the breeze
 From a long train—in hooded vestments fair
 Enwrap—and winding, between Alpine trees
 Spiry and dark, around their House of prayer,
 Below the icy bed of bright ARGENTIERE.

40

Still in the vivid freshness of a dream,
 The pageant haunts me as it met our eyes !
 Still, with those white-robed Shapes—a living Stream,
 The glacier Pillars join in solemn guise¹
 For the same service, by mysterious ties ;
 Numbers exceeding credible account
 Of number, pure and silent Votaries
 Issuing or issued from a wintry fount ;
 The impenetrable heart of that exalted Mount !

50

They, too, who send so far a holy gleam
 While they the Church engird with motion slow,
 A product of that awful Mountain seem,
 Poured from his vaults of everlasting snow ;
 Not virgin lilies marshalled in bright row,
 Nor swans descending with a stealthy tide,

60

¹ See Note.

A livelier sisterly resemblance show
 Than the fair Forms, that in long order glide,
 Bear to the glacier band—those Shapes aloft descried.

Trembling, I look upon the secret springs
 Of that licentious craving in the mind
 To act the God among external things,
 To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind;
 And marvel not that antique Faith inclined
 To crowd the world with metamorphosis,
 Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned; 70
 Such insolent temptations wouldst thou miss,
 Avoid these sights; nor brood o'er Fable's dark abyss!

1820 or 1821

XXXIII

ELEGIAC STANZAS

THE lamented Youth, whose untimely death gave occasion to these elegiac verses, was Frederick William Goddard, from Boston in North America. He was in his twentieth year, and had resided for some time with a clergyman in the neighbourhood of Geneva for the completion of his education. Accompanied by a fellow-pupil, a native of Scotland, he had just set out on a Swiss tour when it was his misfortune to fall in with a friend of mine who was hastening to join our party. The travellers, after spending a day together on the road from Berne and at Soleure, took leave of each other at night, the young men having intended to proceed directly to Zurich. But early in the morning my friend found his new acquaintances, who were informed of the object of his journey, and the friends he was in pursuit of, equipped to accompany him. We met at Lucerne the succeeding evening, and Mr G. and his fellow-student became in consequence our travelling companions for a couple of days. We ascended the Righi together; and, after contemplating the sunrise from that noble mountain, we separated at an hour and on a spot well suited to the parting of those who were to meet no more. Our party descended through the valley of Our Lady of the Snow, and our late companions to Art. We had hoped to meet in a few weeks at Geneva; but on the third succeeding day (on the 21st of August) Mr. Goddard perished, being overset in a boat while crossing the Lake of Zurich. His companion saved himself by swimming, and was hospitably received in the mansion of a Swiss gentleman (M. Keller) situated on the eastern coast of the lake. The corpse of poor Goddard was cast ashore on the estate of the same gentleman, who generously performed all the rites of hospitality which could be rendered to the dead as well as to the living. He caused a handsome mural monument to be erected in the church of Küssnacht, which records the premature fate of the young American, and on the shores too of the lake the traveller may read an inscription pointing out the spot where the body was deposited by the waves.

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,
 Rude Nature's Pilgrims did we go,
 From the dread summit of the Queen ¹
 Of mountains, through a deep ravine,
 Where, in her holy chapel, dwells
 'Our Lady of the Snow.'

¹ Mount Righi—Regina Montium.

The sky was blue, the air was mild ;
 Free were the streams and green the bowers ;
 As if, to rough assaults unknown,
 The genial spot had *ever* shown
 A countenance that as sweetly smiled—
 The face of summer-hours.

10

And we were gay, our hearts at ease ;
 With pleasure dancing through the frame
 We journeyed ; all we knew of care—
 Our path that straggled here and there ;
 Of trouble—but the fluttering breeze ;
 Of Winter—but a name.

If foresight could have rent the veil
 Of three short days—but hush—no more !
 Calm is the grave, and calmer none
 Than that to which thy cares are gone,
 Thou Victim of the stormy gale ;
 Asleep on ZÜRICH'S shore !

20

Oh GODDARD !—what art thou ?—a name—
 A sunbeam followed by a shade !
 Nor more, for aught that time supplies,
 The great, the experienced, and the wise :
 Too much from this frail earth we claim,
 And therefore are betrayed.

30

We met, while festive mirth ran wild,
 Where, from a deep lake's mighty urn,
 Forth slips, like an enfranchised slave,
 A sea-green river, proud to lave,
 With current swift and undefiled,
 The towers of old LUCERNE.

We parted upon solemn ground
 Far-lifted towards the unfading sky ;
 But all our thoughts were *then* of Earth,
 That gives to common pleasures birth ;
 And nothing in our hearts we found
 That prompted even a sigh.

40

Fetch, sympathising Powers of air,
 Fetch, ye that post o'er seas and lands,
 Herbs moistened by Virginian dew,
 A most untimely grave to strew,
 Whose turf may never know the care
 Of *kindred* human hands !

Beloved by every gentle Muse
 He left his Transatlantic home :
 Europe, a realised romance,
 Had opened on his eager glance ;
 What present bliss !—what golden views !
 What stores for years to come !

50

Though lodged within no vigorous frame,
 His soul her daily tasks renewed,
 Blithe as the lark on sun-gilt wings
 High poised—or as the wren that sings
 In shady places, to proclaim
 Her modest gratitude.

60

Not vain is sadly-uttered praise ;
 The words of truth's memorial vow
 Are sweet as morning fragrance shed
 From flowers 'mid GOLDAU's ruins bred ;
 As evening's fondly-lingering rays,
 On RIGHI's silent brow.

Lamented youth ! to thy cold clay
 Fit obsequies the Stranger paid ;
 And piety shall guard the Stone
 Which hath not left the spot unknown
 Where the wild waves resigned their prey—
 And *that* which marks thy bed.

70

And, when thy Mother weeps for Thee,
 Lost Youth ! a solitary Mother ;
 This tribute from a casual Friend
 A not unwelcome aid may lend,
 To feed the tender luxury,
 The rising pang to smother.¹

1820 or 1821

XXXIV

SKY-PROSPECT—FROM THE PLAIN OF FRANCE

LO ! in the burning west, the craggy nape
 Of a proud Ararat ! and, thereupon,
 The Ark, her melancholy voyage done !
 Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion's shape ;
 There, combats a huge crocodile—agape

¹ The persuasion here expressed was not groundless. The first human consolation that the afflicted Mother felt, was derived from this tribute to her son's memory, a fact which the author learned, at his own residence, from her Daughter, who visited Europe some years afterwards.—Goldau is one of the villages desolated by the fall of part of the Mountain Rossberg.

A golden spear to swallow! and that brown
 And massy grove, so near yon blazing town,
 Stirs and recedes—destruction to escape!
 Yet all is harmless—as the Elysian shades
 Where Spirits dwell in undisturbed repose—
 Silently disappears, or quickly fades:
 Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
 That for oblivion take their daily birth
 From all the fuming vanities of Earth!

10

1820 or 1821

XXXV

ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOUR OF BOULOGNE ¹

WHY cast ye back upon the Gallic shore,
 Ye furious waves! a patriotic Son
 Of England—who in hope her coast had won,
 His project crowned, his pleasant travel o'er?
 Well—let him pace this noted beach once more,
 That gave the Roman his triumphal shells;
 That saw the Corsican his cap and bells
 Haughtily shake, a dreaming Conqueror!—
 Enough: my Country's cliffs I can behold,
 And proudly think, beside the chafing sea,
 Of checked ambition, tyranny controlled,
 And folly cursed with endless memory:
 These local recollections ne'er can cloy;
 Such ground I from my very heart enjoy!

10

1820 or 1821

XXXVI

AFTER LANDING—THE VALLEY OF DOVER. NOVEMBER 1820

WHERE be the noisy followers of the game
 Which faction breeds? the turmoil where, that
 passed
 Through Europe, echoing from the newsman's blast,
 And filled our hearts with grief for England's shame?
 Peace greets us;—rambling on without an aim
 We mark majestic herds of cattle, free
 To ruminate, couched on the grassy lea;
 And hear far-off the mellow horn proclaim
 The Season's harmless pastime. Ruder sound
 Stirs not; enrapt I gaze with strange delight,
 While consciousnesses, not to be disowned,
 Here only serve a feeling to invite
 That lifts the spirit to a calmer height,
 And makes this rural stillness more profound.

10

1820 or 1821

¹ See Note.

XXXVII

AT DOVER

FROM the Pier's head, musing, and with increase
 Of wonder, I have watched this sea-side Town,
 Under the white cliff's battlemented crown,
 Hushed to a depth of more than Sabbath peace :
 The streets and quays are thronged, but why disown
 Their natural utterance : whence this strange release
 From social noise—silence elsewhere unknown?—
 A Spirit whispered, ' Let all wonder cease ;
 Ocean's o'erpowering murmurs have set free
 Thy sense from pressure of life's common din ; 10
 As the dread Voice that speaks from out the sea
 Of God's eternal Word, the Voice of Time,
 Doth deaden shocks of tumult, shrieks of crime,
 The shouts of folly, and the groans of sin.'

Probably 1837

XXXVIII

DESULTORY STANZAS

UPON RECEIVING THE PRECEDING SHEETS FROM THE PRESS

IS then the final page before me spread,
 Nor further outlet left to mind or heart ?
 Presumptuous Book ! too forward to be read,
 How can I give thee license to depart ?
 One tribute more : unbidden feelings start
 Forth from their coverts ; slighted objects rise ;
 My spirit is the scene of such wild art
 As on Parnassus rules, when lightning flies,
 Visibly leading on the thunder's harmonies.

All that I saw returns upon my view, 10
 All that I heard comes back upon my ear,
 All that I felt this moment doth renew ;
 And where the foot with no unmanly fear
 Recoiled—and wings alone could travel—there
 I move at ease ; and meet contending themes
 That press upon me, crossing the career
 Of recollections vivid as the dreams
 Of midnight,—cities, plains, forests, and mighty
 streams.

Where Mortal never breathed I dare to sit 20
 Among the interior Alps, gigantic crew,
 Who triumphed o'er diluvian power !—and yet
 What are they but a wreck and residue,

Whose only business is to perish!—true
 To which sad course, these wrinkled Sons of Time
 Labour their proper greatness to subdue;
 Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime
 Where life and rapture flow in plenitude sublime.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge
 Across thy long deep Valley, furious Rhone!
 Arch that *here* rests upon the granite ridge 30
 Of Monte Rosa—*there* on frailer stone
 Of secondary birth, the Jung-frau's cone;
 And, from that arch, down-looking on the Vale
 The aspect I behold of every zone;
 A sea of foliage, tossing with the gale,
 Blithe Autumn's purple crown, and Winter's icy mail!

Far as ST. MAURICE, from yon eastern FORKS,¹
 Down the main avenue my sight can range:
 And all its branchy vales, and all that lurks
 Within them, church, and town, and hut, and grange,
 For my enjoyment meet in vision strange; 41
 Snows, torrents;—to the region's utmost bound,
 Life, Death, in amicable interchange;—
 But list! the avalanche—the hush profound
 That follows—yet more awful than that awful sound!

Is not the chamois suited to his place?
 The eagle worthy of her ancestry?
 —Let Empires fall; but ne'er shall Ye disgrace
 Your noble birthright, ye that occupy
 Your council-seats beneath the open sky, 50
 On Sarnen's Mount;² there judge of fit and right,
 In simple democratic majesty;
 Soft breezes fanning your rough brows—the might
 And purity of nature spread before your sight!

From this appropriate Court, renowned LUCERNE
 Calls me to pace her honoured Bridge²—that cheers
 The Patriot's heart with pictures rude and stern,
 An uncouth Chronicle of glorious years.
 Like portraiture, from loftier source, endears
 That work of kindred frame, which spans the lake 60
 Just at the point of issue, where it fears
 The form and motion of a stream to take;
 Where it begins to stir, *yet* voiceless as a snake.

¹ At the head of the Vallais. See Note.

² See Note.

Volumes of sound, from the Cathedral rolled,
 This long-roofed Vista penetrate—but see,
 One after one, its tablets, that unfold
 The whole design of Scripture history ;
 From the first tasting of the fatal Tree,
 Till the bright Star appeared in eastern skies,
 Announcing, ONE was born mankind to free ; 70
 His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice ;
 Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

Our pride misleads, our timid likings kill.
 —Long may these homely Works devised of old,
 These simple efforts of Helvetian skill,
 Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold
 The State,—the Country's destiny to mould ;
 Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
 Of servile opportunity to gold ;
 Filling the soul with sentiments august— 80
 The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just !

No more ; Time halts not in his noiseless march—
 Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the liquid flood ;
 Life slips from underneath us, like that arch
 Of airy workmanship whereon we stood,
 Earth stretched below, heaven in our neighbourhood.
 Go forth, my little Book ! pursue thy way ;
 Go forth, and please the gentle and the good ;
 Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say
 That treasures, yet untouched, may grace some future
 Lay. 90

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY, 1837

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

COMPANION ! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered,
 In whose experience trusting, day by day
 Treasures I gained with zeal that neither feared
 The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,
 These records take, and happy should I be
 Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee
 For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
 And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe
 Far more than any heart but mine can know.

W. WORDSWORTH

RYDAL MOUNT,
Feb. 14th, 1842

THE Tour of which the following Poems are very inadequate remembrances was shortened by report, too well founded, of the prevalence of Cholera at Naples. To make some amends for what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of Italy, we visited the Tuscan Sanctuaries among the Apennines, and the principal Italian Lakes among the Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of Venice, is there any notice in these Poems, chiefly because I have touched upon them elsewhere. See, in particular, 'Descriptive Sketches,' 'Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820,' and a Sonnet upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

I

MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE

APRIL, 1837

YE Apennines ! with all your fertile vales
 Deeply embosomed, and your winding shores
 Of either sea, an Islander by birth,
 A Mountaineer by habit, would resound
 Your praise, in meet accordance with your claims
 Bestowed by Nature, or from man's great deeds
 Inherited :—presumptuous thought !—it fled
 Like vapour, like a towering cloud, dissolved.
 Not, therefore, shall my mind give way to sadness ;—
 Yon snow-white torrent-fall, plumb down it drops 10
 Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,
 Lulling the leisure of that high-perched town,
 AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site

Its neighbour and its namesake—town, and flood
 Forth flashing out of its own gloomy chasm
 Bright sunbeams—the fresh verdure of this lawn
 Strewn with grey rocks, and on the horizon's verge,
 O'er intervenient waste, through glimmering haze,
 Unquestionably kenned, that cone-shaped hill
 With fractured summit, no indifferent sight 20
 To travellers, from such comforts as are thine,
 Bleak Radicofani! escaped with joy—
 These are before me; and the varied scene
 May well suffice, till noon-tide's sultry heat
 Relax, to fix and satisfy the mind
 Passive yet pleased. What! with this Broom in flower
 Close at my side! She bids me fly to greet
 Her sisters, soon like her to be attired
 With golden blossoms opening at the feet
 Of my own Fairfield. - The glad greeting given, 30
 Given with a voice and by a look returned
 Of old companionship, Time counts not minutes
 Ere, from accustomed paths, familiar fields,
 The local Genius hurries me aloft,
 Transported over that cloud-wooing hill,
 Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of the clouds,
 With dream-like smoothness, to Helvellyn's top,
 There to alight upon crisp moss and range,
 Obtaining ampler boon, at every step,
 Of visual sovereignty—hills multitudinous, 40
 (Not Apennine can boast of fairer), hills
 Pride of two nations, wood and lake and plains,
 And prospect right below of deep coves shaped
 By skeleton arms, that, from the mountain's trunk
 Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual moan
 Struggling for liberty, while undismayed
 The shepherd struggles with them. Onward thence
 And downward by the skirt of Greenside-fell,
 And by Glenridding-screes, and low Glencoign,
 Places forsaken now, though loving still 50
 The muses, as they loved them in the days
 Of the old minstrels and the border bards.—
 But here am I fast bound; and let it pass,
 The simple rapture;—who that travels far
 To feed his mind with watchful eyes could share
 Or wish to share it?—One there surely was,
 'The Wizard of the North,' with anxious hope
 Brought to this genial climate, when disease
 Preyed upon body and mind—yet not the less
 Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words 60

That spake of bards and minstrels ; and his spirit
 Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn's brow,
 Where once together, in his day of strength,
 We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free
 From sorrow, like the sky above our heads.

Years followed years, and when, upon the eve
 Of his last going from Tweed-side, thought turned,
 Or by another's sympathy was led,
 To this bright land, Hope was for him no friend,
 Knowledge no help ; Imagination shaped 70
 No promise. Still, in more than ear-deep seats,
 Survives for me, and cannot but survive
 The tone of voice which wedded borrowed words
 To sadness not their own, when, with faint smile
 Forced by intent to take from speech its edge,
 He said, ' When I am there, although 'tis fair,
 'Twill be another Yarrow.' Prophecy
 More than fulfilled, as gay Campania's shores
 Soon witnessed, and the city of seven hills,
 Her sparkling fountains, and her mouldering tombs ; 80
 And more than all, that Eminence which showed
 Her splendours, seen, not felt, the while he stood
 A few short steps (painful they were) apart
 From Tasso's Convent-haven, and retired grave.

Peace to their Spirits ! why should Poesy
 Yield to the lure of vain regret, and hover
 In gloom on wings with confidence outspread
 To move in sunshine ?—Utter thanks, my Soul !
 Tempered with awe, and sweetened by compassion 90
 For them who in the shades of sorrow dwell,
 That I—so near the term to human life
 Appointed by man's common heritage,
 Frail as the frailest, one withal (if that
 Deserve a thought) but little known to fame—
 Am free to rove where Nature's loveliest looks,
 Art's noblest relics, History's rich bequests,
 Failed to reanimate and but feebly cheered
 The whole world's Darling—free to rove at will
 O'er high and low, and if requiring rest,
 Rest from enjoyment only.

Thanks poured forth 100
 For what thus far hath blessed my wanderings, thanks
 Fervent but humble as the lips can breathe
 Where gladness seems a duty—let me guard
 Those seeds of expectation which the fruit

Already gathered in this favoured Land
 Enfolds within its core. The faith be mine,
 That He who guides and governs all, approves
 When gratitude, though disciplined to look
 Beyond these transient spheres, doth wear a crown
 Of earthly hope put on with trembling hand ; 110
 Nor is least pleased, we trust, when golden beams,
 Reflected through the mists of age, from hours
 Of innocent delight, remote or recent,
 Shoot but a little way—'tis all they can—
 Into the doubtful future. Who would keep
 Power must resolve to cleave to it through life,
 Else it deserts him, surely as he lives.
 Saints would not grieve nor guardian angels frown
 If one—while tossed, as was my lot to be,
 In a frail bark urged by two slender oars 120
 Over waves rough and deep, that, when they broke,
 Dashed their white foam against the palace walls
 Of Genoa the superb—should there be led
 To meditate upon his own appointed tasks,
 However humble in themselves, with thoughts
 Raised and sustained by memory of Him
 Who oftentimes within those narrow bounds
 Rocked on the surge, there tried his spirit's strength
 And grasp of purpose, long ere sailed his ship
 To lay a new world open.

Nor less prized 130
 Be those impressions which incline the heart
 To mild, to lowly, and to seeming weak,
 Bend that way her desires. The dew, the storm—
 The dew whose moisture fell in gentle drops
 On the small hyssop destined to become,
 By Hebrew ordinance devoutly kept,
 A purifying instrument—the storm
 That shook on Lebanon the cedar's top,
 And as it shook, enabling the blind roots
 Further to force their way, endowed its trunk 140
 With magnitude and strength fit to uphold
 The glorious temple—did alike proceed
 From the same gracious will, were both an offspring
 Of bounty infinite.

Between Powers that aim
 Higher to lift their lofty heads, impelled
 By no profane ambition, Powers that thrive
 By conflict, and their opposites, that trust
 In lowliness—a mid-way tract there lies
 Of thoughtful sentiment for every mind

Pregnant with good. Young, Middle-aged, and Old,
 From century on to century, must have known 151
 The emotion—nay, more fitly were it said—
 The blest tranquillity that sunk so deep
 Into my spirit, when I paced, enclosed
 In Pisa's Campo Santo, the smooth floor
 Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral slabs,
 And through each window's open fretwork looked
 O'er the blank Area of sacred earth
 Fetched from Mount Calvary, or haply delved
 In precincts nearer to the Saviour's tomb, 160
 By hands of men, humble as brave, who fought
 For its deliverance—a capacious field
 That to descendants of the dead it holds
 And to all living mute memento breathes,
 More touching far than aught which on the walls
 Is pictured, or their epitaphs can speak,
 Of the changed City's long-departed power,
 Glory, and wealth, which, perilous as they are,
 Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety.
 And, high above that length of cloistral roof, 170
 Peering in air and backed by azure sky,
 To kindred contemplations ministers
 The Baptistery's dome, and that which swells
 From the Cathedral pile; and with the twain
 Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed
 (As hurry on in eagerness the feet,
 Or pause) the summit of the Leaning-tower.
 Nor less remuneration waits on him
 Who having left the Cemetery stands
 In the Tower's shadow, of decline and fall 180
 Admonished not without some sense of fear,
 Fear that soon vanishes before the sight
 Of splendour unextinguished, pomp unscathed,
 And beauty unimpaired. Grand in itself,
 And for itself, the assemblage, grand and fair
 To view, and for the mind's consenting eye
 A type of age in man, upon its front
 Bearing the world-acknowledged evidence
 Of past exploits, nor fondly after more
 Struggling against the stream of destiny, 190
 But with its peaceful majesty content.
 —Oh what a spectacle at every turn
 The Place unfolds, from pavement skinned with moss,
 Or grass-grown spaces, where the heaviest foot
 Provokes no echoes, but must softly tread;
 Where Solitude with Silence paired stops short

Of Desolation, and to Ruin's scythe
Decay submits not.

But where'er my steps
Shall wander, chiefly let me cull with care
Those images of genial beauty, oft 200
Too lovely to be pensive in themselves
But by reflexion made so, which do best
And fittest serve to crown with fragrant wreaths
Life's cup when almost filled with years, like mine.
—How lovely robed in forenoon light and shade,
Each ministering to each, didst thou appear
Savona, Queen of territory fair
As aught that marvellous coast thro' all its length
Yields to the Stranger's eye. Remembrance holds
As a selected treasure thy one cliff, 210
That, while it wore for melancholy crest
A shattered Convent, yet rose proud to have
Clinging to its steep sides a thousand herbs
And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave proof how kind
The breath of air can be where earth had else
Seemed churlish. And behold, both far and near,
Garden and field all decked with orange bloom,
And peach and citron, in Spring's mildest breeze
Expanding ; and, along the smooth shore curved
Into a natural port, a tideless sea, 220
To that mild breeze with motion and with voice
Softly responsive ; and, attuned to all
Those vernal charms of sight and sound, appeared
Smooth space of turf which from the guardian fort
Sloped seaward, turf whose tender April green,
In coolest climes too fugitive, might even here
Plead with the sovereign Sun for longer stay
Than his unmitigated beams allow,
Nor plead in vain, if beauty could preserve,
From mortal change, aught that is born on earth 230
Or doth on time depend.

While on the brink
Of that high Convent-crested cliff I stood,
Modest Savona ! over all did brood
A pure poetic Spirit—as the breeze,
Mild—as the verdure, fresh—the sunshine, bright—
Thy gentle Chiabrera !—not a stone,
Mural or level with the trodden floor,
In Church or Chapel, if my curious quest
Missed not the truth, retains a single name
Of young or old, warrior, or saint, or sage, 240
To whose dear memories his sepulchral verse

Paid simple tribute, such as might have flowed
 From the clear spring of a plain English heart,
 Say rather, one in native fellowship
 With all who want not skill to couple grief
 With praise, as genuine admiration prompts.
 The grief, the praise, are severed from their dust,
 Yet in his page the records of that worth
 Survive, uninjured ;—glory then to words,
 Honour to word-preserving Arts, and hail
 Ye kindred local influences that still,
 If Hope's familiar whispers merit faith,
 Await my steps when they the breezy height
 Shall range of philosophic Tusculum ;
 Or Sabine vales explored inspire a wish
 To meet the shade of Horace by the side
 Of his Bandusian fount ; or I invoke
 His presence to point out the spot where once
 He sate, and eulogised with earnest pen
 Peace, leisure, freedom, moderate desires ;
 And all the immunities of rural life
 Extolled, behind Vacuna's crumbling fane.
 Or let me loiter, soothed with what is given
 Nor asking more, on that delicious Bay,
 Parthenope's Domain—Virgilian haunt,
 Illustrated with never-dying verse,
 And, by the Poet's laurel-shaded tomb,
 Age after age to Pilgrims from all lands
 Endeared.

250

260

And who—if not a man as cold
 In heart as dull in brain—while pacing ground
 Chosen by Rome's legendary Bards, high minds
 Out of her early struggles well inspired
 To localise heroic acts—could look
 Upon the spots with undelighted eye,
 Though even to their last syllable the Lays
 And very names of those who gave them birth
 Have perished ?—Verily, to her utmost depth,
 Imagination feels what Reason fears not
 To recognise, the lasting virtue lodged
 In those bold fictions that, by deeds assigned
 To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,
 And others like in fame, created Powers
 With attributes from History derived,
 By Poesy irradiate, and yet graced,
 Through marvellous felicity of skill,
 With something more propitious to high aims
 Than either, pent within her separate sphere,

270

280

Can oft with justice claim.

And not disdaining
 Union with those primeval energies
 To virtue consecrate, stoop ye from your height, 290
 Christian Traditions ! at my Spirit's call
 Descend, and, on the brow of ancient Rome
 As she survives in ruin, manifest
 Your glories mingled with the brightest hues
 Of her memorial halo, fading, fading,
 But never to be extinct while Earth endures.
 O come, if undishonoured by the prayer,
 From all her Sanctuaries !—Open for my feet
 Ye Catacombs, give to mine eyes a glimpse
 Of the Devout, as, 'mid your glooms convened 300
 For safety, they of yore enclasped the Cross
 On knees that ceased from trembling, or intoned
 Their orisons with voices half-suppressed,
 But sometimes heard, or fancied to be heard,
 Even at this hour.

And thou Mamertine prison,
 Into that vault receive me from whose depth
 Issues, revealed in no presumptuous vision,
 Albeit lifting human to divine,
 A Saint, the Church's Rock, the mystic Keys
 Grasped in his hand ; and lo ! with upright sword 310
 Prefiguring his own impendent doom,
 The Apostle of the Gentiles ; both prepared
 To suffer pains with heathen scorn and hate
 Inflicted ;—blessèd Men, for so to Heaven
 They follow their dear Lord !

Time flows—nor winds,
 Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course,
 But many a benefit borne upon his breast
 For human-kind sinks out of sight, is gone,
 No one knows how ; nor seldom is put forth
 An angry arm that snatches good away, 320
 Never perhaps to reappear. The Stream
 Has to our generation brought and brings
 Innumerable gains ; yet we, who now
 Walk in the light of day, pertain full surely
 To a chilled age, most pitiably shut out
 From that which is and actuates, by forms,
 Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact
 Minutely linked with diligence uninspired,
 Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,
 By godlike insight. To this fate is doomed 330
 Science, wide-spread and spreading still as be

Her conquests, in the world of sense made known.
 So with the internal mind it fares ; and so
 With morals, trusting, in contempt or fear
 Of vital principle's controlling law,
 To her purblind guide Expediency ; and so
 Suffers religious faith. Elate with view
 Of what is won, we overlook or scorn
 The best that should keep pace with it, and must,
 Else more and more the general mind will droop, 340
 Even as if bent on perishing. There lives
 No faculty within us which the Soul
 Can spare, and humblest earthly Weal demands,
 For dignity not placed beyond her reach,
 Zealous co-operation of all means
 Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire,
 And liberate our hearts from low pursuits.
 By gross Utilities enslaved we need
 More of ennobling impulse from the past,
 If to the future aught of good must come 350
 Sounder and therefore holier than the ends
 Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,
 We covet as supreme. O grant the crown
 That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous staff
 From Knowledge !—If the Muse, whom I have served
 This day, be mistress of a single pearl
 Fit to be placed in that pure diadem ;
 Then, not in vain, under these chestnut boughs
 Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul
 To transports from the secondary founts 360
 Flowing of time and place, and paid to both
 Due homage ; nor shall fruitlessly have striven,
 By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in verse
 Accordant meditations, which in times
 Vexed and disordered, as our own, may shed
 Influence, at least among a scattered few,
 To soberness of mind and peace of heart
 Friendly ; as here to my repose hath been
 This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood, the light
 And murmur issuing from yon pendent flood, 370
 And all the varied landscape. Let us now
 Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent Rome.¹

1837

¹ See Note.

II

THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME

I SAW far off the dark top of a Pine
 Look like a cloud—a slender stem the tie
 That bound it to its native earth—poised high
 'Mid evening hues, along the horizon line,
 Striving in peace each other to outshine.
 But when I learned the Tree was living there,
 Saved from the sordid axe by Beaumont's care,
 Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine !
 The rescued Pine-tree, with its sky so bright
 And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts of home, 10
 Death-parted friends, and days too swift in flight,
 Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome
 (Then first apparent from the Pincian Height)
 Crowned with St. Peter's everlasting Dome.¹
 1841

III

AT ROME

I S this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill ?
 Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful Rock,
 Tarpeian named of yore, and keeping still
 That name, a local Phantom proud to mock
 The Traveller's expectation ?—Could our Will
 Destroy the ideal Power within, 'twere done
 Thro' what men see and touch,—slaves wandering on,
 Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-taught skill.
 Full oft, our wish obtained, deeply we sigh ;
 Yet not unrecompensed are they who learn, 10
 From that depression raised, to mount on high
 With stronger wing, more clearly to discern
 Eternal things ; and, if need be, defy
 Change, with a brow not insolent, though stern.
 1841

IV

 AT ROME—REGRETS—IN ALLUSION TO NIEBUHR AND OTHER
 MODERN HISTORIANS

THOSE old credulities, to nature dear,
 Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock
 Of History, stript naked as a rock
 'Mid a dry desert ? What is it we hear ?

¹ See Note.

The glory of Infant Rome must disappear,
 Her morning splendours vanish, and their place
 Know them no more. If Truth, who veiled her face
 With those bright beams yet hid it not, must steer
 Henceforth a humbler course perplexed and slow,
 One solace yet remains for us who came
 Into this world in days when story lacked
 Severe research, that in our hearts we know
 How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,
 Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.

10

1841

V

CONTINUED

COMPLACENT Fictions were they, yet the same
 Involved a history of no doubtful sense,
 History that proves by inward evidence
 From what a precious source of truth it came.
 Ne'er could the boldest Eulogist have dared
 Such deeds to paint, such characters to frame,
 But for coeval sympathy prepared
 To greet with instant faith their loftiest claim.
 None but a noble people could have loved
 Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-minded style :
 Not in like sort the Runic Scald was moved ;
 He, nursed 'mid savage passions that defile
 Humanity, sang feats that well might call
 For the blood-thirsty mead of Odin's riotous Hall.

10

1841

VI

PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN

FORBEAR to deem the Chronicler unwise,
 Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,
 Who, gathering up all that Time's envious tooth
 Has spared of sound and grave realities,
 Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries,
 Dear as they are to unsuspecting Youth,
 That might have drawn down Clio from the skies
 To vindicate the majesty of truth.
 Such was her office while she walked with men,
 A Muse, who, not unmindful of her Sire
 All-ruling Jove, whate'er the theme might be
 Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,
 And taught her faithful servants how the lyre
 Should animate, but not mislead, the pen.¹

10

1841

¹ Quem virum—lyra—
 —sumes celebrare Clio?

VII

AT ROME

THEY—who have seen the noble Roman's scorn
 Break forth at thought of laying down his head,
 When the blank day is over, garreted
 In his ancestral palace, where, from morn
 To night, the desecrated floors are worn
 By feet of purse-proud strangers; they—who have read
 In one meek smile, beneath a peasant's shed,
 How patiently the weight of wrong is borne;
 They—who have heard some learned Patriot treat
 Of freedom, with mind grasping the whole theme 10
 From ancient Rome, downwards through that bright
 dream

Of Commonwealths, each city a starlike seat

Of rival glory; they—fallen Italy—

Nor must, nor will, nor can, despair of Thee!

1841

VIII

NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST. PETER'S

LONG has the dew been dried on tree and lawn;
 O'er man and beast a not unwelcome boon
 Is shed, the languor of approaching noon;
 To shady rest withdrawing or withdrawn
 Mute are all creatures, as this couchant fawn,
 Save insect-swarms that hum in air afloat,
 Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill note,
 Startling and shrill as that which roused the dawn.
 —Heard in that hour, or when, as now, the nerve
 Shrinks from the note as from a mis-timed thing, 10
 Oft for a holy warning may it serve,
 Charged with remembrance of *his* sudden sting,
 His bitter tears, whose name the Papal Chair
 And yon resplendent Church are proud to bear.

1841

IX

AT ALBANO

DAYS passed—and Monte Calvo would not clear
 His head from mist; and, as the wind sobbed
 through

Albano's dripping Ilex avenue,

My dull forebodings in a Peasant's ear

Found casual vent. She said, 'Be of good cheer;
 Our yesterday's procession did not sue
 In vain; the sky will change to sunny blue,
 Thanks to our Lady's grace.' I smiled to hear,
 But not in scorn:—the Matron's Faith may lack
 The heavenly sanction needed to ensure
 Fulfilment; but, we trust, her upward track
 Stops not at this low point, nor wants the lure
 Of flowers the Virgin without fear may own,
 For by her Son's blest hand the seed was sown.

10

1841

X

N EAR Anio's stream I spied a gentle Dove
 Perched on an olive branch, and heard her cooing
 'Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs were wooing,
 While all things present told of joy and love.
 But restless Fancy left that olive grove
 To hail the exploratory Bird renewing
 Hope for the few, who, at the world's undoing,
 On the great flood were spared to live and move.
 O bounteous Heaven! signs true as dove and bough
 Brought to the ark are coming evermore,
 Given though we seek them not, but, while we plough
 This sea of life without a visible shore,
 Do neither promise ask nor grace implore
 In what alone is ours, the living Now.

10

1841

XI

FROM THE ALBAN HILLS, LOOKING TOWARDS ROME

F ORGIVE, illustrious Country! these deep sighs,
 Heaved less for thy bright plains and hills
 bestrown

With monuments decayed or overthrown,
 For all that tottering stands or prostrate lies,
 Than for like scenes in moral vision shown,
 Ruin perceived for keener sympathies;
 Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds, her gaudy crown;
 Virtues laid low, and mouldering energies.
 Yet why prolong this mournful strain?—Fallen Power,
 Thy fortunes, twice exalted, might provoke
 Verse to glad notes prophetic of the hour
 When thou, uprisen, shalt break thy double yoke,
 And enter, with prompt aid from the Most High,
 On the third stage of thy great destiny.

10

1841

XII

NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE

WHEN here with Carthage Rome to conflict came,
An earthquake, mingling with the battle's
shock,

Checked not its rage ; unfelt the ground did rock,
Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim.—
Now all is sun-bright peace. Of that day's shame,
Or glory, not a vestige seems to endure,
Save in this Rill that took from blood the name¹
Which yet it bears, sweet Stream ! as crystal pure.
So may all trace and sign of deeds aloof
From the true guidance of humanity,
Thro' Time and Nature's influence, purify
Their spirit ; or, unless they for reproof
Or warning serve, thus let them all, on ground
That gave them being, vanish to a sound.

10

1837

XIII

NEAR THE SAME LAKE

FOR action born, existing to be tried,
Powers manifold we have that intervene
To stir the heart that would too closely screen
Her peace from images to pain allied.
What wonder if at midnight, by the side
Of Sanguinetto or broad Thrasymane,
The clang of arms is heard, and phantoms glide,
Unhappy ghosts in troops by moonlight seen ;
And singly thine, O vanquished Chief ! whose corse,
Unburied, lay hid under heaps of slain :
But who is He ?—the Conqueror. Would he force
His way to Rome ? Ah, no,—round hill and plain
Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong command,
This spot,—his shadowy death-cup in his hand.

10

1837

XIV

THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA

MAY 25, 1837

LIST—'twas the Cuckoo.—O with what delight
Heard I that voice ! and catch it now, though
faint,
Far off and faint, and melting into air,
Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again !

¹ Sanguinetto.

Those louder cries give notice that the Bird,
 Although invisible as Echo's self,
 Is wheeling hitherward. Thanks, happy Creature,
 For this unthought-of greeting!

While allured
 From vale to hill, from hill to vale led on,
 We have pursued, through various lands, a long 10
 And pleasant course; flower after flower has blown,
 Embellishing the ground that gave them birth
 With aspects novel to my sight; but still
 Most fair, most welcome, when they drank the dew
 In a sweet fellowship with kinds beloved,
 For old remembrance sake. And oft—where Spring
 Displayed her richest blossoms among files
 Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing fruit
 Ripe for the hand, or under a thick shade
 Of Ilex, or, if better suited to the hour, 20
 The lightsome Olive's twinkling canopy—
 Oft have I heard the Nightingale and Thrush
 Blending as in a common English grove
 Their love-songs; but, where'er my feet might roam,
 Whate'er assemblages of new and old,
 Strange and familiar, might beguile the way,
 A gratulation from that vagrant Voice
 Was wanting;—and most happily till now.

For see, Laverna! mark the far-famed Pile,
 High on the brink of that precipitous rock, 30
 Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth
 It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned
 In faith and hope, and dutiful obedience,
 By a few Monks, a stern society,
 Dead to the world and scorning earthborn joys.
 Nay—though the hopes that drew, the fears that drove,
 St. Francis, far from Man's resort, to abide
 Among these sterile heights of Apennine,
 Bound him, nor, since he raised yon House, have ceased
 To bind his spiritual Progeny, with rules 40
 Stringent as flesh can tolerate and live;
 His milder Genius (thanks to the good God
 That made us) over those severe restraints
 Of mind, that dread heart-freezing discipline,
 Doth sometimes here predominate, and works
 By unsought means for gracious purposes;
 For earth through heaven, for heaven, by changeful
 earth,
 Illustrated, and mutually endeared.

Rapt though He were above the power of sense,
Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed heart 50
Of that once sinful Being overflowed ,
On sun, moon, stars, the nether elements,
And every shape of creature they sustain,
Divine affections ; and with beast and bird
(Stilled from afar—such marvel story tells—
By casual outbreak of his passionate words,
And from their own pursuits in field or grove
Drawn to his side by look or act of love
Humane, and virtue of his innocent life)
He wont to hold companionship so free, 60
So pure, so fraught with knowledge and delight,
As to be likened in his Followers' minds
To that which our first Parents, ere the fall
From their high state darkened the Earth with fear,
Held with all Kinds in Eden's blissful bowers.

Then question not that, 'mid the austere Band,
Who breathe the air he breathed, tread where he trod,
Some true Partakers of his loving spirit
Do still survive, and, with those gentle hearts
Consorted, others, in the power, the faith, 70
Of a baptized imagination, prompt
To catch from Nature's humblest monitors
Whate'er they bring of impulses sublime.

Thus sensitive must be the Monk, though pale
With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by years,
Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to see,
Upon a pine-tree's storm-uprooted trunk,
Seated alone, with forehead sky-ward raised,
Hands clasped above the crucifix he wore
Appended to his bosom, and lips closed 80
By the joint pressure of his musing mood
And habit of his vow. That ancient Man—
Nor haply less the Brother whom I marked,
As we approached the Convent gate, aloft
Looking far forth from his aërial cell,
A young Ascetic—Poet, Hero, Sage,
He might have been, Lover belike he was—
If they received into a conscious ear
The notes whose first faint greeting startled me,
Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with joy 90
My heart—may have been moved like me to think,
Ah ! not like me who walk in the world's ways,
On the great Prophet, styled *the Voice of One*

Crying amid the Wilderness, and given,
 Now that their snows must melt, their herbs and flowers
 Revive, their obstinate winter pass away,
 That awful name to Thee, thee, simple Cuckoo,
 Wandering in solitude, and evermore
 Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou leave
 This thy last haunt beneath Italian skies 100
 To carry thy glad tidings over heights
 Still loftier, and to climes more near the Pole.

Voice of the Desert, fare-thee-well; sweet Bird!
 If that substantial title please thee more,
 Farewell!—but go thy way, no need hast thou
 Of a good wish sent after thee; from bower
 To bower as green, from sky to sky as clear,
 Thee gentle breezes waft—or airs that meet
 Thy course and sport around thee softly fan—
 Till Night, descending upon hill and vale, 110
 Grants to thy mission a brief term of silence,
 And folds thy pinions up in blest repose.

1837

XV

AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI

GRIEVE for the Man who hither came bereft,
 And seeking consolation from above;
 Nor grieve the less that skill to him was left
 To paint this picture of his lady-love:
 Can she, a blessed saint, the work approve?
 And O, good Brethren of the cowl, a thing
 So fair, to which with peril he must cling,
 Destroy in pity, or with care remove.
 That bloom—those eyes—can they assist to bind
 Thoughts that would stray from Heaven? The dream 10
 must cease
 To be; by Faith, not sight, his soul must live;
 Else will the enamoured Monk too surely find
 How wide a space can part from inward peace
 The most profound repose his cell can give.

1841

XVI

CONTINUED

THE world forsaken, all its busy cares
 And stirring interests shunned with desperate
 flight,
 All trust abandoned in the healing might
 Of virtuous action; all that courage dares,

Labour accomplishes, or patience bears—
 Those helps rejected, they, whose minds perceive
 How subtly works man's weakness, sighs may heave
 For such a One beset with cloistral snares.
 Father of Mercy! rectify his view,
 If with his vows this object ill agree; 10
 Shed over it Thy grace, and thus subdue
 Imperious passion in a heart set free:—
 That earthly love may to herself be true,
 Give him a soul that cleaveth unto Thee.¹

1841

XVII

AT THE EREMITES OR UPPER CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI

WHAT aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size
 Enormous, dragged, while side by side they
 sate,

By panting steers up to this convent gate?
 How, with empurpled cheeks and pampered eyes,
 Dare they confront the lean austerities
 Of Brethren who, here fixed, on Jesu wait
 In sackcloth, and God's anger deprecate
 Through all that humbles flesh and mortifies?
 Strange contrast!—verily the world of dreams,
 Where mingle, as for mockery combined, 10
 Things in their very essences at strife,
 Shows not a sight incongruous as the extremes
 That everywhere, before the thoughtful mind,
 Meet on the solid ground of waking life.¹

1841

XVIII

AT VALLOMBROSA

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
 In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades
 High over-arch'd embower.²

Paradise Lost, i. 302.

'VALLOMBROSA—I longed in thy shadiest wood
 To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor!'
 Fond wish that was granted at last, and the Flood,
 That lulled me asleep, bids me listen once more.
 Its murmur how soft! as it falls down the steep,
 Near that Cell—yon sequestered Retreat high in air—
 Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils to keep
 For converse with God, sought through study and prayer.

¹ See Notes.² See for the two first lines, 'Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass,' above, p. 106.

The Monks still repeat the tradition with pride, 9
 And its truth who shall doubt ? for his Spirit is here ;
 In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her grandeur abide,
 In the pines pointing heavenward her beauty austere ;
 In the flower-besprent meadows his genius we trace
 Turned to humbler delights, in which youth might
 confide,
 That would yield him fit help while prefiguring that
 Place
 Where, if Sin had not entered, Love never had died.

When with life lengthened out came a desolate time,
 And darkness and danger had compassed him round,
 With a thought he would flee to these haunts of his
 prime,
 And here once again a kind shelter be found. 20
 And let me believe that when nightly the Muse
 Did waft him to Sion, the glorified hill,
 Here also, on some favoured height, he would choose
 To wander, and drink inspiration at will.

Vallombrosa ! of thee I first heard in the page
 Of that holiest of Bards, and the name for my mind
 Had a musical charm, which the winter of age
 And the changes it brings had no power to unbind.
 And now, ye Miltonian shades ! under you
 I repose, nor am forced from sweet fancy to part, 30
 While your leaves I behold and the brooks they will
 strew,
 And the realised vision is clasped to my heart

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as we may
 In Forms that must perish, frail objects of sense ;
 Unblamed—if the Soul be intent on the day
 When the Being of Beings shall summon her hence.
 For he and he only with wisdom is blest
 Who, gathering true pleasures wherever they grow,
 Looks up in all places, for joy or for rest,
 To the Fountain whence Time and Eternity flow. 40

1837

XIX

AT FLORENCE

UNDER the shadow of a stately Pile,
 The dome of Florence, pensive and alone,
 Nor giving heed to aught that passed the while,
 I stood, and gazed upon a marble stone,

The laurell'd Dante's favourite seat. A throne,
 In just esteem, it rivals; though no style
 Be there of decoration to beguile
 The mind, depressed by thought of greatness flown.
 As a true man, who long had served the lyre,
 I gazed with earnestness, and dared no more. 10
 But in his breast the mighty Poet bore
 A Patriot's heart, warm with undying fire.
 Bold with the thought, in reverence I sate down,
 And, for a moment, filled that empty Throne.
 1841

XX

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST, BY RAPHAEL,
 IN THE GALLERY AT FLORENCE

THE Baptist might have been ordained to cry
 Forth from the towers of that huge Pile, wherein
 His Father served Jehovah; but how win
 Due audience, how for aught but scorn defy
 The obstinate pride and wanton revelry
 Of the Jerusalem below, her sin
 And folly, if they with united din
 Drown not at once mandate and prophecy?
 Therefore the Voice spake from the Desert, thence
 To Her, as to her opposite in peace, 10
 Silence, and holiness, and innocence,
 To Her and to all Lands its warning sent,
 Crying with earnestness that might not cease,
 'Make straight a highway for the Lord—repent!'
 1841

XXI

AT FLORENCE—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO

RAPT above earth by power of one fair face,
 Hers in whose sway alone my heart delights,
 I mingle with the blest on those pure heights
 Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place.
 With Him who made the Work that Work accords
 So well, that by its help and through His grace
 I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and words,
 Clasp her beauty in my soul's embrace.
 Thus, if from two fair eyes mine cannot turn,
 I feel how in their presence doth abide 10

Light which to God is both the way and guide ;
 And, kindling at their lustre, if I burn,
 My noble fire emits the joyful ray
 That through the realms of glory shines for aye.

1841

XXII

AT FLORENCE—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO

ETERNAL Lord ! eased of a cumbrous load,
 And loosened from the world, I turn to Thee ;
 Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm, and flee
 To thy protection for a safe abode.
 The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon the tree,
 The meek, benign, and lacerated face,
 To a sincere repentance promise grace,
 To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.
 With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine,
 My fault, nor hear it with thy sacred ear ;
 Neither put forth that way thy arm severe ;
 Wash with thy blood my sins ; thereto incline
 More readily the more my years require
 Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire.

10

1841

XXIII

AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN THE APENNINES

YE Trees ! whose slender roots entwine
 Altars that piety neglects ;
 Whose infant arms enclasp the shrine
 Which no devotion now respects ;
 If not a straggler from the herd
 Here ruminant, nor shrouded bird,
 Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take pride
 In aught that ye would grace or hide—
 How sadly is your love misplaced,
 Fair Trees, your bounty run to waste !

10

Ye, too, wild Flowers ! that no one heeds,
 And ye—full often spurned as weeds—
 In beauty clothed, or breathing sweetness
 From fractured arch and mouldering wall—
 Do but more touchingly recall
 Man's headstrong violence and Time's fleetness,
 Making the precincts ye adorn
 Appear to sight still more forlorn.

1841

XXIV

IN LOMBARDY

SEE, where his difficult way that Old Man wins
 Bent by a load of Mulberry leaves!—most hard
 Appears *his* lot, to the small Worm's compared,
 For whom his toil with early day begins.
 Acknowledging no task-master, at will
 (As if her labour and her ease were twins)
She seems to work, at pleasure to lie still;
 And softly sleeps within the thread she spins.
 So fare they—the Man serving as her Slave.
 Ere long their fates do each to each conform : 10
 Both pass into new being,—but the Worm,
 Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless grave;
His volant Spirit will, he trusts, ascend
 To bliss unbounded, glory without end.

1841

XXV

AFTER LEAVING ITALY

FAIR Land! Thee all men greet with joy; how
 few,
 Whose souls take pride in freedom, virtue, fame,
 Part from thee without pity dyed in shame:
 I could not—while from Venice we withdrew,
 Led on till an Alpine strait confined our view
 Within its depths, and to the shore we came
 Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and name,
 Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder colouring threw.
 Italia! on the surface of thy spirit,
 (Too aptly emblemed by that torpid lake) 10
 Shall a few partial breezes only creep?—
 Be its depths quickened; what thou dost inherit
 Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil; awake,
 Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like sleep!

1841

XXVI

CONTINUED

AS indignation mastered grief, my tongue
 Spake bitter words; words that did ill agree
 With those rich stores of Nature's imagery,
 And divine Art, that fast to memory clung—

Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever young
 In the sun's eye, and in his sister's sight
 How beautiful! how worthy to be sung
 In strains of rapture, or subdued delight!
 I feign not; witness that unwelcome shock
 That followed the first sound of German speech, 10
 Caught the far-winding barrier Alps among.
 In that announcement, greeting seemed to mock
 Parting; the casual word had power to reach
 My heart, and filled that heart with conflict strong. 1841

XXVII

COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING, 1838

IF with old love of you, dear Hills! I share
 New love of many a rival image brought
 From far, forgive the wanderings of my thought:
 Nor art thou wronged, sweet May! when I compare
 Thy present birth-morn with thy last, so fair,
 So rich to me in favours. For my lot
 Then was, within the famed Egerian Grot
 To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy air
 Mingling with thy soft breath! That morning too,
 Warblers I heard their joy unbosoming 10
 Amid the sunny, shadowy, Colosseum;
 Heard them, unchecked by aught of saddening hue,
 For victories there won by flower-crowned Spring,
 Chant in full choir their innocent Te Deum.

XXVIII

THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN

WHERE towers are crushed, and unforbidden
 weeds
 O'er mutilated arches shed their seeds;
 And temples, doomed to milder change, unfold
 A new magnificence that vies with old;
 Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood
 A votive Column, spared by fire and flood:—
 And, though the passions of man's fretful race
 Have never ceased to eddy round its base,
 Not injured more by touch of meddling hands
 Than a lone obelisk, 'mid Nubian sands, 10
 Or aught in Syrian deserts left to save
 From death the memory of the good and brave.

Historic figures round the shaft embost
 Ascend, with lineaments in air not lost :
 Still as he turns, the charmed spectator sees
 Group winding after group with dream-like ease ;
 Triumphs in sunbright gratitude displayed,
 Or softly stealing into modest shade.
 —So, pleased with purple clusters to entwine
 Some lofty elm-tree, mounts the daring vine ;
 The woodbine so, with spiral grace, and breathes
 Wide-spreading odours from her flowery wreaths.

20

Borne by the Muse from rills in shepherds' ears
 Murmuring but one smooth story for all years,
 I gladly commune with the mind and heart
 Of him who thus survives by classic art,
 His actions witness, venerate his mien,
 And study Trajan as by Pliny seen ;
 Behold how fought the Chief whose conquering sword
 Stretched far as earth might own a single lord ;
 In the delight of moral prudence schooled,
 How feelingly at home the Sovereign ruled ;
 Best of the good—in pagan faith allied
 To more than Man, by virtue deified.

30

Memorial Pillar ! 'mid the wrecks of Time
 Preserve thy charge with confidence sublime—
 The exultations, pomps, and cares of Rome,
 Whence half the breathing world received its doom ;
 Things that recoil from language ; that, if shown
 By apter pencil, from the light had flown.
 A Pontiff, Trajan *here* the Gods implores,
There greets an Embassy from Indian shores ;
 Lo ! he harangues his cohorts—*there* the storm
 Of battle meets him in authentic form !
 Unharnessed, naked, troops of Moorish horse
 Sweep to the charge ; more high, the Dacian force,
 To hoof and finger mailed ;—yet, high or low,
 None bleed, and none lie prostrate but the foe ;
 In every Roman, through all turns of fate,
 Is Roman dignity inviolate ;
 Spirit in him pre-eminent, who guides,
 Supports, adorns, and over all presides ;
 Distinguished only by inherent state
 From honoured Instruments that round him wait ;
 Rise as he may, his grandeur scorns the test
 Of outward symbol, nor will deign to rest
 On aught by which another is deprest.

40

50

—Alas ! that One thus disciplined could toil
To enslave whole nations on their native soil ;
So emulous of Macedonian fame,
That, when his age was measured with his aim,
He drooped, 'mid else unclouded victories,
And turned his eagles back with deep-drawn sighs.
O weakness of the Great ! O folly of the Wise !

60

Where now the haughty Empire that was spread
With such fond hope ? her very speech is dead ;
Yet glorious Art the power of Time defies,
And Trajan still, through various enterprise,
Mounts, in this fine illusion, toward the skies :
Still are we present with the imperial Chief,
Nor cease to gaze upon the bold Relief
Till Rome, to silent marble unconfined,
Becomes with all her years a vision of the Mind.

70

1825

THE EGYPTIAN MAID

OR, THE ROMANCE OF THE WATER LILY

For the names and persons in the following poem see the 'History of the renowned Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table'; for the rest the Author is answerable; only it may be proper to add that the Lotus, with the bust of the Goddess appearing to rise out of the full-blown flower, was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient art, once included among the Townley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.

WHILE Merlin paced the Cornish sands,
Forth-looking toward the rocks of Scilly,
The pleased Enchanter was aware
Of a bright Ship that seemed to hang in air,
Yet was she work of mortal hands,
And took from men her name—THE WATER LILY.

Soft was the wind, that landward blew;
And, as the Moon, o'er some dark hill ascendant,
Grows from a little edge of light
To a full orb, this Pinnacle bright 10
Became, as nearer to the coast she drew,
More glorious, with spread sail and streaming pendant.

Upon this wingèd Shape so fair
Sage Merlin gazed with admiration:
Her lineaments, thought he, surpass
Aught that was ever shown in magic glass;
Was ever built with patient care;
Or, at a touch, produced by happiest transformation.

Now, though a Mechanist, whose skill
Shames the degenerate grasp of modern science, 20
Grave Merlin (and belike the more
For practising occult and perilous lore)
Was subject to a freakish will
That sapped good thoughts, or scared them with
defiance.

Provoked to envious spleen, he cast
 An altered look upon the advancing Stranger
 Whom he had hailed with joy, and cried,
 'My Art shall help to tame her pride—'
 Anon the breeze became a blast,
 And the waves rose, and sky portended danger. 30

With thrilling word, and potent sign
 Traced on the beach, his work the Sorcerer urges ;
 The clouds in blacker clouds are lost,
 Like spiteful Fiends that vanish, crossed
 By Fiends of aspect more malign ;
 And the winds roused the Deep with fiercer scourges.

But worthy of the name she bore
 Was this Sea-flower, this buoyant Galley ;
 Supreme in loveliness and grace
 Of motion, whether in the embrace 40
 Of trusty anchorage, or scudding o'er
 The main flood roughened into hill and valley.

Behold, how wantonly she laves
 Her sides, the Wizard's craft confounding ;
 Like something out of Ocean sprung
 To be for ever fresh and young,
 Breasts the sea-flashes, and huge waves
 Top-gallant high, rebounding and rebounding !

But Ocean under magic heaves,
 And cannot spare the Thing he cherished : 50
 Ah ! what avails that she was fair,
 Luminous, blithe, and debonair ?
 The storm has stripped her of her leaves ;
 The Lily floats no longer !—She hath perished

Grieve for her, she deserves no less ;
 So like, yet so unlike, a living Creature !
 No heart had she, no busy brain ;
 Though loved, she could not love again ;
 Though pitied, *feel* her own distress ;
 Nor aught that troubles us, the fools of Nature. 60

Yet is there cause for gushing tears ;
 So richly was this Galley laden,
 A fairer than herself she bore,
 And, in her struggles, cast ashore ;
 A lovely One, who nothing hears
 Of wind or wave—a meek and guileless Maiden.

Into a cave had Merlin fled
From mischief, caused by spells himself had muttered ;
And while, repentant all too late,
In moody posture there he sate, 70
He heard a voice, and saw, with half-raised head,
A Visitant by whom these words were uttered :—

‘ On Christian service this frail Bark
Sailed (hear me, Merlin !) under high protection.
Though on her prow a sign of heathen power
Was carved—a Goddess with a Lily flower,
The old Egyptian’s emblematic mark
Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

‘ Her course was for the British strand ;
Her freight, it was a Damsel peerless ; 80
God reigns above, and Spirits strong
May gather to avenge this wrong
Done to the Princess, and her Land
Which she in duty left, sad but not cheerless.

‘ And to Caerleon’s loftiest tower
Soon will the Knights of Arthur’s Table
A cry of lamentation send ;
And all will weep who there attend,
To grace that Stranger’s bridal hour,
For whom the sea was made unnavigable. 90

‘ Shame ! should a Child of royal line
Die through the blindness of thy malice ?’
Thus to the Necromancer spake
Nina, the Lady of the Lake,
A gentle Sorceress, and benign,
Who ne’er embittered any good man’s chalice.

‘ What boots,’ continued she, ‘ to mourn ?
To expiate thy sin endeavour :
From the bleak isle where she is laid,
Fetched by our art, the Egyptian Maid 100
May yet to Arthur’s court be borne
Cold as she is, ere life be fled for ever.

‘ My pearly Boat, a shining Light,
That brought me down that sunless river,
Will bear me on from wave to wave,
And back with her to this sea-cave ;—
Then Merlin ! for a rapid flight
Through air, to thee my Charge will I deliver.

'The very swiftest of thy cars
 Must, when my part is done, be ready ;
 Meanwhile, for further guidance, look
 Into thy own prophetic book ;
 And, if that fail, consult the Stars
 To learn thy course ; farewell ! be prompt and steady.' 110

This scarcely spoken, she again
 Was seated in her gleaming shallop,
 That, o'er the yet-distempered Deep,
 Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,
 Or like a steed, without a rein,
 Urged o'er the wilderness in sportive gallop. 120

Soon did the gentle Nina reach
 That Isle without a house or haven ;
 Landing, she found not what she sought,
 Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught
 But a carved Lotus cast upon the beach
 By the fierce waves, a flower in marble graven.

Sad relique, but how fair the while !
 For gently each from each retreating
 With backward curve, the leaves revealed
 The bosom half, and half concealed,
 Of a Divinity, that seemed to smile
 On Nina, as she passed, with hopeful greeting. 130

No quest was hers of vague desire,
 Of tortured hope and purpose shaken ;
 Following the margin of a bay,
 She spied the lonely Cast-away,
 Unmarred, unstripped of her attire,
 But with closed eyes,—of breath and bloom forsaken.

Then Nina, stooping down, embraced,
 With tenderness and mild emotion,
 The Damsel, in that trance embound ;
 And, while she raised her from the ground,
 And in the pearly shallop placed,
 Sleep fell upon the air, and stilled the ocean. 140

The turmoil hushed, celestial springs
 Of music opened, and there came a blending
 Of fragrance, underived from earth,
 With gleams that owed not to the sun their birth,
 And that soft rustling of invisible wings
 Which Angels make, on works of love descending. 150

And Nina heard a sweeter voice
 Than if the Goddess of the flower had spoken :
 'Thou hast achieved, fair Dame ! what none
 Less pure in spirit could have done ;
 Go, in thy enterprise rejoice !
 Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, success betoken.'

So cheered, she left that Island bleak,
 A bare rock of the Scilly cluster ;
 And, as they traversed the smooth brine,
 The self-illuminated Brigantine 160
 Shed, on the Slumberer's cold wan cheek
 And pallid brow, a melancholy lustre.

Fleet was their course, and when they came
 To the dim cavern, whence the river
 Issued into the salt-sea flood,
 Merlin, as fixed in thought he stood,
 Was thus accosted by the Dame :
 'Behold to thee my Charge I now deliver !

'But where attends thy chariot—where ?'—
 Quoth Merlin, 'Even as I was bidden, 170
 So have I done ; as trusty as thy barge
 My vehicle shall prove—O precious Charge !
 If this be sleep, how soft ! if death, how fair !
 Much have my books disclosed, but the end is hidden.'

He spake ; and gliding into view
 Forth from the grotto's dimmest chamber
 Came two mute Swans, whose plumes of dusky white
 Changed, as the pair approached the light,
 Drawing an ebon car, their hue
 (Like clouds of sunset) into lucid amber. 180

Once more did gentle Nina lift
 The Princess, passive to all changes :
 The car received her :—then up-went
 Into the ethereal element
 The Birds with progress smooth and swift
 As thought, when through bright regions memory
 ranges.

Sage Merlin, at the Slumberer's side,
 Instructs the Swans their way to measure ;
 And soon Caerleon's towers appeared,
 And notes of minstrelsy were heard 190
 From rich pavilions spreading wide,
 For some high day of long-expected pleasure.

Awe-stricken stood both Knights and Dames
 Ere on firm ground the car alighted ;
 Eftsoons astonishment was past,
 For in that face they saw the last
 Last lingering look of clay, that tames
 All pride ; by which all happiness is blighted.

Said Merlin : ‘ Mighty King, fair Lords,
 Away with feast and tilt and tourney !
 Ye saw, throughout this royal House,
 Ye heard, a rocking marvellous
 Of turrets, and a clash of swords
 Self-shaken, as I closed my airy journey.

200

‘ Lo ! by a destiny well known
 To mortals, joy is turned to sorrow ;
 This is the wished-for Bride, the Maid
 Of Egypt, from a rock conveyed
 Where she by shipwreck had been thrown ;
 Ill sight ! but grief may vanish ere the morrow.’

210

‘ Though vast thy power, thy words are weak,’
 Exclaimed the King, ‘ a mockery hateful ;
 Dutiful Child, her lot how hard !
 Is this her piety’s reward ?
 Those watery locks, that bloodless cheek !
 O winds without remorse ! O shore ungrateful !

‘ Rich robes are fretted by the moth ;
 Towers, temples, fall by stroke of thunder ;
 Will that, or deeper thoughts, abate
 A Father’s sorrow for her fate ?
 He will repent him of his troth ;
 His brain will burn, his stout heart split asunder.

220

‘ Alas ! and I have caused this woe ;
 For, when my prowess from invading Neighbours
 Had freed his Realm, he plighted word
 That he would turn to Christ our Lord,
 And his dear Daughter on a Knight bestow
 Whom I should choose for love and matchless labours.

‘ Her birth was heathen ; but a fence
 Of holy Angels round her hovered :
 A Lady added to my court
 So fair, of such divine report
 And worship, seemed a recompense
 For fifty kingdoms by my sword recovered.

230

‘Ask not for whom, O Champions true !
 She was reserved by me her life’s betrayer ;
 She who was meant to be a bride
 Is now a corse : then put aside
 Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with observance due
 Of Christian rites, in Christian ground to lay her.’ 240

‘The tomb,’ said Merlin, ‘may not close
 Upon her yet, earth hide her beauty ;
 Not froward to thy sovereign will
 Esteem me, Liege ! if I, whose skill
 Wafted her hither, interpose
 To check this pious haste of erring duty.

‘My books command me to lay bare
 The secret thou art bent on keeping :
 Here must a high attest be given,
What Bridegroom was for her ordained by Heaven :
 And in my glass significant there are 251
 Of things that may to gladness turn this weeping.

‘For this, approaching, One by One,
 Thy Knights must touch the cold hand of the Virgin ;
 So, for the favoured One, the Flower may bloom
 Once more : but, if unchangeable her doom,
 If life departed be for ever gone,
 Some blest assurance, from this cloud emerging,

‘May teach him to bewail his loss ;
 Not with a grief that, like a vapour, rises 260
 And melts ; but grief devout that shall endure,
 And a perpetual growth secure
 Of purposes which no false thought shall cross,
 A harvest of high hopes and noble enterprises.’

‘So be it,’ said the King ;—‘anon,
 Here, where the Princess lies, begin the trial ;
 Knights each in order as ye stand
 Step forth.’—To touch the pallid hand
 Sir Agravaine advanced ; no sign he won
 From Heaven or earth ;—Sir Kaye had like denial. 270

Abashed, Sir Dinas turned away ;
 Even for Sir Percival was no disclosure ;
 Though he, devoutest of all Champions, ere
 He reached that ebon car, the bier
 Whereon diffused like snow the Damsel lay,
 Full thrice had crossed himself in meek composure.

Imagine (but ye Saints ! who can ?)
 How in still air the balance trembled—
 The wishes, peradventure the despites
 That overcame some not ungenerous Knights ; 280
 And all the thoughts that lengthened out a span
 Of time to Lords and Ladies thus assembled.

What patient confidence was here !
 And there how many bosoms panted !
 While drawing toward the car Sir Gawaine, mailed
 For tournament, his beaver veiled,
 And softly touched ; but, to his princely cheer
 And high expectancy, no sign was granted.

Next, disencumbered of his harp,
 Sir Tristram, dear to thousands as a brother, 290
 Came to the proof, nor grieved that there ensued
 No change ;—the fair Izonda he had wooed
 With love too true, a love with pangs too sharp,
 From hope too distant, not to dread another.

Not so Sir Launcelot ;—from Heaven's grace
 A sign he craved, tired slave of vain contrition ;
 The royal Guinever looked passing glad
 When his touch failed.—Next came Sir Galahad ;
 He paused, and stood entranced by that still face
 Whose features he had seen in noontide vision. 300

For late, as near a murmuring stream
 He rested 'mid an arbour green and shady,
 Nina, the good Enchantress, shed
 A light around his mossy bed ;
 And, at her call, a waking dream
 Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian Lady.

Now, while his bright-haired front he bowed,
 And stood, far-kenned by mantle furred with ermine,
 As o'er the insensate Body hung
 The enrapt, the beautiful, the young, 310
 Belief sank deep into the crowd
 That he the solemn issue would determine.

Nor deem it strange ; the Youth had worn
 That very mantle on a day of glory,
 The day when he achieved that matchless feat,
 The marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT,
 Which whosoe'er approached of strength was shorn,
 Though King or Knight the most renowned in story.

He touched with hesitating hand—

And lo! those Birds, far-famed through Love's
dominions, 320

The Swans, in triumph clap their wings;

And their necks play, involved in rings,

Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy land;—

'Mine is she,' cried the Knight;—again they clapped
their pinions.

'Mine was she—mine she is, though dead,

And to her name my soul shall cleave in sorrow';

Whereat a tender twilight streak

Of colour dawned upon the Damsel's cheek;

And her lips, quickening with uncertain red,

Seemed from each other a faint warmth to borrow. 330

Deep was the awe, the rapture high,

Of love emboldened, hope with dread entwining,

When, to the mouth, relenting Death

Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,

Precursor to a timid sigh,

To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.

In silence did King Arthur gaze

Upon the signs that pass away or tarry;

In silence watched the gentle strife

Of Nature leading back to life;

340

Then eased his soul at length by praise

Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen—the blissful Mary.

Then said he, 'Take her to thy heart,

Sir Galahad! a treasure, that God giveth,

Bound by indissoluble ties to thee

Through mortal change and immortality;

Be happy and unenvied, thou who art

A goodly Knight that hath no peer that liveth!'

Not long the Nuptials were delayed;

And sage tradition still rehearses

350

The pomp, the glory of that hour

When toward the altar from her bower

King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,

And Angels carolled these far-echoed verses;—

Who shrinks not from alliance

Of evil with good Powers,

To God proclaims defiance,

And mocks whom he adores.

A Ship to Christ devoted
From the Land of Nile did go ;
Alas ! the bright Ship floated,
An Idol at her prow.

360

By magic domination,
The Heaven-permitted vent
Of purblind mortal passion,
Was wrought her punishment.

The Flower, the Form within it,
What served they in her need ?
Her port she could not win it,
Nor from mishap be freed.

370

The tempest overcame her,
And she was seen no more ;
But gently, gently blame her—
She cast a Pearl ashore.

The Maid to Jesu hearkened,
And kept to Him her faith,
Till sense in death was darkened,
Or sleep akin to death.

But Angels round her pillow
Kept watch, a viewless band ;
And, billow favouring billow,
She reached the destined strand.

380

Blest Pair ! whate'er befall you,
Your faith in Him approve
Who from frail earth can call you
To bowers of endless love !

1830

THE RIVER DUDDON

A SERIES OF SONNETS ¹

THE river Duddon rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire; and, having served as a boundary to the two last Counties for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millum.

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH

(WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON, AND OTHER POEMS IN
THIS COLLECTION, 1820)

The Minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage-eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings:
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Nor check, the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand!

10

And who but listened?—till was paid
Respect to every Inmate's claim:
The greeting given, the music played,
In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And 'merry Christmas' wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills;
And it is given thee to rejoice:
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

20

Yet, would that Thou, with me and mine,
Hast heard this never-failing rite;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light
Which Nature and these rustic Powers,
In simple childhood, spread through ours!

30

¹ See Note. These Sonnets were composed on various occasions between 1806 and 1820.

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
 On these expected annual rounds ;
 Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
 Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
 Or they are offered at the door
 That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
 Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
 To hear—and sink again to sleep !
 Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
 By blazing fire, the still suspense
 Of self-complacent innocence ;

40

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise
 Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er ;
 And some unbidden tears that rise
 For names once heard, and heard no more ;
 Tears brightened by the serenade
 For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah ! not for emerald fields alone,
 With ambient streams more pure and bright
 Than fabled Cytherea's zone
 Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
 Is to my heart of hearts endeared
 The ground where we were born and reared !

50

Hail, ancient Manners ! sure defence,
 Where they survive, of wholesome laws ;
 Remnants of love whose modest sense
 Thus into narrow room withdraws ;
 Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
 And ye that guard them, Mountains old !

60

Bear with me, Brother ! quench the thought
 That slights this passion, or condemns ;
 If thee fond Fancy ever brought
 From the proud margin of the Thames,
 And Lambeth's venerable towers,
 To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,
 Short leisure even in busiest days ;
 Moments, to cast a look behind,
 And profit by those kindly rays
 That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
 And all the far-off past reveal.

70

Hence, while the imperial City's din
 Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
 A pleased attention I may win
 To agitations less severe,
 That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
 But fill the hollow vale with joy !

I

NOT envying Latian shades—if yet they throw
 A grateful coolness round that crystal Spring,
 Bandusia, prattling as when long ago
 The Sabine Bard was moved her praise to sing ;

Careless of flowers that in perennial blow
 Round the moist marge of Persian fountains cling;
 Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering
 Through ice-built arches radiant as heaven's bow;
 I seek the birthplace of a native Stream.—
 All hail, ye mountains! hail, thou morning light! 10
 Better to breathe at large on this clear height
 Than toil in needless sleep from dream to dream:
 Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free, and bright,
 For Duddon, long-loved Duddon, is my theme!

II

CHILD of the clouds! remote from every taint
 Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;
 Thine are the honours of the lofty waste;
 Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,
 Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue quaint
 Thy cradle decks;—to chant thy birth, thou hast
 No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast,
 And Desolation is thy Patron-saint!
 She guards thee, ruthless Power! who would not spare
 Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen, 10
 Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy lair¹
 Through paths and alleys roofed with darkest green;
 Thousands of years before the silent air
 Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen!

III

HOW shall I paint thee?—Be this naked stone
 My seat, while I give way to such intent;
 Pleased could my verse, a speaking monument,
 Make to the eyes of men thy features known.
 But as of all those tripping lambs not one
 Outruns his fellows, so hath Nature lent
 To thy beginning nought that doth present
 Peculiar ground for hope to build upon.
 To dignify the spot that gives thee birth,
 No sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem 10
 Appears, and none of modern Fortune's care;
 Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a gleam
 Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness rare;
 Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother, Earth!

¹ The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.

IV

TAKE, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take
 This parting glance, no negligent adieu !
 A Protean change seems wrought while I pursue
 The curves, a loosely-scattered chain doth make ;
 Or rather thou appear'st a glittering snake,
 Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue,
 Thridding with sinuous lapse the rushes, through
 Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake.
 Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted Rill
 Robed instantly in garb of snow-white foam ; 10
 And laughing dares the Adventurer, who hath clomb
 So high, a rival purpose to fulfil ;
 Else let the dastard backward wend, and roam,
 Seeking less bold achievement, where he will !

V

SOLE listener, Duddon ! to the breeze that played
 With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound
 Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound—
 Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid
 The sun in heaven !—but now, to form a shade
 For Thee, green alders have together wound
 Their foliage ; ashes flung their arms around ;
 And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.
 And thou hast also tempted here to rise,
 'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and grey ; 10
 Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes
 Carelessly watched, sport through the summer day,
 Thy pleased associates :—light as endless May
 On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.

VI

FLOWERS

ERE yet our course was graced with social trees
 It lacked not old remains of hawthorn bowers,
 Where small birds warbled to their paramours ;
 And, earlier still, was heard the hum of bees ;
 I saw them ply their harmless robberies,
 And caught the fragrance which the sundry flowers,
 Fed by the stream with soft perpetual showers,
 Plenteously yielded to the vagrant breeze.

There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness ;
 The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue,¹ 10
 The thyme her purple, like the blush of Even ;
 And if the breath of some to no caress
 Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,
 All kinds alike seemed favourites of Heaven.

VII

'CHANGE me, some God, into that breathing rose !'
 The love-sick Stripling fancifully sighs,
 The envied flower beholding, as it lies
 On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose ;
 Or he would pass into her bird, that throws
 The darts of song from out its wiry cage ;
 Enraptured,—could he for himself engage
 The thousandth part of what the Nymph bestows ;
 And what the little careless innocent
 Ungraciously receives. Too daring choice ! 10
 There are whose calmer mind it would content
 To be an uncultured floweret of the glen,
 Fearless of plough and scythe ; or darkling wren
 That tunes on Duddon's banks her slender voice.

VIII

WHAT aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,
 First of his tribe, to this dark dell—who first
 In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst ?
 What hopes came with him ? what designs were spread
 Along his path ? His unprotected bed
 What dreams encompassed ? Was the intruder nursed
 In hideous usages, and rites accursed,
 That thinned the living and disturbed the dead ?
 No voice replies ;—both air and earth are mute ;
 And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring yield'st no more
 Than a soft record, that, whatever fruit 11
 Of ignorance thou might'st witness heretofore,
 Thy function was to heal and to restore,
 To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute !

IX

THE STEPPING-STONES

THE struggling Rill insensibly is grown
 Into a Brook of loud and stately march,
 Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch ;
 And, for like use, lo ! what might seem a zone

¹ See Note.

Chosen for ornament—stone matched with stone
 In studied symmetry, with interspace
 For the clear waters to pursue their race
 Without restraint. How swiftly have they flown,
 Succeeding—still succeeding! Here the Child
 Puts, when the high-swoln Flood runs fierce and wild,
 His budding courage to the proof; and here 11
 Declining Manhood learns to note the sly
 And sure encroachments of infirmity,
 Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near!

X

THE SAME SUBJECT

NOT so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance
 With prompt emotion, urging them to pass;
 A sweet confusion checks the Shepherd-lass;
 Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance;
 To stop ashamed—too timid to advance;
 She ventures once again—another pause!
 His outstretched hand He tauntingly withdraws—
 She sues for help with piteous utterance!
 Chidden she chides again; the thrilling touch
 Both feel, when he renews the wished-for aid: 10
 Ah! if their fluttering hearts should stir too much,
 Should beat too strongly, both may be betrayed.
 The frolic Loves, who, from yon high rock, see
 The struggle, clap their wings for victory!

XI

THE FAERY CHASM

NO Fiction was it of the antique age:
 A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,
 Is of the very footmarks unbereft
 Which tiny Elves impressed;—on that smooth stage
 Dancing with all their brilliant equipage
 In secret revels—haply after theft
 Of some sweet Babe—Flower stolen, and coarse Weed
 left
 For the distracted Mother to assuage
 Her grief with, as she might!—But, where, oh! where
 Is traceable a vestige of the notes 10
 That ruled those dances wild in character?—
 Deep underground? Or in the upper air,
 On the shrill wind of midnight? or where floats
 O'er twilight fields the autumnal gossamer?

XII

HINTS FOR THE FANCY

ON, loitering Muse—the swift Stream chides us—
on!

Albeit his deep-worn channel doth immure
Objects immense portrayed in miniature,
Wild shapes for many a strange comparison !
Niagaras, Alpine passes, and anon
Abodes of Naiads, calm abysses pure,
Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to endure
When the broad oak drops, a leafless skeleton,
And the solidities of mortal pride,
Palace and tower, are crumbled into dust !— 10
The Bard who walks with Duddon for his guide,
Shall find such toys of fancy thickly set :
Turn from the sight, enamoured Muse—we must ;
And, if thou canst, leave them without regret !

XIII

OPEN PROSPECT

HAIL to the fields—with Dwellings sprinkled o'er,
And one small hamlet, under a green hill
Clustering, with barn and byre, and spouting mill !
A glance suffices ;—should we wish for more,
Gay June would scorn us. But when bleak winds roar
Through the stiff lance-like shoots of pollard ash,
Dread swell of sound ! loud as the gusts that lash
The matted forests of Ontario's shore
By wasteful steel unsmitten—then would I
Turn into port ; and, reckless of the gale, 10
Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by,
While the warm hearth exalts the mantling ale,
Laugh with the generous household heartily
At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale !

XIV

O MOUNTAIN Stream ! the Shepherd and his Cot
Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude ;
Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude
A field or two of brighter green, or plot
Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot
Of stationary sunshine :—thou hast viewed
These only, Duddon ! with their paths renewed
By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.

Thou hath some awful Spirit impelled to leave,
Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,
Though simple thy companions were and few ;
And through this wilderness a passage cleave
Attended but by thy own voice, save when
The clouds and fowls of the air thy way pursue !

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XV

FROM this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams
play
Upon its loftiest crags, mine eyes behold
A gloomy NICHE, capacious, blank, and cold ;
A concave free from shrubs and mosses grey ;
In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,
Some Statue, placed amid these regions old
For tutelary service, thence had rolled,
Startling the flight of timid Yesterday !
Was it by mortals sculptured ?—weary slaves
Of slow endeavour ! or abruptly cast
Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast
Tempestuously let loose from central caves ?
Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,
Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge passed ?

XVI

AMERICAN TRADITION

SUCH fruitless questions may not long beguile
Or plague the fancy 'mid the sculptured shows
Conspicuous yet where Oroonoko flows ;
There would the Indian answer with a smile
Aimed at the White Man's ignorance the while,
Of the GREAT WATERS telling how they rose,
Covered the plains, and, wandering where they chose,
Mounted through every intricate defile,
Triumphant.—Inundation wide and deep,
O'er which his Fathers urged, to ridge and steep
Else unapproachable, their buoyant way ;
And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded side,
Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of chase or prey ;
Whate'er they sought, shunned, loved, or deified !¹

¹ See Humboldt's Personal Narrative.

XVII

RETURN

A DARK plume fetch me from yon blasted yew,
 Perched on whose top the Danish Raven croaks;
 Aloft, the imperial Bird of Rome invokes
 Departed ages, shedding where he flew
 Loose fragments of wild wailing, that bestrew
 The clouds and thrill the chambers of the rocks;
 And into silence hush the timorous flocks,
 That, calmly couching while the nightly dew
 Moistened each fleece, beneath the twinkling stars
 Slept amid that lone Camp on Hardknot's height,¹ 10
 Whose Guardians bent the knee to Jove and Mars:
 Or near that mystic Round of Druid frame
 Tardily sinking by its proper weight
 Deep into patient Earth, from whose smooth breast it
 came!

XVIII

SEATHWAITE CHAPEL

'SACRED Religion! mother of form and fear,'
 Dread arbitress of mutable respect,
 New rites ordaining when the old are wrecked,
 Or cease to please the fickle worshipper;
 Mother of Love! (that name best suits thee here)
 Mother of Love! for this deep vale, protect
 Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright effect,
 Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere
 That seeks to stifle it;—as in those days
 When this low Pile¹ a Gospel Teacher knew, 10
 Whose good works formed an endless retinue:
 A Pastor such as Chaucer's verse portrays;
 Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew;
 And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise!

XIX

TRIBUTARY STREAM

MY frame hath often trembled with delight
 When hope presented some far-distant good,
 That seemed from heaven descending, like the flood
 Of yon pure waters, from their æry height

¹ See Note.

Hurrying, with lordly Duddon to unite ;
 Who, 'mid a world of images imprest
 On the calm depth of his transparent breast,
 Appears to cherish most that Torrent white,
 The fairest, softest, liveliest of them all !
 And seldom hath ear listened to a tune
 More lulling than the busy hum of Noon,
 Swoln by that voice—whose murmur musical
 Announces to the thirsty fields a boon
 Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall fall.

10

XX

THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE

THE old inventive Poets, had they seen,
 Or rather felt, the entrancement that detains
 Thy waters, Duddon ! 'mid these flowery plains ;
 The still repose, the liquid lapse serene,
 Transferred to bowers imperishably green,
 Had beautified Elysium ! But these chains
 Will soon be broken ;—a rough course remains,
 Rough as the past ; where Thou, of placid mien,
 Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,
 And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky,
 Shalt change thy temper ; and, with many a shock
 Given and received in mutual jeopardy,
 Dance, like a Bacchanal, from rock to rock,
 Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and high !

10

XXI

WHENCE that low voice ?—A whisper from the
 heart,
 That told of days long past, when here I roved
 With friends and kindred tenderly beloved ;
 Some who had early mandates to depart,
 Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart
 By Duddon's side ; once more do we unite,
 Once more beneath the kind Earth's tranquil light ;
 And smothered joys into new being start.
 From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall
 Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory ;
 Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and free
 As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall
 On gales that breathe too gently to recall
 Aught of the fading year's inclemency !

10

XXII

TRADITION

A LOVE-LORN Maid, at some far-distant time,
 Came to this hidden pool, whose depths surpass
 In crystal clearness Dian's looking-glass ;
 And, gazing, saw that Rose, which from the prime
 Derives its name, reflected as the chime
 Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound :
 The starry treasure from the blue profound
 She longed to ravish ;—shall she plunge, or climb
 The humid precipice, and seize the guest
 Of April, smiling high in upper air ? 10
 Desperate alternative ! what fiend could dare
 To prompt the thought ?—Upon the steep rock's breast
 The lonely Primrose yet renews its bloom,
 Untouched memento of her hapless doom !

XXIII

SHEEP-WASHING

SAD thoughts, avaunt !—partake we their blithe
 cheer
 Who gathered in betimes the unshorn flock
 To wash the fleece, where haply bands of rock,
 Checking the stream, make a pool smooth and clear
 As this we look on. Distant Mountains hear,
 Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites
 Clamour of boys with innocent despites
 Of barking dogs, and bleatings from strange fear.
 And what if Duddon's spotless flood receive
 Unwelcome mixtures as the uncouth noise 10
 Thickens, the pastoral River will forgive
 Such wrong ; nor need *we* blame the licensed joys,
 Though false to Nature's quiet equipoise :
 Frank are the sports, the stains are fugitive.

XXIV

THE RESTING-PLACE

MID-NOON is past ;—upon the sultry mead
 No zephyr breathes, no cloud its shadow throws :
 If we advance unstrengthened by repose
 Farewell the solace of the vagrant reed !

This Nook—with woodbine hung and straggling weed,
 Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose,
 Half grot, half arbour—proffers to enclose
 Body and mind, from molestation freed,
 In narrow compass—narrow as itself:
 Or if the Fancy, too industrious Elf, 10
 Be loth that we should breathe awhile exempt
 From new incitements friendly to our task,
 Here wants not stealthy prospect, that may tempt
 Loose Idless to forego her wily mask.

XXV

METHINKS 'twere no unprecedented feat
 Should some benignant Minister of air
 Lift, and encircle with a cloudy chair,
 The One for whom my heart shall ever beat
 With tenderest love ;—or, if a safer seat
 Atween his downy wings be furnished, there
 Would lodge her, and the cherished burden bear
 O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat !
 Rough ways my steps have trod ;—too rough and long
 For her companionship ; here dwells soft ease : 10
 With sweets, that she partakes not, some distaste
 Mingles, and lurking consciousness of wrong ;
 Languish the flowers ; the waters seem to waste
 Their vocal charm ; their sparklings cease to please.

XXVI

RETURN, Content ! for fondly I pursued,
 Even when a child, the Streams—unheard, un-
 seen ;
 Through tangled woods, impending rocks between ;
 Or, free as air, with flying inquest viewed
 The sullen reservoirs whence their bold brood—
 Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous, keen,
 Green as the salt-sea billows, white and green—
 Poured down the hills, a choral multitude !
 Nor have I tracked their course for scanty gains ;
 They taught me random cares and truant joys, 10
 That shield from mischief and preserve from stains
 Vague minds, while men are growing out of boys ;
 Maturer Fancy owes to their rough noise
 Impetuous thoughts that brook not servile reins.

XXVII

FALLEN, and diffused into a shapeless heap,
 Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould,
 Is that embattled House, whose massy Keep
 Flung from yon cliff a shadow large and cold.
 There dwelt the gay, the bountiful, the bold ;
 Till nightly lamentations, like the sweep
 Of winds—though winds were silent—struck a deep
 And lasting terror through that ancient Hold.
 Its line of Warriors fled ;—they shrunk when tried
 By ghostly power :—but Time's unsparing hand 10
 Hath plucked such foes, like weeds, from out the land ;
 And now, if men with men in peace abide,
 All other strength the weakest may withstand,
 All worse assaults may safely be defied.

Published 1819

XXVIII

JOURNEY RENEWED

I ROSE while yet the cattle, heat-opprest,
 Crowded together under rustling trees
 Brushed by the current of the water-breeze ;
 And for *their* sakes, and love of all that rest,
 On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering nest ;
 For all the startled sealy tribes that slink
 Into his coverts, and each fearless link
 Of dancing insects forged upon his breast ;
 For these, and hopes and recollections worn
 Close to the vital seat of human clay ; 10
 Glad meetings, tender partings, that upstay
 The drooping mind of absence, by vows sworn
 In his pure presence near the trysting thorn—
 I thanked the Leader of my onward way.

XXIX

N O record tells of lance opposed to lance,
 Horse charging horse, 'mid these retired
 domains ;
 Tells that their turf drank purple from the veins
 Of heroes, fallen, or struggling to advance,
 Till doubtful combat issued in a trance
 Of victory, that struck through heart and reins
 Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains,
 And lightened o'er the pallid countenance.

Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie
 In the blank earth, neglected and forlorn, 10
 The passing Winds memorial tribute pay ;
 The Torrents chant their praise, inspiring scorn
 Of power usurped ; with proclamation high,
 And glad acknowledgment, of lawful sway.

XXX

WHO swerves from innocence, who makes divorce
 Of that serene companion—a good name,
 Recovers not his loss ; but walks with shame,
 With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse :
 And oft-times he—who, yielding to the force
 Of chance-temptation, ere his journey end,
 From chosen comrade turns, or faithful friend—
 In vain shall rue the broken intercourse.
 Not so with such as loosely wear the chain
 That binds them, pleasant River ! to thy side :— 10
 Through the rough copse wheel thou with hasty stride ;
 I choose to saunter o'er the grassy plain,
 Sure, when the separation has been tried,
 That we, who part in love, shall meet again.

XXXI

THE KIRK OF ULPHA to the pilgrim's eye
 Is welcome as a star, that doth present
 Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent
 Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky :
 Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high
 O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's tent ;
 Or the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent,
 Take root again, a boundless canopy.
 How sweet were leisure ! could it yield no more
 Than 'mid that wave-washed Churchyard to recline, 10
 From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine ;
 Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar
 Of distant moon-lit mountains faintly shine,
 Soothed by the unseen River's gentle roar.

XXXII

NOT hurled precipitous from steep to steep ;
 Lingering no more 'mid flower-enamelled lands
 And blooming thickets ; nor by rocky bands
 Held ; but in radiant progress toward the Deep

Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep
Sink, and forget their nature—*now* expands
Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands
Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep!
Beneath an ampler sky a region wide
Is opened round him :—hamlets, towers, and towns, 10
And blue-topped hills, behold him from afar ;
In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied
Spreading his bosom under Kentish downs,
With commerce freighted, or triumphant war.

XXXIII

CONCLUSION

BUT here no cannon thunders to the gale ;
Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast
A crimson splendour : lowly is the mast
That rises here, and humbly spread, the sail ;
While, less disturbed than in the narrow Vale
Through which with strange vicissitudes he passed,
The Wanderer seeks that receptacle vast
Where all his unambitious functions fail.
And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stream ! be free—
The sweets of earth contentedly resigned, 10
And each tumultuous working left behind
At seemly distance—to advance like Thee ;
Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of mind
And soul, to mingle with Eternity !

XXXIV

AFTER-THOUGHT

*I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away.—Vain sympathies !
For, backward, Duddon ! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide ;
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide ;
The Form remains, the Function never dies ;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish ;—be it so !
Enough, if something from our hands have power 10
To live, and act, and serve the future hour ;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.*

YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS

COMPOSED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, AND
ON THE ENGLISH BORDER, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1831

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.,

AS A TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF
INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS, THESE MEMORIALS ARE
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

RYDAL MOUNT, *Dec.* 11, 1834

THE following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott and other Friends visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure from Abbotsford, for Naples.

The title 'Yarrow Revisited' will stand in no need of explanation for Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poems suggested by that celebrated Stream.

I

THE gallant Youth, who may have gained,
Or seeks, a 'winsome Marrow.'
Was but an Infant in the lap
When first I looked on Yarrow ;
Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate
Long left without a warder,
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border !

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,
Their dignity installing
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
Were on the bough, or falling ;
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed—
The forest to embolden ;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on
 In foamy agitation ;
And slept in many a crystal pool
 For quiet contemplation :
No public and no private care
 The freeborn mind enthralling,
We made a day of happy hours,
 Our happy days recalling.

20

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of Youth,
 With freaks of graceful folly,—
Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,
 Her Night not melancholy ;
Past, present, future, all appeared
 In harmony united,
Like guests that meet, and some from far,
 By cordial love invited.

30

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
 And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unaltered face,
 Though we were changed and changing ;
If, *then*, some natural shadows spread
 Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
 Its brightness to recover.

40

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
 And her divine employment !
The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons
 For hope and calm enjoyment ;
Albeit sickness, lingering yet,
 Has o'er their pillow brooded ;
And Care waylays their steps—a Sprite
 Not easily eluded.

For thee, O SCOTT ! compelled to change
 Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes ;
 And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot
For mild Sorrento's breezy waves ;
 May classic Fancy, linking
With native Fancy her fresh aid,
 Preserve thy heart from sinking !

50

Oh ! while they minister to thee,
Each vying with the other,
May Health return to mellow Age,
With Strength, her venturous brother ; 60
And Tiber, and each brook and rill
Renowned in song and story,
With unimagined beauty shine,
Nor lose one ray of glory !

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow ;
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
Wherever they invite Thee, 70
At parent Nature's grateful call,
With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,
Such looks of love and honour
As thy own Yarrow gave to me
When first I gazed upon her ;
Beheld what I had feared to see,
Unwilling to surrender
Dreams treasured up from early days,
The holy and the tender. 80

And what, for this frail world, were all
That mortals do or suffer,
Did no responsive harp, no pen,
Memorial tribute offer ?
Yea, what were mighty Nature's self ?
Her features, could they win us,
Unhelped by the poetic voice
That hourly speaks within us ?

Nor deem that localised Romance
Plays false with our affections ; 90
Unsanctifies our tears—made sport
For fanciful dejections :
Ah, no ! the visions of the past
Sustain the heart in feeling
Life as she is—our changeful Life,
With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day
 In Yarrow's groves were centred ;
 Who through the silent portal arch
 Of mouldering Newark entered ; 100
 And clomb the winding stair that once
 Too timidly was mounted
 By the 'last Minstrel,' (not the last !)
 Ere he his Tale recounted.

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream !
 Fulfil thy pensive duty,
 Well pleased that future Bards should chant
 For simple hearts thy beauty ;
 To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
 Dear to the common sunshine, 110
 And dearer still, as now I feel,
 To memory's shadowy moonshine !
 1831

II

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT FROM ABBOTSFORD,
 FOR NAPLES

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
 Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
 Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height :
 Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
 For kindred Power departing from their sight ;
 While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
 Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
 Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners ! for the might
 Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes ;
 Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue 10
 Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
 Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
 Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
 Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope !
 Sept. 1831

III

A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND

PART fenced by man, part by a rugged steep
 That curbs a foaming brook, a Grave-yard lies ;
 The hare's best couching-place for fearless sleep ;
 Which moonlit elves, far seen by credulous eyes,

Enter in dance. Of church, or sabbath ties,
 No vestige now remains; yet thither creep
 Bereft Ones, and in lowly anguish weep
 Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies.
 Proud tomb is none; but rudely-sculptured knights,
 By humble choice of plain old times, are seen 10
 Level with earth, among the hillocks green:
 Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smites
 The spangled turf, and neighbouring thickets ring
 With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring!

1831

IV

ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND

SAY, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills—
 Among the happiest-looking homes of men
 Scattered all Britain over, through deep glen,
 On airy upland, and by forest rills,
 And o'er wide plains cheered by the lark that trills
 His sky-born warblings—does aught meet your ken
 More fit to animate the Poet's pen,
 Aught that more surely by its aspect fills
 Pure minds with sinless envy, than the Abode 10
 Of the good Priest: who, faithful through all hours
 To his high charge, and truly serving God,
 Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,
 Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,
 Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers.

1831

V

COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL DURING A STORM

THE wind is now thy organist;—a clank
 (We know not whence) ministers for a bell
 To mark some change of service. As the swell
 Of music reached its height, and even when sank
 The notes, in prelude, ROSLIN! to a blank
 Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous roof,
 Pillars, and arches,—not in vain time-proof,
 Though Christian rites be wanting! From what bank
 Came those live herbs? by what hand were they sown
 Where dew falls not, where rain-drops seem unknown?
 Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche 11
 Share with their sculptured fellows, that, green-grown,
 Copy their beauty more and more, and preach,
 Though mute, of all things blending into one.

1831

VI

THE TROSACHS

THERE'S not a nook within this solemn Pass
 But were an apt confessional for One
 Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
 That Life is but a tale of morning grass
 Withered at eve. From scenes of art which chase
 That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
 Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
 Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
 Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy quest,
 If from a golden perch of aspen spray 10
 (October's workmanship to rival May)
 The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
 Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!

1831

VII

THE pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute ;
 The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy
 Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy ;
 The target mouldering like ungathered fruit ;
 The smoking steam-boat eager in pursuit,
 As eagerly pursued ; the umbrella spread
 To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's head—
 All speak of manners withering to the root,
 And of old honours, too, and passions high :
 Then may we ask, though pleased that thought should
 range 10
 Among the conquests of civility,
 Survives imagination—to the change
 Superior? Help to virtue does she give ?
 If not, O Mortals, better cease to live !

1831

VIII

COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIVE

'THIS Land of Rainbows spanning glens whose walls,
 Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-coloured
 mists—
 Of far-stretched Meres whose salt flood never rests—
 Of tuneful Caves and playful Waterfalls—
 Of Mountains varying momentarily their crests—
 Proud be this Land! whose poorest huts are halls
 Where Fancy entertains becoming guests ;
 While native song the heroic Past recalls.'

Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught,
 The Muse exclaimed; but Story now must hide 10
 Her trophies, Fancy crouch; the course of pride
 Has been diverted, other lessons taught,
 That make the Patriot-spirit bow her head
 Where the all-conquering Roman feared to tread.

1831

IX

EAGLES

Composed at Dunollie Castle in the Bay of Oban

DISHONoured Rock and Ruin! that, by law
 Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove embarred
 Like a lone criminal whose life is spared.
 Vexed is he, and screams loud. The last I saw
 Was on the wing; stooping, he struck with awe
 Man, bird, and beast; then, with a consort paired,
 From a bold headland, their loved aery's guard,
 Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw
 Light from the fountain of the setting sun.
 Such was this Prisoner once; and, when his plumes 10
 The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,
 Then, for a moment, he, in spirit, resumes
 His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live free,
 His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

1831

X

IN THE SOUND OF MULL

TRADITION, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw
 Thy veil in mercy o'er the records, hung
 Round strath and mountain, stamped by the ancient
 tongue

On rock and ruin darkening as we go,—
 Spots where a word, ghost-like, survives to show
 What crimes from hate, or desperate love, have sprung;
 From honour misconceived, or fancied wrong,
 What feuds, not quenched but fed by mutual woe.
 Yet, though a wild vindictive Race, untamed
 By civil arts and labours of the pen, 10
 Could gentleness be scorned by those fierce Men,
 Who, to spread wide the reverence they claimed
 For patriarchal occupations, named
 Yon towering Peaks, 'Shepherds of Etive Glen?'¹

1831

¹ In Gaelic, *Buachaill Eite*.

XI

SUGGESTED AT TYNDRUM IN A STORM

ENOUGH of garlands, of the Arcadian crook,
 And all that Greece and Italy have sung
 Of Swains reposing myrtle groves among!
Ours couch on naked rocks,—will cross a brook
 Swoln with chill rains, nor ever cast a look
 This way or that, or give it even a thought
 More than by smoothest pathway may be brought
 Into a vacant mind. Can written book
 Teach what *they* learn? Up, hardy Mountaineer!
 And guide the Bard, ambitious to be One 10
 Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,
 On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and hear
 To what dread Powers He delegates his part
 On earth, who works in the heaven of heavens, alone.
1831

XII

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED MANSION, AND
 FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE, NEAR KILLIN

WELL sang the Bard who called the grave, in
 strains
 Thoughtful and sad, the 'narrow house.' No style
 Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile
 Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where he detains
 The sleeping dust, stern Death. How reconcile
 With truth, or with each other, decked remains
 Of a once warm Abode, and that *new* Pile,
 For the departed, built with curious pains
 And mausolean pomp? Yet here they stand 10
 Together,—mid trim walks and artful bowers,
 To be looked down upon by ancient hills,
 That, for the living and the dead, demand
 And prompt a harmony of genuine powers;
 Concord that elevates the mind, and stills.
1831

XIII

'REST AND BE THANKFUL'

At the Head of Glencroce

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious walk,
 Who, that has gained at length the wished-for
 Height,
 This brief this simple wayside Call can slight,
 And rests not thankful? Whether cheered by talk

With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk
 Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that shine
 At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,
 Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk
 Of valley flowers. Nor, while the limbs repose,
 Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep 10
 Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,
 And fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's sweep,—
 So may the Soul, through powers that Faith bestows,
 Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that Angels
 share.

1831

XIV

HIGHLAND HUT

SEE what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built Cot,
 Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it
 may,
 Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray
 Like wreaths of vapour without stain or blot.
 The limpid mountain-rill avoids it not ;
 And why shouldst thou ?—If rightly trained and bred,
 Humanity is humble, finds no spot
 Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse to tread.
 The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery roof,
 Undressed the pathway leading to the door ; 10
 But love, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor ;
 Search, for their worth, some gentle heart wrong-proof,
 Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials fewer,
 Belike less happy.—Stand no more aloof !¹

1831

XV

THE HIGHLAND BROACH

THE exact resemblance which the old Broach (still in use, though rarely met with, among the Highlanders) bears to the Roman Fibula must strike every one, and concurs with the plaid and kilt to recall to mind the communication which the ancient Romans had with this remote country.

IF to Tradition faith be due,
 And echoes from old verse speak true,
 Ere the meek Saint, Columba, bore
 Glad tidings to Iona's shore,
 No common light of nature blessed
 The mountain region of the west,
 A land where gentle manners ruled
 O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,

¹ See Note.

That raised, for centuries, a bar
Impervious to the tide of war : 10
Yet peaceful Arts did entrance gain
Where haughty Force had striven in vain ;
And, 'mid the works of skilful hands,
By wanderers brought from foreign lands
And various climes, was not unknown
The clasp that fixed the Roman Gown ;
The Fibula, whose shape, I ween,
Still in the Highland Broach is seen,
The silver Broach of massy frame, 20
Worn at the breast of some grave Dame
On road or path, or at the door
Of fern-thatched hut on heathy moor :
But delicate of yore its mould,
And the material finest gold ;
As might beseem the fairest Fair,
Whether she graced a royal chair,
Or shed, within a vaulted hall,
No fancied lustre on the wall
Where shields of mighty heroes hung,
While Fingal heard what Ossian sung. 30

The heroic Age expired—it slept
Deep in its tomb :—the bramble crept
O'er Fingal's hearth ; the grassy sod
Grew on the floors his sons had trod :
Malvina ! where art thou ? Their state
The noblest-born must abdicate ;
The fairest, while with fire and sword
Come Spoilers—horde impelling horde,
Must walk the sorrowing mountains, drest
By ruder hands in homelier vest. 40
Yet still the female bosom lent,
And loved to borrow, ornament ;
Still was its inner world a place
Reached by the dews of heavenly grace ;
Still pity to this last retreat
Clove fondly ; to his favourite seat
Love wound his way by soft approach,
Beneath a massier Highland Broach.

When alternations came of rage
Yet fiercer, in a darker age ; 50
And feuds, where, clan encountering clan,
The weaker perished to a man ;

For maid and mother, when despair
Might else have triumphed, baffling prayer,
One small possession lacked not power,
Provided in a calmer hour,
To meet such need as might befall—
Roof, raiment, bread, or burial :
For woman, even of tears bereft,
The hidden silver Broach was left.

60

As generations come and go,
Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow ;
Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,
And feeble, of themselves, decay ;
What poor abodes the heirloom hide,
In which the castle once took pride !
Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,
If saved at all, are saved by stealth.
Lo ! ships, from seas by nature barred,
Mount along ways by man prepared ;
And in far-stretching vales, whose streams
Seek other seas, their canvass gleams.
Lo ! busy towns spring up, on coasts
Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts ;
Soon, like a lingering star forlorn
Among the novelties of morn,
While young delights on old encroach,
Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

70

But when, from out their viewless bed,
Like vapours, years have rolled and spread ;
And this poor verse, and worthier lays,
Shall yield no light of love or praise ;
Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,
Or torrent from the mountain's brow,
Or whirlwind, reckless what his might
Entombs, or forces into light ;
Blind Chance, a volunteer ally,
That oft befriends Antiquity,
And clears Oblivion from reproach,
May render back the Highland Broach.¹

80

90

Between 1831 and 1835

¹ How much the Broach is sometimes prized by persons in humble stations may be gathered from an occurrence mentioned to me by a female friend. She had had an opportunity of benefiting a poor old woman in her own hut, who, wishing to make a return, said to her daughter in Erse, in a tone of plaintive earnestness, 'I would give anything I have, but I *hope* she does not wish for my Broach !' and, uttering these words, she put her hand upon the Broach which fastened her kerchief, and which, she imagined, had attracted the eye of her benefactress.

XVI

THE BROWNIE

Upon a small island, not far from the head of Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of a solitary Individual, one of the last survivors of the clan of Macfarlane, once powerful in that neighbourhood. Passing along the shore opposite this island in the year 1814, the Author learned these particulars, and that this person then living there had acquired the appellation of 'The Brownie.' See 'The Brownie's Cell,' [vol. II. p. 30], to which the following is a sequel.

'HOW disappeared he?' Ask the newt and toad;
 Ask of his fellow-men, and they will tell
 How he was found, cold as an icicle,
 Under an arch of that forlorn abode;
 Where he, unpropped, and by the gathering flood
 Of years hemmed round, had dwelt, prepared to try
 Privation's worst extremities, and die
 With no one near save the omnipresent God.
 Verily so to live was an awful choice—
 A choice that wears the aspect of a doom;
 But in the mould of mercy all is cast
 For Souls familiar with the eternal Voice;
 And this forgotten Taper to the last
 Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful gloom.

10

1831

XVII

TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR

Composed at Loch Lomond

THOUGH joy attend Thee orient at the birth
 Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most
 To watch thy course when Daylight, fled from earth,
 In the grey sky hath left his lingering Ghost,
 Perplexed as if between a splendour lost
 And splendour slowly mustering. Since the Sun,
 The absolute, the world-absorbing One,
 Relinquished half his empire to the host
 Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,
 Holy as princely, who that looks on thee
 Touching, as now, in thy humility
 The mountain-borders of this seat of care,
 Can question that thy countenance is bright,
 Celestial Power, as much with love as light?

10

1831

XVIII

BOTHWELL CASTLE

(Passed unseen, on account of stormy weather)

IMMURED in Bothwell's towers, a^l times the Brave
 (So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn
 The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.
 Once on those steeps *I* roamed at large, and have
 In mind the landscape, as if still in sight;
 The river glides, the woods before me wave;
 Then why repine that now in vain I crave
 Needless renewal of an old delight?
 Better to thank a dear and long-past day
 For joy its sunny hours were free to give 10
 Than blame the present, that our wish hath crost.
 Memory, like sleep, hath powers which dreams obey,
 Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive;
 How little that she cherishes is lost!

1831

XIX

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN, AT HAMILTON PALACE

AMID a fertile region green with wood
 And fresh with rivers, well did it become
 The ducal Owner, in his palace-home
 To naturalise this tawny Lion brood;
 Children of Art, that claim strange brotherhood
 (Couched in their den) with those that roam at large
 Over the burning wilderness, and charge
 The wind with terror while they roar for food.
 Sate are *these*; and stilled to eye and ear;
 Hence, while we gaze, a more enduring fear! 10
 Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave
 Daunt him—if his Companions, now bedrowsed
 Outstretched and listless, were by hunger roused:
 Man placed him here, and God, he knows, can save.

1831

XX

THE AVON

(A feeder of the Annan)

AVON—a precious, an immortal name!
 Yet is it one that other rivulets bear
 Like this unheard-of, and their channels wear
 Like this contented, though unknown to Fame:

For great and sacred is the modest claim
 Of Streams to Nature's love, where'er they flow ;
 And ne'er did Genius slight them, as they go,
 Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding without blame.
 But Praise can waste her voice on work of tears,
 Anguish, and death : full oft where innocent blood 10
 Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,
 Her heaven-offending trophies Glory rears :
 Never for like distinction may the good
 Shrink from *thy* name, pure Rill, with unpleased ears.
 1831

XXI

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE IN INGLEWOOD
 FOREST

THE forest huge of ancient Caledon
 Is but a name, no more is Inglewood,
 That swept from hill to hill, from flood to flood :
 On her last thorn the nightly moon has shone ;
 Yet still, though unappropriate Wild be none,
 Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might deign
 With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive again,
 To kill for merry feast their venison.
 Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding Shade
 His church with monumental wreck bestrown ; 10
 The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost unlaid,
 Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,
 That he may watch by night, and lessons con
 Of power that perishes, and rights that fade.
 1831

XXII

HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH

HERE stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed
 To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,
 Among its withering topmost branches mixed,
 The palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,
 Whom the Dog Hercules pursued—his part
 Each desperately sustaining, till at last
 Both sank and died, the life-veins of the chased
 And chaser bursting here with one dire smart.

Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat !
 High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride ; 10
 Say, rather, with that generous sympathy
 That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a seat ;
 And, for this feeling's sake, let no one chide
 Verse that would guard thy memory, HART'S-HORN
 TREE !¹

1831

XXIII

FANCY AND TRADITION

THE Lovers took within this ancient grove
 Their last embrace ; beside those crystal springs
 The Hermit saw the Angel spread his wings
 For instant flight ; the Sage in yon alcove
 Sate musing ; on that hill the Bard would rove,
 Not mute, where now the linnet only sings :
 Thus everywhere to truth Tradition clings,
 Or Fancy localises Powers we love.
 Were only History licensed to take note
 Of things gone by, her meagre monuments 10
 Would ill suffice for persons and events :
 There is an ampler page for man to quote,
 A readier book of manifold contents,
 Studied alike in palace and in cot.

1833

XXIV

COUNTESS' PILLAR

On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription :—

'THIS Pillar was erected, anno 1656, By ye R^t hono^{ble} Anne, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, etc., Daughter and sole heire of ye R^t hono^{ble} George, Earl of Cumberland, etc., for a memorial of her last parting in this place with her good and pious mother, ye R^t hono^{ble} Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, ye 2d day of April, 1616 ; in memory whereof she also left an annuity of £4 to be distributed to ye poor within this parish of Brougham every 2d day of April for ever, upon ye stone table here hard by. Laus Deo !'

WHILE the Poor gather round, till the end of time
 May this bright flower of Charity display
 Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day ;
 Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime
 Lovelier—transplanted from heaven's purest clime !
 'Charity never faileth' : on that creed,
 More than on written testament or deed,
 The pious Lady built with hope sublime.

¹ See Note.

Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever!*
 'LAUS DEO.' Many a Stranger passing by
 Has with that Parting mixed a filial sigh,
 Blest its humane Memorial's fond endeavour;
 And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,
 Has ended, though no Clerk, with 'God be praised!'
 1831

XXV

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES

(From the Roman Station at Old Penrith)

HOW profitless the relics that we cull,
 Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,
 Unless they chasten fancies that presume
 Too high, or idle agitations lull!
 Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,
 To have no seat for thought were better doom,
 Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull
 Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.
 Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they?
 Our fond regrets tenacious in their grasp?
 The Sage's theory? the Poet's lay?—
 Mere Fibulæ without a robe to clasp;
 Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls;
 Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals!
 1831

XXVI

APOLOGY

FOR THE FOREGOING POEMS

NO more: the end is sudden and abrupt,
 Abrupt—as without preconceived design
 Was the beginning; yet the several Lays
 Have moved in order, to each other bound
 By a continuous and acknowledged tie
 Though unapparent—like those Shapes distinct
 That yet survive ensculptured on the walls
 Of palaces, or temples, 'mid the wreck
 Of famed Persepolis; each following each,
 As might beseem a stately embassy,
 In set array; these bearing in their hands
 Ensign of civil power, weapon of war,
 Or gift to be presented at the throne
 Of the Great King; and others, as they go

In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,
Or leading victims drest for sacrifice.
Nor will the Power we serve, that sacred Power,
The Spirit of humanity, disdain
A ministration humble but sincere,
That from a threshold loved by every Muse 20
Its impulse took—that sorrow-stricken door,
Whence, as a current from its fountain-head,
Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings flowed,
Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength
From kindred sources ; while around us sighed
(Life's three first seasons having passed away)
Leaf-scattering winds ; and hoar-frost sprinklings fell
(Foretaste of winter) on the moorland heights ;
And every day brought with it tidings new
Of rash change, ominous for the public weal. 30
Hence, if dejection has too oft encroached
Upon that sweet and tender melancholy
Which may itself be cherished and caressed
More than enough, a fault so natural
(Even with the young, the hopeful, or the gay)
For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain.

Between 1831 and 1835

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE

OR, THE FATE OF THE NORTONS¹

ADVERTISEMENT

DURING the Summer of 1807 I visited, for the first time, the beautiful country that surrounds Bolton Priory in Yorkshire; and the Poem of 'The White Doe,' founded upon a Tradition connected with that place, was composed at the close of the same year.

DEDICATION

IN trellised shed with clustering roses gay,
And, MARY ! oft beside our blazing fire,
When years of wedded life were as a day
Whose current answers to the heart's desire,
Did we together read in Spenser's Lay
How Una, sad of soul—in sad attire,
The gentle Una, of celestial birth,
To seek her Knight went wandering o'er the earth.

Ah, then, Belovèd ! pleasing was the smart,
And the tear precious in compassion shed
For Her, who, pierced by sorrow's thrilling dart,
Did meekly bear the pang unmerited ;
Meek as that emblem of her lowly heart
The milk-white Lamb which in a line she led,—
And faithful, loyal in her innocence,
Like the brave Lion slain in her defence.

10

Notes could we hear as of a faery shell
Attuned to words with sacred wisdom fraught ;
Free Fancy prized each specious miracle,
And all its finer inspiration caught ;
Till in the bosom of our rustic Cell
We by a lamentable change were taught
That 'bliss with mortal Man may not abide':
How nearly joy and sorrow are allied !

20

For us the stream of fiction ceased to flow,
For us the voice of melody was mute.
—But, as soft gales dissolve the dreary snow,
And give the timid herbage leave to shoot,
Heaven's breathing influence failed not to bestow
A timely promise of unlooked-for fruit,
Fair fruit of pleasure and serene content
From blossoms wild of fancies innocent.

30

¹ See Note.

It soothed us—it beguiled us—then, to hear
 Once more of troubles wrought by magic spell;
 And griefs whose aery motion comes not near
 The pangs that tempt the Spirit to rebel:
 Then, with mild Una in her sober cheer,
 High over hill and low adown the dell
 Again we wandered, willing to partake
 All that she suffered for her dear Lord's sake.

40

Then, too, this Song of mine once more could please,
 Where anguish, strange as dreams of restless sleep,
 Is tempered and allayed by sympathies
 Aloft ascending, and descending deep,
 Even to the inferior Kinds; whom forest-trees
 Protect from beating sunbeams, and the sweep
 Of the sharp winds;—fair Creatures!—to whom Heaven
 A calm and sinless life, with love, hath given.

This tragic Story cheered us; for it speaks
 Of female patience winning firm repose;
 And, of the recompense that conscience seeks,
 A bright, encouraging, example shows;
 Needful when o'er wide realms the tempest breaks,
 Needful amid life's ordinary woes;—
 Hence not for them unfitted who would bless
 A happy hour with holier happiness.

50

He serves the Muses erringly and ill,
 Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive:
 O, that my mind were equal to fulfil
 The comprehensive mandate which they give—
 Vain aspiration of an earnest will!
 Yet in this moral Strain a power may live,
 Belovèd Wife! such solace to impart
 As it hath yielded to thy tender heart.

60

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,
April 20, 1815

'Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
 The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
 'Tis done; and in the after-vacancy
 We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:
 Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
 And has the nature of infinity.
 Yet through that darkness (infinite though it seem
 And irremovable) gracious openings lie,
 By which the soul—with patient steps of thought
 Now toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer—
 May pass in hope, and, though from mortal bonds
 Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent
 Even to the fountain-head of peace divine.'

10

'They that deny a God destroy Man's nobility: for certainly Man is of kin to the Beast by his Body, and if he be not of kin to God by his Spirit, he is a base ignoble Creature. It destroys likewise Magnanimity, and the raising of humane Nature: for take an example of a Dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a Man, who to him is instead of a God, or Melior Natura. Which courage is manifestly such as that Creature without that confidence of a better Nature than his own could never attain. So Man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon Divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human Nature in itself could not obtain.'

LORD BACON.

CANTO FIRST

FROM Bolton's old monastic tower
The bells ring loud with gladsome power ;
The sun shines bright ; the fields are gay
With people in their best array
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of crystal Wharf,
Through the Vale retired and lowly,
Trooping to that summons holy.
And, up among the moorlands, see
What sprinklings of blithe company ! 10
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,
That down the steep hills force their way,
Like cattle through the budded brooms ;
Path, or no path, what care they ?
And thus in joyous mood they hie
To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

What would they there ?—full fifty years
That sumptuous Pile, with all its peers,
Too harshly hath been doomed to taste
The bitterness of wrong and waste : 20
Its courts are ravaged ; but the tower
Is standing with a voice of power,
That ancient voice which wont to call
To mass or some high festival ;
And in the shattered fabric's heart
Remaineth one protected part ;
A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest,
Closely embowered and trimly drest ;
And thither young and old repair,
This Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer. 30

Fast the churchyard fills ;—anon
Look again, and they all are gone ;
The cluster round the porch, and the folk
Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak !
And scarcely have they disappeared
Ere the prelusive hymn is heard :—
With one consent the people rejoice,
Filling the church with a lofty voice !
They sing a service which they feel :
For 'tis the sunrise now of zeal ; 40
Of a pure faith the vernal prime—
In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,
 And all is hushed, without and within ;
 For though the priest, more tranquilly,
 Recites the holy liturgy,
 The only voice which you can hear
 Is the river murmuring near.
 —When soft!—the dusky trees between,
 And down the path through the open green, 50
 Where is no living thing to be seen ;
 And through yon gateway, where is found,
 Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
 Free entrance to the churchyard ground—
 Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
 Comes gliding in serene and slow,
 Soft and silent as a dream,
 A solitary Doe !
 White she is as lily of June,
 And beauteous as the silver moon 60
 When out of sight the clouds are driven
 And she is left alone in heaven ;
 Or like a ship some gentle day
 In sunshine sailing far away,
 A glittering ship, that hath the plain
 Of ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead !
 Lie quiet in your churchyard bed !
 Ye living, tend your holy cares ;
 Ye multitude, pursue your prayers ; 70
 And blame not me if my heart and sight
 Are occupied with one delight !
 'Tis a work for sabbath hours
 If I with this bright Creature go :
 Whether she be of forest bowers,
 From the bowers of earth below ;
 Or a Spirit for one day given,
 A pledge of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious pensive changes
 Wait upon her as she ranges 80
 Round and through this Pile of state
 Overthrown and desolate !
 Now a step or two her way
 Leads through space of open day,
 Where the enamoured sunny light
 Brightens her that was so bright ;

Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath :
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes,—
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell,
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head ;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

90

The presence of this wandering Doe
Fills many a damp obscure recess
With lustre of a saintly show ;
And, reappearing, she no less
Sheds on the flowers that round her blow
A more than sunny liveliness.
But say, among these holy places,
Which thus assiduously she paces,
Comes she with a votary's task,
Rite to perform, or boon to ask ?
Fair Pilgrim ! harbours she a sense
Of sorrow, or of reverence ?
Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,
Crushed as if by wrath divine ?
For what survives of house where God
Was worshipped, or where Man abode ;
For old magnificence undone ;
Or for the gentler work begun
By Nature, softening and concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing ?
Mourns she for lordly chamber's hearth
That to the sapling ash gives birth ;
For dormitory's length laid bare
Where the wild rose blossoms fair ;
Or altar, whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament ?
—She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone ;
A warrior, with his shield of pride
Cleaving humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest,
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast ;

100

110

120

130

As little she regards the sight
 As a common creature might :
 If she be doomed to inward care,
 Or service, it must lie elsewhere.
 —But hers are eyes serenely bright,
 And on she moves—with pace how light !
 Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
 The dewy turf with flowers bestrown ;
 And thus she fares, until at last 140
 Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
 In quietness she lays her down ;
 Gentle as a weary wave
 Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
 Against an anchored vessel's side ;
 Even so, without distress, doth she
 Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

The day is placid in its going,
 To a lingering motion bound,
 Like the crystal stream now flowing 150
 With its softest summer sound :
 So the balmy minutes pass,
 While this radiant Creature lies
 Couched upon the dewy grass,
 Pensively with downcast eyes.
 —But now again the people raise
 With awful cheer a voice of praise ;
 It is the last, the parting song ;
 And from the temple forth they throng,
 And quickly spread themselves abroad, 160
 While each pursues his several road.
 But some—a variegated band
 Of middle-aged, and old, and young,
 And little children by the hand
 Upon their leading mothers hung—
 With mute obeisance gladly paid
 Turn towards the spot, where, full in view,
 The white Doe, to her service true,
 Her sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound ; 170
 Which two spears' length of level ground
 Did from all other graves divide :
 As if in some respect of pride ;
 Or melancholy's sickly mood,
 Still shy of human neighbourhood ;

Or guilt, that humbly would express
A penitential loneliness.

‘Look, there she is, my Child! draw near;
She fears not, wherefore should we fear?
She means no harm’;—but still the Boy, 180
To whom the words were softly said
Hung back, and smiled, and blushed for joy,
A shame-faced blush of glowing red!
Again the Mother whispered low,
‘Now you have seen the famous Doe;
From Rylstone she hath found her way
Over the hills this sabbath day;
Her work, whate’er it be, is done,
And she will depart when we are gone;
Thus doth she keep, from year to year, 190
Her sabbath morning, foul or fair.’

Bright was the Creature, as in dreams
The Boy had seen her, yea, more bright;
But is she truly what she seems?
He asks with insecure delight,
Asks of himself, and doubts,—and still
The doubt returns against his will:
Though he, and all the standers-by,
Could tell a tragic history
Of facts divulged, wherein appear 200
Substantial motive, reason clear,
Why thus the milk-white Doe is found
Couchant beside that lonely mound;
And why she duly loves to pace
The circuit of this hallowed place.
Nor to the Child’s enquiring mind
Is such perplexity confined:
For, spite of sober Truth that sees
A world of fixed remembrances
Which to this mystery belong, 210
If, undeceived, my skill can trace
The characters of every face,
There lack not strange delusion here,
Conjecture vague, and idle fear,
And superstitious fancies strong,
Which do the gentle Creature wrong.

That bearded, staff-supported Sire—
Who in his boyhood often fed
Full cheerily on convent-bread
And heard old tales by the convent-fire, 220

And to his grave will go with scars,
 Relics of long and distant wars—
 That Old Man, studious to expound
 The spectacle, is mounting high
 To days of dim antiquity ;
 When Lady Aäliza mourned
 Her Son, and felt in her despair
 The pang of unavailing prayer ;
 Her Son in Wharf's abysses drowned,
 The noble Boy of Egremound. 230
 From which affliction—when the grace
 Of God had in her heart found place—
 A pious structure, fair to see,
 Rose up, this stately Priory !
 The Lady's work ;—but now laid low ;
 To the grief of her soul that doth come and go,
 In the beautiful form of this innocent Doe :
 Which, though seemingly doomed in its breast to
 sustain
 A softened remembrance of sorrow and pain.
 Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and bright ; 240
 And glides o'er the earth like an angel of light.

Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door ;
 And through the chink in the fractured floor
 Look down, and see a griesly sight ;
 A vault where the bodies are buried upright !
 There, face by face, and hand by hand,
 The Claphams and Mauleverers stand ;
 And, in his place, among son and sire,
 Is John de Clapham, that fierce Esquire,
 A valiant man, and a name of dread 250
 In the ruthless wars of the White and Red ;
 Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury church
 And smote off his head on the stones of the porch !
 Look down among them, if you dare ;
 Oft does the White Doe loiter there,
 Prying into the darksome rent ;
 Nor can it be with good intent :
 So thinks that Dame of haughty air,
 Who hath a Page her book to hold,
 And wears a frontlet edged with gold ; 260
 Harsh thoughts with her high mood agree—
 Who counts among her ancestry
 Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously !

That slender Youth, a scholar pale,
 From Oxford come to his native vale,

He also hath his own conceit :
It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,
Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet
In his wanderings solitary :
Wild notes she in his hearing sang, 270
A song of Nature's hidden powers ;
That whistled like the wind, and rang
Among the rocks and holly bowers.
'Twas said that She all shapes could wear ;
And oftentimes before him stood,
Amid the trees of some thick wood,
In semblance of a lady fair ;
And taught him signs, and showed him sights,
In Craven's dens, on Cumbrian heights ;
When under cloud of fear he lay, 280
A shepherd clad in homely grey ;
Nor left him at his later day.
And hence, when he, with spear and shield,
Rode full of years to Flodden-field,
His eye could see the hidden spring,
And how the current was to flow ;
The fatal end of Scotland's King,
And all that hopeless overthrow.
But not in wars did he delight,
This Clifford wished for worthier might ; 290
Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state ;
Him his own thoughts did elevate,—
Most happy in the shy recess
Of Barden's lowly quietness.
And choice of studious friends had he
Of Bolton's dear fraternity ;
Who, standing on this old church tower,
In many a calm propitious hour,
Perused, with him, the starry sky ;
Or, in their cells, with him did pry 300
For other lore,—by keen desire
Urged to close toil with chemic fire ;
In quest belike of transmutations
Rich as the mine's most bright creations.
But they and their good works are fled,
And all is now disquieted—
And peace is none, for living or dead !

Ah, pensive Scholar, think not so,
But look again at the radiant Doe !
What quiet watch she seems to keep, 310
Alone, beside that grassy heap !

Why mention other thoughts unmeet
 For vision so composed and sweet ?
 While stand the people in a ring,
 Gazing, doubting, questioning ;
 Yea, many overcome in spite
 Of recollections clear and bright ;
 Which yet do unto some impart
 An undisturbed repose of heart.
 And all the assembly own a law
 Of orderly respect and awe ;
 But see—they vanish one by one,
 And last, the Doe herself is gone. 320

Harp ! we have been full long beguiled
 By vague thoughts, lured by fancies wild ;
 To which, with no reluctant strings,
 Thou hast attuned thy murmurings ;
 And now before this Pile we stand
 In solitude, and utter peace :
 But, Harp ! thy murmurs may not cease— 330
 A Spirit, with his angelic wings,
 In soft and breeze-like visitings,
 Has touched thee—and a Spirit's hand :
 A voice is with us—a command
 To chant, in strains of heavenly glory,
 A tale of tears, a mortal story !

CANTO SECOND

THE Harp in lowliness obeyed ;
 And first we sang of the greenwood shade
 And a solitary Maid ;
 Beginning, where the song must end, 340
 With her, and with her sylvan Friend ;
 The Friend, who stood before her sight,
 Her only unextinguished light ;
 Her last companion in a dearth
 Of love, upon a hopeless earth.

For She it was—this Maid, who wrought
 Meekly, with foreboding thought,
 In vermeil colours and in gold
 An unblest work ; which, standing by,
 Her Father did with joy behold,— 350
 Exulting in its imagery ;
 A Banner, fashioned to fulfil
 Too perfectly his headstrong will :

For on this Banner had her hand
Embroidered (such her Sire's command)
The sacred Cross ; and figured there
The five dear wounds our Lord did bear ;
Full soon to be uplifted high,
And float in rueful company !

It was the time when England's Queen 360
Twelve years had reigned, a Sovereign dread ;
Nor yet the restless crown had been
Disturbed upon her virgin head ;
But now the inly-working North
Was ripe to send its thousands forth,
A potent vassalage, to fight
In Percy's and in Neville's right,
Two Earls fast leagued in discontent,
Who gave their wishes open vent ;
And boldly urged a general plea, 370
The rites of ancient piety
To be triumphantly restored,
By the stern justice of the sword !
And that same Banner, on whose breast
The blameless Lady had exprest
Memorials chosen to give life
And sunshine to a dangerous strife ;
That Banner, waiting for the Call,
Stood quietly in Rylstone-hall.

It came ; and Francis Norton said, 380
'O Father ! rise not in this fray—
The hairs are white upon your head ;
Dear Father, hear me when I say
It is for you too late a day !
Bethink you of your own good name :
A just and gracious Queen have we,
A pure religion, and the claim
Of peace on our humanity.—
'Tis meet that I endure your scorn ;
I am your son, your eldest born ; 390
But not for lordship or for land,
My Father, do I clasp your knees ;
The Banner touch not, stay your hand,
This multitude of men disband,
And live at home in blameless ease ;
For these my brethren's sake, for me ;
And, most of all, for Emily !'

Tumultuous noises filled the hall;
 And scarcely could the Father hear
 That name—pronounced with a dying fall— 400
 The name of his only Daughter dear,
 As on the banner which stood near
 He glanced a look of holy pride,
 And his moist eyes were glorified;
 Then did he seize the staff, and say:
 ‘Thou, Richard, bear’st thy father’s name,
 Keep thou this ensign till the day
 When I of thee require the same:
 Thy place be on my better hand;—
 And seven as true as thou, I see, 410
 Will cleave to this good cause and me.’
 He spake, and eight brave sons straightway
 All followed him, a gallant band!

Thus, with his sons, when forth he came
 The sight was hailed with loud acclaim
 And din of arms and minstrelsy,
 From all his warlike tenantry,
 All horsed and harnessed with him to ride,—
 A voice to which the hills replied!

But Francis, in the vacant hall,
 Stood silent under dreary weight,— 420
 A phantasm, in which roof and wall
 Shook, tottered, swam before his sight;
 A phantasm like a dream of night!
 Thus overwhelmed, and desolate,
 He found his way to a postern-gate;
 And, when he waked, his languid eye
 Was on the calm and silent sky;
 With air about him breathing sweet,
 And earth’s green grass beneath his feet; 430
 Nor did he fail ere long to hear
 A sound of military cheer,
 Faint—but it reached that sheltered spot;
 He heard, and it disturbed him not.

There stood he, leaning on a lance
 Which he had grasped unknowingly,
 Had blindly grasped in that strong trance,
 That dimness of heart-agony;
 There stood he, cleansed from the despair
 And sorrow of his fruitless prayer. 440

The past he calmly hath reviewed :
But where will be the fortitude
Of this brave man, when he shall see
That Form beneath the spreading tree,
And know that it is Emily ?

He saw her where in open view
She sate beneath the spreading yew—
Her head upon her lap, concealing
In solitude her bitter feeling :
' Might ever son *command* a sire, 450
The act were justified to-day.'
This to himself—and to the Maid,
Whom now he had approached, he said—
' Gone are they,—they have their desire ;
And I with thee one hour will stay,
To give thee comfort if I may.'

She heard, but looked not up, nor spake ;
And sorrow moved him to partake
Her silence ; then his thoughts turned round,
And fervent words a passage found. 460

' Gone are they, bravely, though misled ;
With a dear Father at their head !
The Sons obey a natural lord ;
The Father had given solemn word
To noble Percy ; and a force
Still stronger bends him to his course.
This said, our tears to-day may fall
As at an innocent funeral.
In deep and awful channel runs
This sympathy of Sire and Sons ; 470
Untried our Brothers have been loved
With heart by simple nature moved ;
And now their faithfulness is proved :
For faithful we must call them, bearing
That soul of conscientious daring.
—There were they all in circle—there
Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,
John with a sword that will not fail,
And Marmaduke in fearless mail,
And those bright Twins were side by side ; 480
And there, by fresh hopes beautified,
Stood He, whose arm yet lacks the power
Of man, our youngest, fairest flower !

I, by the right of eldest born,
 And in a second father's place,
 Presumed to grapple with their scorn,
 And meet their pity face to face ;
 Yea, trusting in God's holy aid,
 I to my Father knelt and prayed ;
 And one, the pensive Marmaduke,
 Methought, was yielding inwardly,
 And would have laid his purpose by,
 But for a glance of his Father's eye,
 Which I myself could scarcely brook.

490

' Then be we, each and all, forgiven !
 Thou, chiefly thou, my Sister dear,
 Whose pangs are registered in heaven—
 The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,
 And smiles, that dared to take their place,
 Meek filial smiles, upon thy face,
 As that unhallowed Banner grew
 Beneath a loving old Man's view.
 Thy part is done—thy painful part ;
 Be thou then satisfied in heart !
 A further, though far easier, task
 Than thine hath been, my duties ask ;
 With theirs my efforts cannot blend,
 I cannot for such cause contend ;
 Their aims I utterly forswear ;
 But I in body will be there.
 Unarmed and naked will I go,
 Be at their side, come weal or woe :
 On kind occasions I may wait,
 See, hear, obstruct, or mitigate.
 Bare breast I take and an empty hand.' — ¹
 Therewith he threw away the lance,
 Which he had grasped in that strong trance ;
 Spurned it, like something that would stand
 Between him and the pure intent
 Of love on which his soul was bent.

500

510

520

' For thee, for thee, is left the sense
 Of trial past without offence
 To God or man ; such innocence,
 Such consolation, and the excess
 Of an unmerited distress ;
 In that thy very strength must lie.
 —O Sister, I could prophesy !

¹ See the old Ballad,—'The Rising of the North.'

The time is come that rings the knell
Of all we loved, and loved so well :
Hope nothing, if I thus may speak 530
To thee, a woman, and thence weak :
Hope nothing, I repeat ; for we
Are doomed to perish utterly :
'Tis meet that thou with me divide
The thought while I am by thy side,
Acknowledging a grace in this,
A comfort in the dark abyss.
But look not for me when I am gone,
And be no farther wrought upon :
Farewell all wishes, all debate, 540
All prayers for this cause, or for that !
Weep, if that aid thee ; but depend
Upon no help of outward friend ;
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave
To fortitude without reprieve.
For we must fall, both we and ours—
This Mansion and these pleasant bowers,
Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead, hall—
Our fate is theirs, will reach them all ;
The young horse must forsake his manger, 550
And learn to glory in a Stranger ;
The hawk forget his perch ; the hound
Be parted from his ancient ground :
The blast will sweep us all away—
One desolation, one decay !
And even this Creature !' which words saying,
He pointed to a lovely Doe,
A few steps distant, feeding, straying ;
Fair Creature, and more white than snow !
' Even she will to her peaceful woods 560
Return, and to her murmuring floods,
And be in heart and soul the same
She was before she hither came ;
Ere she had learned to love us all,
Herself beloved in Rylstone-hall.
—But thou, my Sister, doomed to be
The last leaf on a blasted tree ;
If not in vain we breathed the breath
Together of a purer faith ;
If hand in hand we have been led, 570
And thou, (O happy thought this day !)
Not seldom foremost in the way ;
If on one thought our minds have fed,
And we have in one meaning read ;

If, when at home our private weal
 Hath suffered from the shock of zeal,
 Together we have learned to prize
 Forbearance and self-sacrifice ;
 If we like combatants have fared,
 And for this issue been prepared ; 580
 If thou art beautiful, and youth
 And thought endue thee with all truth—
 Be strong ;—be worthy of the grace
 Of God, and fill thy destined place :
 A Soul, by force of sorrows high,
 Uplifted to the purest sky
 Of undisturbed humanity !'

He ended,—or she heard no more ;
 He led her from the yew-tree shade,
 And at the mansion's silent door, 590
 He kissed the consecrated Maid ;
 And down the valley then pursued,
 Alone, the armed Multitude.

CANTO THIRD

Now joy for you who from the towers
 Of Brancepeth look in doubt and fear,
 Telling melancholy hours !
 Proclaim it, let your Masters hear
 That Norton with his band is near !
 The watchmen from their station high
 Pronounced the word,—and the Earls descry, 600
 Well-pleased, the armed Company
 Marching down the banks of Were.

Said fearless Norton to the pair
 Gone forth to greet him on the plain—
 ' This meeting, noble Lords ! looks fair,
 I bring with me a goodly train ;
 Their hearts are with you : hill and dale
 Have helped us : Ure we crossed, and Swale,
 And horse and harness followed—see
 The best part of their Yeomanry ! 610
 —Stand forth, my Sons !—these eight are mine,
 Whom to this service I commend ;
 Which way soe'er our fate incline,
 These will be faithful to the end ;
 They are my all '—voice failed him here—
 ' My all save one, a Daughter dear !

Whom I have left, Love's mildest birth,
The meekest Child on this blessed earth.
I had—but these are by my side,
These Eight, and this is a day of pride !
The time is ripe. With festive din
Lo ! how the people are flocking in,—
Like hungry fowl to the feeder's hand
When snow lies heavy upon the land.'

620

He spake bare truth ; for far and near
From every side came noisy swarms
Of Peasants in their homely gear ;
And, mixed with these, to Brancepeth came
Grave Gentry of estate and name,
And Captains known for worth in arms ;
And prayed the Earls in self-defence
To rise, and prove their innocence.—
' Rise, noble Earls, put forth your might
For holy Church, and the People's right ! '

630

The Norton fixed, at this demand,
His eye upon Northumberland,
And said ; ' The Minds of Men will own
No loyal rest while England's Crown
Remains without an Heir, the bait
Of strife and factions desperate ;
Who, paying deadly hate in kind
Through all things else, in this can find
A mutual hope, a common mind ;
And plot, and pant to overwhelm
All ancient honour in the realm.
—Brave Earls ! to whose heroic veins
Our noblest blood is given in trust,
To you a suffering State complains,
And ye must raise her from the dust.
With wishes of still bolder scope
On you we look, with dearest hope ;
Even for our Altars—for the prize
In Heaven, of life that never dies ;
For the old and holy Church we mourn,
And must in joy to her return.
Behold ! '—and from his Son whose stand
Was on his right, from that guardian hand
He took the Banner, and unfurled
The precious folds—' behold,' said he,
' The ransom of a sinful world ;
Let this your preservation be ;

640

650

660

The wounds of hands and feet and side,
 And the sacred Cross on which Jesus died.
 —This bring I from an ancient hearth,
 These Records wrought in pledge of love
 By hands of no ignoble birth,
 A Maid o'er whom the blessed Dove
 Vouchsafed in gentleness to brood
 While she the holy work pursued.
 'Uplift the Standard!' was the cry 670
 From all the listeners that stood round,
 'Plant it,—by this we live or die.'
 The Norton ceased not for that sound,
 But said; 'The prayer which ye have heard,
 Much injured Earls! by these preferred,
 Is offered to the Saints, the sigh
 Of tens of thousands, secretly.'
 'Uplift it!' cried once more the Band,
 And then a thoughtful pause ensued:
 'Uplift it!' said Northumberland— 680
 Whereat, from all the multitude
 Who saw the Banner reared on high
 In all its dread emblazonry,
 A voice of uttermost joy brake out:
 The transport was rolled down the river of Were,
 And Durham, the time-honoured Durham, did
 hear,
 And the towers of Saint Cuthbert were stirred by
 the shout!

Now was the North in arms:—they shine
 In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,
 At Percy's voice: and Neville sees 690
 His Followers gathering in from Tees,
 From Were, and all the little rills
 Concealed among the forked hills—
 Seven hundred Knights, Retainers all
 Of Neville, at their Master's call
 Had sate together in Raby Hall!
 Such strength that Earldom held of yore;
 Nor wanted at this time rich store
 Of well-appointed chivalry.
 —Not loth the sleepy lance to wield, 700
 And greet the old paternal shield,
 They heard the summons;—and, furthermore,
 Horsemen and Foot of each degree,
 Unbound by pledge of fealty,

Appeared, with free and open hate
Of novelties in Church and State ;
Knight, burgher, yeoman, and esquire,
And Romish priest, in priest's attire.
And thus, in arms, a zealous Band
Proceeding under joint command, 710
To Durham first their course they bear ;
And in Saint Cuthbert's ancient seat
Sang mass,—and tore the book of prayer,—
And trod the bible beneath their feet.

Thence marching southward smooth and free
' They mustered their host at Wetherby,
Full sixteen thousand fair to see ' ;¹
The Choicest Warriors of the North !
But none for beauty and for worth
Like those eight Sons—who, in a ring, 720
(Ripe men, or blooming in life's spring)
Each with a lance, erect and tall,
A falchion, and a buckler small,
Stood by their Sire, on Clifford-moor,
To guard the Standard which he bore.
On foot they girt their Father round ;
And so will keep the appointed ground
Where'er their march : no steed will he
Henceforth bestride ;—triumphantly
He stands upon the grassy sod, 730
Trusting himself to the earth, and God.
Rare sight to embolden and inspire !
Proud was the field of Sons and Sire ;
Of him the most ; and, sooth to say,
No shape of man in all the array
So graced the sunshine of that day.
The monumental pomp of age
Was with this goodly Personage ;
A stature undepressed in size,
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise, 740
In open victory o'er the weight
Of seventy years, to loftier height ;
Magnific limbs of withered state ;
A face to fear and venerate ;
Eyes dark and strong ; and on his head
Bright locks of silver hair, thick spread,
Which a brown morion half-concealed,
Light as a hunter's of the field ;

¹ From the old Ballad.

And thus, with girdle round his waist,
Whereon the Banner-staff might rest 750
At need, he stood, advancing high
The glittering, floating Pageantry.

Who sees him?—thousands see, and One
With unparticipated gaze ;
Who, 'mong those thousands, friend hath none,
And treads in solitary ways.
He, following wheresoe'er he might,
Hath watched the Banner from afar,
As shepherds watch a lonely star,
Or mariners the distant light 760
That guides them through a stormy night.
And now, upon a chosen plot
Of rising ground, yon heathy spot !
He takes alone his far-off stand,
With breast unmailed, unweaponed hand.
Bold is his aspect ; but his eye
Is pregnant with anxiety,
While, like a tutelary Power,
He there stands fixed from hour to hour :
Yet sometimes in more humble guise 770
Upon the turf-clad height he lies
Stretched, herdsman-like, as if to bask
In sunshine were his only task,
Or by his mantle's help to find
A shelter from the nipping wind :
And thus, with short oblivion blest,
His weary spirits gather rest.
Again he lifts his eyes ; and lo !
The pageant glancing to and fro ;
And hope is wakened by the sight, 780
He thence may learn, ere fall of night,
Which way the tide is doomed to flow.

To London were the Chieftains bent ;
But what avails the bold intent ?
A Royal army is gone forth
To quell the RISING OF THE NORTH ;
They march with Dudley at their head,
And, in seven days' space, will to York be led !—
Can such a mighty host be raised
Thus suddenly, and brought so near ? 790
The Earls upon each other gazed,
And Neville's cheek grew pale with fear ;

For, with a high and valiant name,
 He bore a heart of timid frame ;
 And bold if both had been, yet they
 ' Against so many may not stay.'¹
 Back therefore will they hie to seize
 A strong Hold on the banks of Tees ;
 There wait a favourable hour,
 Until Lord Dacre with his power 800
 From Naworth come ; and Howard's aid
 Be with them openly displayed.

While through the Host, from man to man,
 A rumour of this purpose ran,
 The Standard trusting to the care
 Of him who heretofore did bear
 That charge, impatient Norton sought
 The Chieftains to unfold his thought,
 And thus abruptly spake ;—' We yield 810
 (And can it be ?) an unfought field !—
 How oft has strength, the strength of heaven,
 To few triumphantly been given !
 Still do our very children boast
 Of mitred Thurston—what a Host
 He conquered !—Saw we not the Plain
 (And flying shall behold again)
 Where faith was proved ?—while to battle moved
 The Standard, on the Sacred Wain
 That bore it, compassed round by a bold 820
 Fraternity of Barons old ;
 And with those grey-haired champions stood,
 Under the saintly ensigns three,
 The infant Heir of Mowbray's blood—
 All confident of victory !
 Shall Percy blush, then, for his name ?
 Must Westmoreland be asked with shame
 Whose were the numbers, where the loss,
 In that other day of Neville's Cross ?
 When the Prior of Durham with holy hand
 Raised, as the Vision gave command, 830
 Saint Cuthbert's Relic—far and near
 Kenned on the point of a lofty spear ;
 While the Monks prayed in Maiden's Bower
 To God descending in his power.
 Less would not at our need be due
 To us, who war against the Untrue ;—

¹ From the old Ballad.

The delegates of Heaven we rise,
 Convoked the impious to chastise :
 We, we, the sanctities of old
 Would re-establish and uphold : 840
 Be warned '—His zeal the Chiefs confounded,
 But word was given, and the trumpet sounded :
 Back through the melancholy Host
 Went Norton, and resumed his post.
 Alas! thought he, and have I borne
 This Banner raised with joyful pride,
 This hope of all posterity,
 By those dread symbols sanctified ;
 Thus to become at once the scorn
 Of babbling winds as they go by, 850
 A spot of shame to the sun's bright eye,
 To the light clouds a mockery !
 —'Even these poor eight of mine would
 stem—'
 Half to himself, and half to them
 He spake—' would stem, or quell, a force
 Ten times their number, man and horse ;
 This by their own unaided might,
 Without their father in their sight,
 Without the Cause for which they fight ;
 A Cause, which on a needful day 860
 Would breed us thousands brave as they.'
 —So speaking, he his reverend head
 Raised toward that Imagery once more :
 But the familiar prospect shed
 Despondency unfelt before :
 A shock of intimations vain,
 Dismay, and superstitious pain,
 Fell on him, with the sudden thought
 Of her by whom the work was wrought :—
 Oh! wherefore was her countenance bright 870
 With love divine and gentle light ?
 She would not, could not, disobey,
 But her Faith leaned another way.
 Ill tears she wept ; I saw them fall,
 I overheard her as she spake
 Sad words to that mute Animal,
 The White Doe, in the hawthorn brake ;
 She steeped, but not for Jesu's sake,
 This Cross in tears : by her, and One
 Unworthier far we are undone— 880
 Her recreant Brother—he prevailed
 Over that tender Spirit—assailed

Too oft, alas ! by her whose head
In the cold grave hath long been laid :
She first in reason's dawn beguiled
Her docile, unsuspecting Child :
Far back—far back my mind must go
To reach the well-spring of this woe !

While thus he brooded, music sweet
Of border tunes was played to cheer
The footsteps of a quick retreat ;
But Norton lingered in the rear,
Stung with sharp thoughts ; and, ere the last
From his distracted brain was cast,
Before his Father, Francis stood,
And spake in firm and earnest mood.

890

‘ Though here I bend a suppliant knee
In reverence, and unarmed, I bear
In your indignant thoughts my share ;
Am grieved this backward march to see
So careless and disorderly.
I scorn your Chiefs—men who would lead,
And yet want courage at their need :
Then look at them with open eyes !
Deserve they further sacrifice ?—
If—when they shrink, nor dare oppose
In open field their gathering foes,
(And fast, from this decisive day,
Yon multitude must melt away ;)
If now I ask a grace not claimed
While ground was left for hope ; unblamed
Be an endeavour that can do
No injury to them or you.
My Father ! I would help to find
A place of shelter, till the rage
Of cruel men do like the wind
Exhaust itself and sink to rest ;
Be Brother now to Brother joined !
Admit me in the equipage
Of your misfortunes, that at least,
Whatever fate remain behind,
I may bear witness in my breast
To your nobility of mind !’

900

910

920

‘ Thou Enemy, my bane and blight !
Oh ! bold to fight the Coward's fight

Against all good '—but why declare,
 At length, the issue of a prayer
 Which love had prompted, yielding scope
 Too free to one bright moment's hope?
 Suffice it that the Son, who strove
 With fruitless effort to allay
 That passion, prudently gave way;
 Nor did he turn aside to prove
 His Brothers' wisdom or their love—
 But calmly from the spot withdrew;
 His best endeavours to renew,
 Should e'er a kindlier time ensue.

930

CANTO FOURTH

'Tis night: in silence looking down,
 The Moon from cloudless ether sees
 A Camp, and a beleaguered Town,
 And Castle like a stately crown
 On the steep rocks of winding Tees;—
 And southward far, with moor between,
 Hill-top, and flood, and forest green,
 The bright Moon sees that valley small
 Where Rylstone's old sequestered Hall
 A venerable image yields
 Of quiet to the neighbouring fields;
 While from one pillared chimney breathes
 The smoke, and mounts in silver wreaths.
 —The courts are hushed;—for timely sleep
 The greyhounds to their kennel creep;
 The peacock in the broad ash-tree
 Aloft is roosted for the night,
 He who in proud prosperity
 Of colours manifold and bright
 Walked round, affronting the day-light;
 And higher still, above the bower
 Where he is perched, from yon lone Tower
 The hall-clock in the clear moon-shine
 With glittering finger points at nine.

940

950

960

Ah! who could think that sadness here
 Hath any sway? or pain, or fear?
 A soft and lulling sound is heard
 Of streams inaudible by day;
 The garden pool's dark surface, stirred
 By the night insects in their play,

Breaks into dimples small and bright ;
A thousand, thousand rings of light
That shape themselves and disappear 970
Almost as soon as seen :—and lo !
Not distant far, the milk-white Doe—
The same who quietly was feeding
On the green herb, and nothing heeding,
When Francis, uttering to the Maid
His last words in the yew-tree shade,
Involved whate'er by love was brought
Out of his heart, or crossed his thought,
Or chance presented to his eye,
In one sad sweep of destiny— 980
The same fair Creature, who hath found
Her way into forbidden ground ;
Where now—within this spacious plot
For pleasure made, a goodly spot,
With lawns and beds of flowers, and shades
Of trellis-work in long arcades,
And cirque and crescent framed by wall
Of close-clipt foliage green and tall,
Converging walks, and fountains gay,
And terraces in trim array— 990
Beneath yon cypress spiring high,
With pine and cedar spreading wide
Their darksome boughs on either side,
In open moonlight doth she lie ;
Happy as others of her kind,
That, far from human neighbourhood,
Range unrestricted as the wind,
Through park, or chase, or savage wood.

But see the consecrated Maid
Emerging from a cedar shade 1000
To open moonshine, where the Doe
Beneath the cypress-spire is laid ;
Like a patch of April snow
Upon a bed of herbage green—
Lingering in a woody glade,
Or behind a rocky screen—
Lonely relic ! which, if seen
By the shepherd, is passed by
With an inattentive eye.
Nor more regard doth She bestow 1010
Upon the uncomplaining Doe
Now couched at ease, though oft this day

Not unperplexed nor free from pain,
 When she had tried, and tried in vain,
 Approaching in her gentle way,
 To win some look of love, or gain
 Encouragement to sport or play ;
 Attempts which still the heart-sick Maid
 Rejected, or with slight repaid.

Yet Emily is soothed ;—the breeze
 Came fraught with kindly sympathies.
 As she approached yon rustic Shed
 Hung with late-flowering woodbine, spread
 Along the walls and overhead,
 The fragrance of the breathing flowers
 Revived a memory of those hours
 When here, in this remote alcove,
 (While from the pendent woodbine came
 Like odours, sweet as if the same)
 A fondly-anxious Mother strove
 To teach her salutary fears
 And mysteries above her years.
 Yes, she is soothed : an Image faint,
 And yet not faint—a presence bright
 Returns to her—that blessèd Saint
 Who with mild looks and language mild
 Instructed here her darling Child,
 While yet a prattler on the knee,
 To worship in simplicity
 The invisible God, and take for guide
 The faith reformed and purified.

1020

1030

1040

'Tis flown—the Vision, and the sense
 Of that beguiling influence ;
 ' But oh ! thou Angel from above,
 Mute Spirit of maternal love,
 That stood'st before my eyes, more clear
 Than ghosts are fabled to appear
 Sent upon embassies of fear ;
 As thou thy presence hast to me
 Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry
 Descend on Francis ; nor forbear
 To greet him with a voice, and say ;—
 " If hope be a rejected stay,
 Do thou, my christian Son, beware
 Of that most lamentable snare,
 The self-reliance of despair ! "'

1050

Then from within the embowered retreat
Where she had found a grateful seat
Perturbed she issues. She will go !
Herself will follow to the war,
And clasp her Father's knees ;—ah, no !
She meets the insuperable bar,
The injunction by her Brother laid ;
His parting charge—but ill obeyed—
That interdicted all debate,
All prayer for this cause or for that ;
All efforts that would turn aside
The headstrong current of their fate :
Her duty is to stand and wait ;
In resignation to abide

1060

1070

The shock, AND FINALLY SECURE
O'ER PAIN AND GRIEF A TRIUMPH PURE.
—She feels it, and her pangs are checked.
But now, as silently she paced
The turf, and thought by thought was chased,
Came One who, with sedate respect,
Approached, and, greeting her, thus spake ;
'An old man's privilege I take :
Dark is the time—a woeful day !
Dear daughter of affliction, say
How can I serve you ? point the way.'

1080

'Rights have you, and may well be bold :
You with my Father have grown old
In friendship—strive—for his sake go—
Turn from us all the coming woe :
This would I beg ; but on my mind
A passive stillness is enjoined.
On you, if room for mortal aid
Be left, is no restriction laid ;
You not forbidden to recline
With hope upon the Will divine.'

1090

'Hope,' said the old Man, 'must abide
With all of us whate'er betide.
In Craven's Wilds is many a den,
To shelter persecuted men :
Far under ground is many a cave,
Where they might lie as in the grave,
Until this storm hath ceased to rave :
Or let them cross the River Tweed,
And be at once from peril freed !'

1100

‘Ah tempt me not!’ she faintly sighed;
 ‘I will not counsel nor exhort,
 With my condition satisfied;
 But you, at least, may make report
 Of what befalls;—be this your task—
 This may be done;—’tis all I ask!’

She spake—and from the Lady’s sight
 The Sire, unconscious of his age,
 Departed promptly as a Page
 Bound on some errand of delight. 1110
 —The noble Francis—wise as brave,
 Thought he, may want not skill to save.
 With hopes in tenderness concealed,
 Unarmed he followed to the field;
 Him will I seek: the insurgent Powers
 Are now besieging Barnard’s Towers,—
 ‘Grant that the Moon which shines this night
 May guide them in a prudent flight!’

But quick the turns of chance and change,
 And knowledge has a narrow range; 1120
 Whence idle fears, and needless pain,
 And wishes blind, and efforts vain.—
 The Moon may shine, but cannot be
 Their guide in flight—already she
 Hath witnessed their captivity.
 She saw the desperate assault
 Upon that hostile castle made;—
 But dark and dismal is the vault
 Where Norton and his sons are laid!
 Disastrous issue!—he had said 1130
 ‘This night yon faithless Towers must yield,
 Or we for ever quit the field.
 —Neville is utterly dismayed,
 For promise fails of Howard’s aid;
 And Dacre to our call replies
 That *he* is unprepared to rise.
 My heart is sick;—this weary pause
 Must needs be fatal to our cause.
 The breach is open—on the wall,
 This night,—the Banner shall be planted!’ 1140
 —’Twas done: his Sons were with him—all;
 They belt him round with hearts undaunted;
 And others follow;—Sire and Son
 Leap down into the court;—‘’Tis won’—

They shout aloud—but Heaven decreed
 That with their joyful shout should close
 The triumph of a desperate deed
 Which struck with terror friends and foes !
 The friend shrinks back—the foe recoils
 From Norton and his filial band ;
 But they, now caught within the toils,
 Against a thousand cannot stand ;—
 The foe from numbers courage drew,
 And overpowered that gallant few.
 ‘A rescue for the Standard !’ cried
 The Father from within the walls ;
 But, see, the sacred Standard falls !—
 Confusion through the Camp spread wide :
 Some fled ; and some their fears detained :
 But ere the Moon had sunk to rest
 In her pale chambers of the west,
 Of that rash levy nought remained.

1150

1160

CANTO FIFTH

High on a point of rugged ground
 Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell,
 Above the loftiest ridge or mound
 Where foresters or shepherds dwell,
 An edifice of warlike frame
 Stands single—Norton Tower its name—
 It fronts all quarters, and looks round
 O'er path and road, and plain and dell,
 Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream,
 Upon a prospect without bound.

1170

The summit of this bold ascent—
 Though bleak and bare, and seldom free
 As Pendle-hill or Pennygent
 From wind, or frost, or vapours wet—
 Had often heard the sound of glee
 When there the youthful Nortons met,
 To practise games and archery :
 How proud and happy they ! the crowd
 Of Lookers-on how pleased and proud !
 And from the scorching noon-tide sun,
 From showers, or when the prize was won,
 They to the Tower withdrew, and there
 Would mirth run round, with generous fare ;
 And the stern old Lord of Rylstone-hall
 Was happiest, proudest, of them all !

1180

But now, his Child, with anguish pale,
 Upon the height walks to and fro ;
 'Tis well that she hath heard the tale, 1190
 Received the bitterness of woe :
 For she *had* hoped, had hoped and feared,
 Such rights did feeble nature claim ;
 And oft her steps had hither steered,
 Though not unconscious of self-blame ;
 For she her brother's charge revered,
 His farewell words ; and by the same,
 Yea, by her brother's very name,
 Had, in her solitude, been cheered.

Beside the lonely watch-tower stood 1200
 That grey-haired Man of gentle blood,
 Who with her Father had grown old
 In friendship ; rival hunters they,
 And fellow warriors in their day ;
 To Rylstone he the tidings brought ;
 Then on this height the Maid had sought,
 And, gently as he could, had told
 The end of that dire Tragedy,
 Which it had been his lot to see.

To him the Lady turned ; ' You said 1210
 That Francis lives, *he* is not dead ? '

' Your noble brother hath been spared ;
 To take his life they have not dared ;
 On him and on his high endeavour
 The light of praise shall shine for ever !
 Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain
 His solitary course maintain ;
 Not vainly struggled in the might
 Of duty, seeing with clear sight ;
 He was their comfort to the last, 1220
 Their joy till every pang was past.

' I witnessed when to York they came—
 What, Lady, if their feet were tied ;
 They might deserve a good Man's blame ;
 But marks of infamy and shame—
 These were their triumph, these their pride ;
 Nor wanted 'mid the pressing crowd
 Deep feeling, that found utterance loud,

“Lo, Francis comes,” there were who cried,
“A Prisoner once, but now set free !
’Tis well, for he the worst defied
Through force of natural piety ;
He rose not in this quarrel, he,
For concord’s sake and England’s good,
Suit to his Brothers often made
With tears, and of his Father prayed—
And when he had in vain withstood
Their purpose—then did he divide,
He parted from them ; but at their side
Now walks in unanimity.
Then peace to cruelty and scorn,
While to the prison they are borne,
Peace, peace to all indignity !”

1230

1240

‘And so in Prison were they laid—
Oh hear me, hear me, gentle Maid,
For I am come with power to bless,
By scattering gleams, through your distress,
Of a redeeming happiness.
Me did a reverent pity move
And privilege of ancient love ;
And, in your service, making bold,
Entrance I gained to that strong-hold.

1250

‘Your Father gave me cordial greeting ;
But to his purposes, that burned
Within him, instantly returned :
He was commanding and entreating,
And said—“We need not stop, my Son !
Thoughts press, and time is hurrying on”—
And so to Francis he renewed
His words, more calmly thus pursued.

1260

“Might this our enterprise have sped,
Change wide and deep the Land had seen,
A renovation from the dead,
A spring-tide of immortal green :
The darksome altars would have blazed
Like stars when clouds are rolled away ;
Salvation to all eyes that gazed,
Once more the Rood had been upraised
To spread its arms, and stand for aye.
Then, then—had I survived to see
New life in Bolton Priory ;

1270

The voice restored, the eye of Truth
 Re-opened that inspired my youth ;
 To see her in her pomp arrayed—
 This Banner (for such vow I made)
 Should on the consecrated breast
 Of that same Temple have found rest :
 I would myself have hung it high,
 Fit offering of glad victory !

“ A shadow of such thought remains
 To cheer this sad and pensive time ;
 A solemn fancy yet sustains
 One feeble Being—bids me climb
 Even to the last—one effort more
 To attest my Faith, if not restore.

1280

“ Hear then,” said he, “ while I impart,
 My Son, the last wish of my heart.
 The Banner strive thou to regain ;
 And, if the endeavour prove not vain,
 Bear it—to whom if not to thee
 Shall I this lonely thought consign?—
 Bear it to Bolton Priory,
 And lay it on Saint Mary’s shrine ;
 To wither in the sun and breeze
 ’Mid those decaying sanctities.
 There let at least the gift be laid,
 The testimony there displayed ;
 Bold proof that with no selfish aim,
 But for lost Faith and Christ’s dear name,
 I helmeted a brow though white,
 And took a place in all men’s sight ;
 Yea, offered up this noble Brood,
 This fair unrivalled Brotherhood,
 And turned away from thee, my Son !
 And left—but be the rest unsaid,
 The name untouched, the tear unshed ;—
 My wish is known, and I have done :
 Now promise, grant this one request,
 This dying prayer, and be thou blest !”

1290

1300

‘ Then Francis answered—“ Trust thy Son, 1310
 For, with God’s will, it shall be done !”—

‘ The pledge obtained, the solemn word
 Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,
 And Officers appeared in state
 To lead the prisoners to their fate.

They rose, oh ! wherefore should I fear
To tell, or, Lady, you to hear ?
They rose—embraces none were given—
They stood like trees when earth and heaven
Are calm ; they knew each other's worth, 1320
And reverently the Band went forth.
They met, when they had reached the door,
One with profane and harsh intent
Placed there—that he might go before
And, with that rueful Banner borne
Aloft in sign of taunting scorn,
Conduct them to their punishment :
So cruel Sussex, unrestrained
By human feeling, had ordained.
The unhappy Banner Francis saw, 1330
And, with a look of calm command
Inspiring universal awe,
He took it from the soldier's hand ;
And all the people that stood round
Confirmed the deed in peace profound.
—High transport did the Father shed
Upon his Son—and they were led,
Led on, and yielded up their breath ;
Together died, a happy death !—
But Francis, soon as he had braved 1340
That insult, and the Banner saved,
Athwart the unresisting tide
Of the spectators occupied
In admiration or dismay,
Bore instantly his Charge away.'

These things, which thus had in the sight
And hearing passed of Him who stood
With Emily, on the Watch-tower height,
In Rylstone's woeful neighbourhood,
He told ; and oftentimes with voice 1350
Of power to comfort or rejoice ;
For deepest sorrows that aspire
Go high, no transport ever higher.
'Yes—God is rich in mercy,' said
The old Man to the silent Maid,
'Yet, Lady ! shines, through this black night,
One star of aspect heavenly bright ;
Your Brother lives—he lives—is come
Perhaps already to his home ;
Then let us leave this dreary place.' 1360
She yielded, and with gentle pace,

Though without one uplifted look,
To Rylstone-hall her way she took.

CANTO SIXTH

Why comes not Francis?—From the doleful City
He fled,—and, in his flight, could hear
The death-sounds of the Minster-bell:
That sullen stroke pronounced farewell
To Marmaduke, cut off from pity!
To Ambrose that! and then a knell
For him, the sweet half-opened Flower! 1370
For all—all dying in one hour!
—Why comes not Francis? Thoughts of love
Should bear him to his Sister dear
With the fleet motion of a dove;
Yea, like a heavenly messenger
Of speediest wing, should he appear.
Why comes he not?—for westward fast
Along the plain of York he past;
Reckless of what impels or leads,
Unchecked he hurries on;—nor heeds 1380
The sorrow, through the Villages,
Spread by triumphant cruelties
Of vengeful military force,
And punishment without remorse.
He marked not, heard not, as he fled;
All but the suffering heart was dead
For him abandoned to blank awe,
To vacancy, and horror strong:
And the first object which he saw,
With conscious sight, as he swept along— 1390
It was the Banner in his hand!
He felt—and made a sudden stand.

He looked about like one betrayed:
What hath he done? what promise made?
Oh weak, weak moment! to what end
Can such a vain oblation tend,
And he the Bearer?—Can he go
Carrying this instrument of woe,
And find, find anywhere, a right
To excuse him in his Country's sight? 1400
No; will not all men deem the change
A downward course, perverse and strange?
Here is it;—but how? when? must she,
The unoffending Emily,
Again this piteous object see?

Such conflict long did he maintain,
Nor liberty nor rest could gain :
His own life into danger brought
By this sad burden—even that thought,
Exciting self-suspicion strong, 1410
Swayed the brave man to his wrong.
And how—unless it were the sense
Of all-disposing Providence,
Its will unquestionably shown—
How has the Banner clung so fast
To a palsied, and unconscious hand ;
Clung to the hand to which it passed
Without impediment ? And why,
But that Heaven's purpose might be known,
Doth now no hindrance meet his eye, 1420
No intervention, to withstand
Fulfilment of a Father's prayer
Breathed to a Son forgiven, and blest
When all resentments were at rest,
And life in death laid the heart bare ?—
Then, like a spectre sweeping by,
Rushed through his mind the prophecy
Of utter desolation made
To Emily in the yew-tree shade :
He sighed, submitting will and power 1430
To the stern embrace of that grasping hour.
'No choice is left, the deed is mine—
Dead are they, dead !—and I will go,
And, for their sakes, come weal or woe,
Will lay the Relic on the shrine.'

So forward with a steady will
He went, and traversed plain and hill ;
And up the vale of Wharf his way
Pursued ;—and, at the dawn of day,
Attained a summit whence his eyes 1440
Could see the Tower of Bolton rise.
There Francis for a moment's space
Made halt—but hark ! a noise behind
Of horsemen at an eager pace !
He heard, and with misgiving mind.
—'Tis Sir George Bowes who leads the Band :
They come, by cruel Sussex sent ;
Who, when the Nortons from the hand
Of death had drunk their punishment,
Bethought him, angry and ashamed, 1450
How Francis, with the Banner claimed

As his own charge, had disappeared,
 By all the standers-by revered.
 His whole bold carriage (which had quelled
 Thus far the Opposer, and repelled
 All censure,—enterprise so bright
 That even bad men had vainly striven
 Against that overcoming light)
 Was then reviewed, and prompt word given,
 That to what place soever fled
 He should be seized, alive or dead.

1460

The troop of horse have gained the height
 Where Francis stood in open sight.
 They hem him round—‘Behold the proof,’
 They cried, ‘the Ensign in his hand!’
He did not arm, he walked aloof!
 For why?—to save his Father’s land;—
 Worst Traitor of them all is he,
 A Traitor dark and cowardly!’

‘I am no Traitor,’ Francis said,
 ‘Though this unhappy freight I bear;
 And must not part with. But beware;—
 Err not, by hasty zeal misled,
 Nor do a suffering Spirit wrong,
 Whose self-reproaches are too strong!’
 At this he from the beaten road
 Retreated towards a brake of thorn,
 That like a place of vantage showed;
 And there stood bravely, though forlorn.
 In self-defence with warlike brow

1470

He stood,—nor weaponless was now;
 He from a Soldier’s hand had snatched
 A spear,—and, so protected, watched
 The Assailants, turning round and round;
 But from behind with treacherous wound
 A Spearman brought him to the ground.
 The guardian lance, as Francis fell,
 Dropped from him; but his other hand
 The Banner clenched; till, from out the
 Band,

1480

One, the most eager for the prize,
 Rushed in; and—while, O grief to tell!
 A glimmering sense still left, with eyes
 Unclosed the noble Francis lay—
 Seized it, as hunters seize their prey;

1490

But not before the warm life-blood
 Had tinged more deeply, as it flowed,
 The wounds the broidered Banner showed,
 Thy fatal work, O Maiden, innocent as good !

Proudly the Horsemen bore away
 The Standard ; and where Francis lay 1500
 There was he left alone, unwept,
 And for two days unnoticed slept.
 For at that time bewildering fear
 Possessed the country, far and near ;
 But, on the third day, passing by
 One of the Norton Tenantry
 Espied the uncovered Corse ; the Man
 Shrunk as he recognised the face,
 And to the nearest homesteads ran
 And called the people to the place. 1510
 —How desolate is Rylstone-hall !
 This was the instant thought of all ;
 And if the lonely Lady there
 Should be ; to her they cannot bear
 This weight of anguish and despair.
 So, when upon sad thoughts had prest
 Thoughts sadder still, they deemed it best
 That, if the Priest should yield assent
 And no one hinder their intent,
 Then, they, for Christian pity's sake, 1520
 In holy ground a grave would make ;
 And straightway buried he should be
 In the Churchyard of the Priory.

Apart, some little space, was made
 The grave where Francis must be laid.
 In no confusion or neglect
 This did they,—but in pure respect
 That he was born of gentle blood ;
 And that there was no neighbourhood
 Of kindred for him in that ground : 1530
 So to the Churchyard they are bound,
 Bearing the body on a bier ;
 And psalms they sing—a holy sound
 That hill and vale with sadness hear.

But Emily hath raised her head,
 And is again disquieted ;
 She must behold !—so many gone,
 Where is the solitary One ?

And forth from Rylstone-hall stepped she,—
 To seek her Brother forth she went,
 And tremblingly her course she bent
 Toward Bolton's ruined Priory.
 She comes, and in the vale hath heard
 The funeral dirge ;—she sees the knot
 Of people, sees them in one spot—
 And darting like a wounded bird
 She reached the grave, and with her breast
 Upon the ground received the rest,—
 The consummation, the whole ruth
 And sorrow of this final truth !

1540

1550

CANTO SEVENTH

' Powers there are
 That touch each other to the quick—in modes
 Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
 No soul to dream of.'

THOU Spirit, whose angelic hand
 Was to the harp a strong command,
 Called the submissive strings to wake
 In glory for this Maiden's sake,
 Say, Spirit ! whither hath she fled
 To hide her poor afflicted head ?
 What mighty forest in its gloom
 Enfolds her ?—is a rifted tomb
 Within the wilderness her seat ?
 Some island which the wild waves beat—
 Is that the Sufferer's last retreat ?
 Or some aspiring rock, that shrouds
 Its perilous front in mists and clouds ?
 High-climbing rock, low sunless dale,
 Sea, desert, what do these avail ?
 Oh take her anguish and her fears
 Into a deep recess of years !

1560

'Tis done ;—despoil and desolation
 O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown ;
 Pools, terraces, and walks are sown
 With weeds ; the bowers are overthrown,
 Or have given way to slow mutation,
 While, in their ancient habitation
 The Norton name hath been unknown.
 The lordly Mansion of its pride
 Is stripped ; the ravage hath spread wide
 Through park and field, a perishing
 That mocks the gladness of the Spring !

1570

And, with this silent gloom agreeing,
Appears a joyless human Being, 1580
Of aspect such as if the waste
Were under her dominion placed.
Upon a primrose bank, her throne
Of quietness, she sits alone ;
Among the ruins of a wood,
Erewhile a covert bright and green,
And where full many a brave tree stood,
That used to spread its boughs, and ring
With the sweet bird's carolling.
Behold her, like a virgin Queen, 1590
Neglecting in imperial state
These outward images of fate,
And carrying inward a serene
And perfect sway, through many a thought
Of chance and change, that hath been brought
To the subjection of a holy,
Though stern and rigorous, melancholy !
The like authority, with grace
Of awfulness, is in her face,—
There hath she fixed it ; yet it seems 1600
To o'ershadow by no native right
That face, which cannot lose the gleams,
Lose utterly the tender gleams,
Of gentleness and meek delight,
And loving-kindness ever bright :
Such is her sovereign mien :—her dress
(A vest with woollen cincture tied,
A hood of mountain-wool undyed)
Is homely,—fashioned to express
A wandering Pilgrim's humbleness. 1610

And she *hath* wandered, long and far,
Beneath the light of sun and star ;
Hath roamed in trouble and in grief,
Driven forward like a withered leaf,
Yea, like a ship at random blown
To distant places and unknown.
But now she dares to seek a haven
Among her native wilds of Craven ;
Hath seen again her Father's roof,
And put her fortitude to proof ; 1620
The mighty sorrow hath been borne,
And she is thoroughly forlorn :
Her soul doth in itself stand fast,
Sustained by memory of the past

And strength of Reason ; held above
 The infirmities of mortal love;
 Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,
 And awfully impenetrable.

And so—beneath a mouldered tree,
 A self-surviving leafless oak 1630
 By unregarded age from stroke
 Of ravage saved—sate Emily.
 There did she rest, with head reclined,
 Herself most like a stately flower,
 (Such have I seen) whom chance of birth
 Hath separated from its kind,
 To live and die in a shady bower,
 Single on the gladsome earth.

When, with a noise like distant thunder,
 A troop of deer came sweeping by ; 1640
 And, suddenly, behold a wonder !
 For One, among those rushing deer,
 A single One, in mid career
 Hath stopped, and fixed her large full eye
 Upon the Lady Emily ;
 A Doe most beautiful, clear-white,
 A radiant creature, silver-bright !

Thus checked, a little while it stayed ;
 A little thoughtful pause it made ;
 And then advanced with stealth-like pace, 1650
 Drew softly near her, and more near—
 Looked round—but saw no cause for fear ;
 So to her feet the Creature came,
 And laid its head upon her knee,
 And looked into the Lady's face,
 A look of pure benignity,
 And fond unclouded memory.
 It is, thought Emily, the same,
 The very Doe of other years !—
 The pleading look the Lady viewed, 1660
 And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,
 She melted into tears—
 A flood of tears that flowed apace
 Upon the happy Creature's face.

Oh, moment ever blest ! O Pair
 Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's chosen care,
 This was for you a precious greeting ;
 And may it prove a fruitful meeting !

Joined are they, and the sylvan Doe
Can she depart? can she forego
The Lady, once her playful peer,
And now her sainted Mistress dear?
And will not Emily receive
This lovely chronicler of things
Long past, delights and sorrowings?
Lone Sufferer! will not she believe
The promise in that speaking face;
And welcome, as a gift of grace,
The saddest thought the Creature brings?

1670

That day, the first of a re-union
Which was to teem with high communion,
That day of balmy April weather,
They tarried in the wood together.
And when, ere fall of evening dew,
She from her sylvan haunt withdrew,
The White Doe tracked with faithful pace
The Lady to her dwelling-place;
That nook where, on paternal ground,
A habitation she had found,
The Master of whose humble board
Once owned her Father for his Lord;
A hut, by tufted trees defended,
Where Rylstone brook with Wharf is blended.

1680

1690

When Emily by morning light
Went forth, the Doe stood there in sight.
She shrunk:—with one frail shock of pain
Received and followed by a prayer,
She saw the Creature once again;
Shun will she not, she feels, will bear;—
But, wheresoever she looked round,
All now was trouble-haunted ground;
And therefore now she deems it good
Once more this restless neighbourhood
To leave.—Unwooed, yet unforbidden,
The White Doe followed up the vale,
Up to another cottage, hidden
In the deep fork of Amerdale;
And there may Emily restore
Herself, in spots unseen before.
—Why tell of mossy rock, or tree,
By lurking Dernbrook's pathless side,
Haunts of a strengthening amity
That calmed her, cheered, and fortified?

1700

1710

For she hath ventured now to read
 Of time, and place, and thought, and deed—
 Endless history that lies
 In her silent Follower's eyes ;
 Who with a power like human reason
 Discerns the favourable season,
 Skilled to approach or to retire,—
 From looks conceiving her desire ;
 From look, deportment, voice, or mien,
 That vary to the heart within.
 If she too passionately wreathed
 Her arms, or over-deeply breathed,
 Walked quick or slowly, every mood
 In its degree was understood ;
 Then well may their accord be true,
 And kindest intercourse ensue.
 —Oh ! surely 'twas a gentle rousing
 When she by sudden glimpse espied
 The White Doe on the mountain browsing,
 Or in the meadow wandered wide !
 How pleased, when down the Straggler sank
 Beside her, on some sunny bank !
 How soothed, when in thick bower enclosed,
 They, like a nested pair, reposed !
 Fair Vision ! when it crossed the Maid
 Within some rocky cavern laid,
 The dark cave's portal gliding by,
 White as whitest cloud on high
 Floating through the azure sky.
 —What now is left for pain or fear ?
 That Presence, dearer and more dear,
 While they, side by side, were straying,
 And the shepherd's pipe was playing,
 Did now a very gladness yield
 At morning to the dewy field,
 And with a deeper peace endued
 The hour of moonlight solitude.

1720

1730

1740

1750

With her Companion, in such frame
 Of mind, to Rylstone back she came ;
 And, ranging through the wasted groves,
 Received the memory of old loves,
 Undisturbed and undistrest,
 Into a soul which now was blest
 With a soft spring-day of holy,
 Mild, and grateful, melancholy :

Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,
But by tender fancies brightened.

1760

When the bells of Rylstone played
Their sabbath music—'God us ayde !'
That was the sound they seemed to speak ;
Inscriptive legend which I ween
May on those holy bells be seen,
That legend and her Grandsire's name ;
And oftentimes the Lady meek
Had in her childhood read the same ;
Words which she slighted at that day ;
But now, when such sad change was wrought, 1770
And of that lonely name she thought,
The bells of Rylstone seemed to say,
While she sate listening in the shade,
With vocal music, 'God us ayde' ;
And all the hills were glad to bear
Their part in this effectual prayer.

Nor lacked she Reason's firmest power ;
But with the White Doe at her side
Up would she climb to Norton Tower,
And thence look round her far and wide, 1780
Her fate there measuring ;—all is stilled—
The weak One hath subdued her heart ;
Behold the prophecy fulfilled,
Fulfilled, and she sustains her part !
But here her Brother's words have failed ;
Here hath a milder doom prevailed ;
That she, of him and all bereft,
Hath yet this faithful Partner left ;
This one Associate that disproves
His words, remains for her, and loves. 1790
If tears are shed, they do not fall
For loss of him—for one, or all ;
Yet, sometimes, sometimes doth she weep
Moved gently in her soul's soft sleep ;
A few tears down her cheek descend
For this her last and living Friend.

Bless, tender Hearts, their mutual lot,
And bless for both this savage spot ;
Which Emily doth sacred hold
For reasons dear and manifold— 1800
Here hath she, here before her sight,
Close to the summit of this height,

The grassy rock-encircled Pound
 In which the Creature first was found.
 So beautiful the timid Thrall
 (A spotless Youngling white as foam)
 Her youngest Brother brought it home;
 The youngest, then a lusty boy,
 Bore it, or led, to Rylstone-hall
 With heart brimful of pride and joy!

1810

But most to Bolton's sacred Pile,
 On favouring nights, she loved to go;
 There ranged through cloister, court, and aisle,
 Attended by the soft-paced Doe;
 Nor feared she in the still moonshine
 To look upon Saint Mary's shrine;
 Nor on the lonely turf that showed
 Where Francis slept in his last abode.
 For that she came; there oft she sate
 Forlorn, but not disconsolate:
 And, when she from the abyss returned
 Of thought, she neither shrunk nor mourned;
 Was happy that she lived to greet
 Her mute Companion as it lay
 In love and pity at her feet;
 How happy in its turn to meet
 The recognition! the mild glance
 Beamed from that gracious countenance;
 Communication, like the ray
 Of a new morning, to the nature
 And prospects of the inferior Creature!

1820

1830

A mortal Song we sing, by dower
 Encouraged of celestial power;
 Power which the viewless Spirit shed
 By whom we were first visited;
 Whose voice we heard, whose hand and wings
 Swept like a breeze the conscious strings,
 When, left in solitude, erewhile
 We stood before this ruined Pile,
 And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,
 Sang in this Presence kindred themes;
 Distress and desolation spread
 Through human hearts, and pleasure dead,—
 Dead—but to live again on earth,
 A second and yet nobler birth;
 Dire overthrow, and yet how high
 The re-ascent in sanctity!

1840

From fair to fairer ; day by day
A more divine and loftier way !
Even such this blessed Pilgrim trod,
1850 By sorrow lifted towards her God ;
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed mortality.
Her own thoughts loved she ; and could bend
A dear look to her lowly Friend ;
There stopped ; her thirst was satisfied
With what this innocent spring supplied :
Her sanction inwardly she bore,
And stood apart from human cares :
But to the world returned no more,
1860 Although with no unwilling mind
Help did she give at need, and joined
The Wharfedale peasants in their prayers.
At length, thus faintly, faintly tied
To earth, she was set free, and died.
Thy soul, exalted Emily,
Maid of the blasted family,
Rose to the God from whom it came !
—In Rylstone Church her mortal frame
Was buried by her Mother's side.
1870

Most glorious sunset ! and a ray
Survives—the twilight of this day—
In that fair Creature whom the fields
Support, and whom the forest shields ;
Who, having filled a holy place,
Partakes, in her degree, Heaven's grace ;
And bears a memory and a mind
Raised far above the law of kind ;
Haunting the spots with lonely cheer
Which her dear Mistress once held dear :
1880 Loves most what Emily loved most—
The enclosure of this churchyard ground ;
Here wanders like a gliding ghost,
And every sabbath here is found ;
Comes with the people when the bells
Are heard among the moorland dells,
Finds entrance through yon arch, where way
Lies open on the sabbath day ;
Here walks amid the mournful waste
Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,
1890 And floors encumbered with rich show
Of fret-work imagery laid low ;

Paces softly, or makes halt,
By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault ;
By plate of monumental brass
Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,
And sculptured Forms of Warriors brave :
But chiefly by that single grave,
That one sequestered hillock green,
The pensive visitant is seen.
There doth the gentle Creature lie
With those adversities unmoved ;
Calm spectacle, by earth and sky
In their benignity approved !
And aye, methinks, this hoary Pile,
Subdued by outrage and decay,
Looks down upon her with a smile,
A gracious smile, that seems to say—
'Thou, thou art not a Child of Time,
But Daughter of the Eternal Prime !'

1900

1910

1807-1810

ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS¹

IN SERIES

PART I

FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN TO
THE CONSUMMATION OF THE PAPAL DOMINION

'A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies
 Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise
 Convert delight into a Sacrifice.'

I

INTRODUCTION

I WHO accompanied with faithful pace
 Cerulean Duddon from its cloud-fed spring,
 And loved with spirit ruled by his to sing
 Of mountain-quiet and boon nature's grace;
 I, who essayed the nobler Stream to trace
 Of Liberty, and smote the plausible string
 Till the checked torrent, proudly triumphing,
 Won for herself a lasting resting-place;
 Now seek upon the heights of Time the source
 Of a HOLY RIVER, on whose banks are found 10
 Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that have crowned
 Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless force;
 And, for delight of him who tracks its course,
 Immortal amaranth and palms abound.

II

CONJECTURES

I F there be prophets on whose spirits rest
 Past things, revealed like future, they can tell
 What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred well
 Of Christian Faith, this savage Island blessed

¹ Mostly written in 1821, published 1822 (Ed.)

With its first bounty. Wandering through the west,
 Did holy Paul¹ a while in Britain dwell,
 And call the Fountain forth by miracle,
 And with dread signs the nascent Stream invest?
 Or He, whose bonds dropped off, whose prison doors
 Flew open, by an Angel's voice unbarred? 10
 Or some of humbler name, to these wild shores
 Storm-driven; who, having seen the cup of woe
 Pass from their Master, sojourned here to guard
 The precious Current they had taught to flow?

III

TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS

SCREAMS round the Arch-druid's brow the sea-
 mew²—white
 As Menai's foam; and toward the mystic ring
 Where Augurs stand, the Future questioning,
 Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy flight,
 Portending ruin to each baleful rite
 *That, in the lapse of ages, hath crept o'er
 Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.
 Haughty the Bard: can these meek doctrines blight
 His transports? wither his heroic strains?
 But all shall be fulfilled;—the Julian spear 10
 A way first opened; and, with Roman chains,
 The tidings come of Jesus crucified;
 They come—they spread—the weak, the suffering, hear;
 Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

IV

DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION

MERCY and Love have met thee on thy road,
 Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift of fire
 And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,
 From every sympathy that Man bestowed!
 Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to God,
 Ancient of days! that to the eternal Sire,
 These jealous Ministers of law aspire,
 As to the one sole fount whence wisdom flowed,

¹ See Note.

² This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the Deluge that made an important part of their mysteries. The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen.

Justice, and order. Tremblingly escaped,
 As if with prescience of the coming storm,
That intimation when the stars were shaped ; 10
 And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the primal truth
 Glimmers through many a superstitious form
 That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

V

UNCERTAINTY

DARKNESS surrounds us ; seeking, we are lost
 On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigantian coves,
 Or where the solitary shepherd roves
 Along the plain of Sarum, by the ghost
 Of Time and shadows of Tradition, crost ;
 And where the boatman of the Western Isles
 Slackens his course—to mark those holy piles
 Which yet survive on bleak Iona's coast.
 Nor these, nor monuments of eldest name,
 Nor Taliesin's unforgotten lays, 10
 Nor characters of Greek or Roman fame,
 To an unquestionable Source have led ;
 Enough—if eyes, that sought the fountain-head
 In vain, upon the growing Rill may gaze.

VI

PERSECUTION

LAMENT ! for Diocletian's fiery sword
 Works busy as the lightning ; but instinct
 With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon linked,
 Which God's ethereal storehouses afford :
 Against the Followers of the incarnate Lord
 It rages ;—some are smitten in the field—
 Some pierced to the heart through the ineffectual shield
 Of sacred home ;—with pomp are others gored
 And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban tried,
 England's first Martyr, whom no threats could shake ;
 Self-offered victim, for his friend he died, 11
 And for the faith ; nor shall his name forsake
 That Hill, whose flowery platform seems to rise
 By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice.¹

¹ See Note.

VII

RECOVERY

AS, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain
 Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim
 Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn
 To the blue ether and bespangled plain;
 Even so, in many a re-constructed fane,
 Have the survivors of this Storm renewed
 Their holy rites with vocal gratitude:
 And solemn ceremonials they ordain
 To celebrate their great deliverance;
 Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear— 10
 That persecution, blind with rage extreme,
 May not the less, through Heaven's mild countenance,
 Even in her own despite, both feed and cheer;
 For all things are less dreadful than they seem.

VIII

TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS

WATCH, and be firm! for soul-subduing vice,
 Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await.
 Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,
 And temples flashing, bright as polar ice,
 Their radiance through the woods—may yet suffice
 To sap your hardy virtue, and abate
 Your love of Him upon whose forehead sate
 The crown of thorns; whose life-blood flowed, the price
 Of your redemption. Shun the insidious arts
 That Rome provides, less dreading from her frown 10
 Than from her wily praise, her peaceful gown,
 Language, and letters;—these, though fondly viewed
 As humanising graces, are but parts
 And instruments of deadliest servitude!

IX

DISSENSIONS

THAT heresies should strike (if truth be scanned
 Presumptuously) their roots both wide and deep,
 Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.
 Lo! Discord at the altar dares to stand

Uplifting toward high Heaven her fiery brand,
 A cherished Priestess of the new-baptized !
 But chastisement shall follow peace despised.
 The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate land
 By Rome abandoned ; vain are suppliant cries,
 And prayers that would undo her forced farewell ; 10
 For she returns not.—Awed by her own knell,
 She casts the Britons upon strange Allies,
 Soon to become more dreaded enemies
 Than heartless misery called them to repel.

X

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST THE BARBARIANS

RISE !—they *have* risen : of brave Aneurin ask
 How they have scourged old foes, perfidious
 friends :
 The Spirit of Caractacus descends
 Upon the Patriots, animates their task ;—
 Amazement runs before the towering casque
 Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field
 The virgin sculptured on his Christian shield :—
 Stretched in the sunny light of victory bask
 The Host that followed Urien as he strode
 O'er heaps of slain ;—from Cambrian wood and moss 10
 Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross ;
 Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still abode,
 Rush on the fight, to harps preferring swords,
 And everlasting deeds to burning words !

XI

SAXON CONQUEST

NOR wants the cause the panic-striking aid
 Of hallelujahs ¹ tost from hill to hill—
 For instant victory. But Heaven's high will
 Permits a second and a darker shade
 Of Pagan night. Afflicted and dismayed,
 The Relics of the sword flee to the mountains :
 O wretched Land ! whose tears have flowed like
 fountains ;
 Whose arts and honours in the dust are laid
 By men yet scarcely conscious of a care
 For other monuments than those of Earth ; 10

¹ See Note.

Who, as the fields and woods have given them birth,
 Will build their savage fortunes only there ;
 Content, if foss, and barrow, and the girth
 Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they were.

XII

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR¹

*THE oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn—
 The tribulation—and the gleaming blades—*
 Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades
 The song of Taliesin ;—Ours shall mourn
 The *unarmed* Host who by their prayers would turn
 The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard the store
 Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,
 And Christian monuments, that now must burn
 To senseless ashes. Mark ! how all things swerve
 From their known course, or vanish like a dream ; 10
 Another language spreads from coast to coast ;
 Only perchance some melancholy Stream
 And some indignant Hills old names preserve,
 When laws, and creeds, and people all are lost !

XIII

CASUAL INCITEMENT

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful slaves,
 Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
 Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
 Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves :
 ANGLI by name ; and not an ANGEL waves
 His wing who could seem lovelier to man's eye
 Than they appear to holy Gregory ;
 Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
 For Them, and for their Land. The earnest Sire,
 His questions urging, feels, in slender ties 10
 Of chiming sound, commanding sympathies ;
 DE-IRIANS—he would save them from God's IRE ;
 Subjects of Saxon ÆLLA—they shall sing
 Glad HALLE-lujahs to the eternal King !

¹ See Note.

XIV

GLAD TIDINGS

FOR ever hallowed be this morning fair,
 Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye tread,
 And blest the silver Cross, which ye, instead
 Of martial banner, in procession bear;
 The Cross preceding Him who floats in air,
 The pictured Saviour!—By Augustin led,
 They come—and onward travel without dread,
 Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer—
 Sung for themselves, and those whom they would free!
 Rich conquest waits them:—the tempestuous sea 10
 Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high
 And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,
 These good men humble by a few bare words,
 And calm with fear of God's divinity.

XV

PAULINUS¹

BUT, to remote Northumbria's royal Hall,
 Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the school
 Of sorrow, still maintains a heathen rule,
Who comes with functions apostolical?
 Mark him, of shoulders curved, and stature tall,
 Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre cheek,
 His prominent feature like an eagle's beak;
 A Man whose aspect doth at once appal
 And strike with reverence. The Monarch leans
 Toward the pure truths this Delegate propounds, 10
 Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds
 With careful hesitation,—then convenes
 A synod of his Councillors:—give ear,
 And what a pensive Sage doth utter, hear!

XVI

PERSUASION

'MAN'S life is like a Sparrow, mighty King!
 That—while at banquet with your Chiefs you
 sit
 Housed near a blazing fire—is seen to flit
 Safe from the wintry tempest. Fluttering,

¹ See Note.

Here did it enter; there, on hasty wing,
 Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold;
 But whence it came we know not, nor behold
 Whither it goes. Even such, that transient Thing,
 The human Soul; not utterly unknown
 While in the Body lodged, her warm abode;
 But from what world She came, what woe or weal
 On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown;
 This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,
 His be a welcome cordially bestowed!'¹

10

XVII

CONVERSION

PROMPT transformation works the novel Lore;
 The Council closed, the Priest in full career
 Rides forth, an armed man, and hurls a spear
 To desecrate the Fane which heretofore
 He served in folly. Woden falls, and Thor
 Is overturned; the mace, in battle heaved
 (So might they dream) till victory was achieved,
 Drops, and the God himself is seen no more.
 Temple and Altar sink, to hide their shame
 Amid oblivious weeds. 'O come to me,
 Ye heavy laden!' such the inviting voice
 Heard near fresh streams;¹ and thousands, who rejoice
 In the new Rite—the pledge of sanctity,
 Shall, by regenerate life, the promise claim.

10

XVIII

APOLOGY

NOR scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend
 The Soul's eternal interests to promote:
 Death, darkness, danger, are our natural lot;
 And evil Spirits *may* our walk attend
 For aught the wisest know or comprehend;
 Then be *good* Spirits free to breathe a note
 Of elevation; let their odours float
 Around these Converts; and their glories blend,
 The midnight stars outshining, or the blaze
 Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden cords

10

¹ See Note.

Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise
 The Soul to purer worlds : and *who* the line
 Shall draw, the limits of the power define,
 That even imperfect faith to man affords ?

XIX

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY ¹

HOW beautiful your presence, how benign,
 Servants of God ! who not a thought will share
 With the vain world ; who, outwardly as bare
 As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign
 That the firm soul is clothed with fruit divine !
 Such Priest, when service worthy of his care
 Has called him forth to breathe the common air,
 Might seem a saintly Image from its shrine
 Descended :—happy are the eyes that meet
 The Apparition ; evil thoughts are stayed 10
 At his approach, and low-bowed necks entreat
 A benediction from his voice or hand ;
 Whence grace, through which the heart can understand,
 And vows, that bind the will, in silence made.

XX

OTHER INFLUENCES

AH, when the Body, round which in love we clung,
 Is chilled by death, does mutual service fail ?
 Is tender pity then of no avail ?
 Are intercessions of the fervent tongue
 A waste of hope ?—From this sad source have sprung
 Rites that console the Spirit, under grief
 Which ill can brook more rational relief :
 Hence, prayers are shaped amiss, and dirges sung
 For Souls whose doom is fixed ! The way is smooth
 For Power that travels with the human heart : 10
 Confession ministers the pang to soothe
 In him who at the ghost of guilt doth start.
 Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,
 Of your own mighty instruments beware !

¹ See Note.

XXI

SECLUSION

LANCE, shield, and sword relinquished—at his side
 A bead-roll, in his hand a clasped book,
 Or staff more harmless than a shepherd's crook,
 The war-worn Chieftain quits the world—to hide
 His thin autumnal locks where Monks abide
 In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell
 In soft repose he comes. Within his cell,
 Round the decaying trunk of human pride,
 At morn, and eve, and midnight's silent hour,
 Do penitential cogitations cling ; 10
 Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they twine
 In grisly folds and strictures serpentine ;
 Yet, while they strangle, a fair growth they bring,
 For recompense—their own perennial bower.

XXII

CONTINUED

METHINKS that to some vacant hermitage
My feet would rather turn—to some dry nook
 Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook
 Hurl'd down a mountain-cove from stage to stage,
 Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage
 In the soft heaven of a translucent pool ;
 Thence creeping under sylvan arches cool,
 Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage
 Would elevate my dreams. A beechen bowl,
 A maple dish, my furniture should be ; 10
 Crisp, yellow leaves my bed ; the hooting owl
 My night-watch : nor should e'er the crested fowl
 From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,
 Tired of the world and all its industry.

XXIII

REPROOF

BUT what if One, through grove or flowery mead,
 Indulging thus at will the creeping feet
 Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet
 Thy hovering Shade, O venerable Bede !

The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed
 Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat
 Of learning, where thou heard'st the billows beat
 On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
 Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse!
 The recreant soul, that dares to shun the debt 10
 Imposed on human kind, must first forget
 Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use
 Of a long life; and, in the hour of death,
 The last dear service of thy passing breath!¹

XXIV

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND SHADES OF THE RELIGION

BY such examples moved to unbought pains,
 The people work like congregated bees;
 Eager to build the quiet Fortresses
 Where Piety, as they believe, obtains
 From Heaven a *general* blessing; timely rains
 Or needful sunshine; prosperous enterprise,
 Justice and peace:—bold faith! yet also rise
 The sacred Structures for less doubtful gains.
 The Sensual think with reverence of the palms
 Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond the grave; 10
 If penance be redeemable, thence alms
 Flow to the poor, and freedom to the slave;
 And if full oft the Sanctuary save
 Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

XXV

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS

NOT sedentary all: there are who roam
 To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores;
 Or quit with zealous step their knee-worn floors
 To seek the general mart of Christendom;
 Whence they, like richly-laden merchants, come
 To their beloved cells:—or shall we say
 That, like the Red-cross Knight, they urge their way,
 To lead in memorable triumph home
 Truth, their immortal Una? Babylon,
 Learned and wise, hath perished utterly, 10
 Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the sigh
 That would lament her;—Memphis, Tyre, are gone
 With all their Arts,—but classic lore glides on
 By these Religious saved for all posterity.

¹ He expired dictating the last words of a translation of St. John's Gospel.

XXVI

ALFRED

BEHOLD a pupil of the monkish gown,
 The pious ALFRED, King to Justice dear!
 Lord of the harp and liberating spear;
 Mirror of Princes! Indigent Renown
 Might range the starry ether for a crown
 Equal to *his* deserts, who, like the year,
 Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth cheer,
 And awes like night with mercy-tempered frown.
 Ease from this noble miser of his time
 No moment steals; pain narrows not his cares.¹ 10
 Though small his kingdom as a spark or gem,
 Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,
 And Christian India, through her wide-spread clime,
 In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.

XXVII

HIS DESCENDANTS

WHEN thy great soul was freed from mortal
 chains,
 Darling of England! many a bitter shower
 Fell on thy tomb; but emulative power
 Flowed in thy line through undegenerate veins.
 The Race of Alfred covet glorious pains
 When dangers threaten, dangers ever new!
 Black tempests bursting, blacker still in view!
 But manly sovereignty its hold retains;
 The root sincere, the branches bold to strive
 With the fierce tempest, while, within the round 10
 Of their protection, gentle virtues thrive;
 As oft, 'mid some green plot of open ground,
 Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom,
 The fostered hyacinths spread their purple bloom.

XXVIII

INFLUENCE ABUSED

URGED by Ambition, who with subtlest skill
 Changes her means, the Enthusiast as a dupe
 Shall soar, and as a hypocrite can stoop,
 And turn the instruments of good to ill,
 Moulding the credulous people to his will.

¹ See Note.

Such DUNSTAN :—from its Benedictine coop
 Issues the master Mind, at whose fell swoop
 The chaste affections tremble to fulfil
 Their purposes. Behold, pre-signified,
 The Might of spiritual sway ! his thoughts, his dreams,
 Do in the supernatural world abide : 11
 So vaunt a throng of Followers, filled with pride
 In what they see of virtues pushed to extremes,
 And sorceries of talent misapplied.

XXIX

DANISH CONQUESTS

W OE to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey !¹
 Dissension, checking arms that would restrain
 The incessant Rovers of the northern main,
 Helps to restore and spread a Pagan sway :
 But Gospel-truth is potent to allay
 Fierceness and rage ; and soon the cruel Dane
 Feels, through the influence of her gentle reign,
 His native superstitions melt away.
 Thus, often, when thick gloom the east o'ershrouds,
 The full-orbed Moon, slow-climbing, doth appear 10
 Silently to consume the heavy clouds ;
How no one can resolve ; but every eye
 Around her sees, while air is hushed, a clear
 And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

XXX

CANUTE

A PLEASANT music floats along the Mere,
 From Monks in Ely chanting service high,
 While-as Canute the King is rowing by :
 ' My Oarsmen,' quoth the mighty King, ' draw near,
 That we the sweet song of the Monks may hear !'
 He listens (all past conquests and all schemes
 Of future vanishing like empty dreams)
 Heart-touched, and haply not without a tear.
 The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is still,
 While his free Barge skims the smooth flood along, 10
 Gives to that rapture an accordant Rhyme.²
 O suffering Earth ! be thankful ; sternest clime
 And rudest age are subject to the thrill
 Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

¹ See Note.² Which is still extant.

XXXI

THE NORMAN CONQUEST

THE woman-hearted Confessor prepares
 The evanescence of the Saxon line.
 Hark ! 'tis the tolling Curfew !—the stars shine ;
 But of the lights that cherish household cares
 And festive gladness, burns not one that dares
 To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,
 Emblem and instrument, from Thames to Tyne,
 Of force that daunts, and cunning that ensnares !
 Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,
 That quench, from hut to palace, lamps and fires, 10
 Touch not the tapers of the sacred quires ;
 Even so a thralldom, studious to expel
 Old laws, and ancient customs to derange,
 To Creed or Ritual brings no fatal change.

XXXII

COLDLY we spake. The Saxons, overpowered
 By wrong triumphant through its own excess,
 From fields laid waste, from house and home devoured
 By flames, look up to heaven and crave redress
 From God's eternal justice. Pitiless
 Though men be, there are angels that can feel
 For wounds that death alone has power to heal,
 For penitent guilt, and innocent distress.
 And has a Champion risen in arms to try
 His Country's virtue, fought, and breathes no more ; 10
 Him in their hearts the people canonize ;
 And far above the mine's most precious ore
 The least small pittance of bare mould they prize
 Scooped from the sacred earth where his dear relics lie.

Published 1837

XXXIII

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT

'AND shall,' the Pontiff asks, 'profaneness flow
 From Nazareth—source of Christian piety,
 From Bethlehem, from the Mounts of Agony
 And glorified Ascension? Warriors, go,
 With prayers and blessings we your path will sow ;
 Like Moses hold our hands erect, till ye
 Have chased far off by righteous victory
 These sons of Amalek, or laid them low !'—
 'GOD WILLETH IT,' the whole assembly cry ;

Shout which the enraptured multitude astounds! 10
 The Council-roof and Clermont's towers reply ;—
 ' God willeth it,' from hill to hill rebounds,
 And, in awe-stricken Countries far and nigh,
 Through ' Nature's hollow arch ' that voice resounds. ¹

XXXIV

CRUSADES

THE turbaned Race are poured in thickening
 swarms
 Along the west ; though driven from Aquitaine,
 The Crescent glitters on the towers of Spain ;
 And soft Italia feels renewed alarms ;
 The scimitar, that yields not to the charms
 Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will disdain ;
 Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian hills detain
 Their tents, and check the current of their arms.
 Then blame not those who, by the mightiest lever
 Known to the moral world, Imagination, 10
 Upheave, so seems it, from her natural station
 All Christendom :—they sweep along (was never
 So huge a host !)—to tear from the Unbeliever
 The precious Tomb, their haven of salvation.

XXXV

RICHARD I

REDOUBTED King, of courage leonine,
 I mark thee, Richard ! urgent to equip
 Thy warlike person with the staff and scrip ;
 I watch thee sailing o'er the midland brine ;
 In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride decline
 Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon her lip,
 And see love-emblems streaming from thy ship,
 As thence she holds her way to Palestine.
 My Song, a fearless homager, would attend
 Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves the press 10
 Of war, but duty summons her away
 To tell—how, finding in the rash distress
 Of those Enthusiasts a subservient friend,
 To giddier heights hath clomb the Papal sway.

¹ The decision of this council was believed to be instantly known in remote parts of Europe.

XXXVI

AN INTERDICT

REALMS quake by turns : proud Arbitress of grace,
The Church, by mandate shadowing forth the
power

She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal door,
Closes the gates of every sacred place.
Straight from the sun and tainted air's embrace
All sacred things are covered : cheerful morn
Grows sad as night—no seemly garb is worn,
Nor is a face allowed to meet a face
With natural smiles of greeting. Bells are dumb ;
Ditches are graves—funereal rites denied ;
And in the churchyard he must take his bride
Who dares be wedded ! Fancies thickly come
Into the pensive heart ill fortified,
And comfortless despairs the soul benumb.

10

XXXVII

PAPAL ABUSES

AS with the Stream our voyage we pursue,
The gross materials of this world present
A marvellous study of wild accident ;
Uncouth proximities of old and new ;
And bold transfigurations, more untrue
(As might be deemed) to disciplined intent
Than aught the sky's fantastic element,
When most fantastic, offers to the view.
Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's Shrine ?
Lo ! John self-stripped of his insignia :—crown,
Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring, laid down
At a proud Legate's feet ! The spears that line
Baronial halls the opprobrious insult feel ;
And angry Ocean roars a vain appeal.

10

XXXVIII

SCENE IN VENICE

BLACK Demons hovering o'er his mitred head,
To Cæsar's Successor the Pontiff spake ;
'Ere I absolve thee, stoop ! that on thy neck
Levelled with earth this foot of mine may tread.'

Then he, who to the altar had been led,
 He, whose strong arm the Orient could not check,
 He, who had held the Soldan at his beck,
 Stooped, of all glory disinherited,
 And even the common dignity of man!—
 Amazement strikes the crowd: while many turn 10
 Their eyes away in sorrow, others burn
 With scorn, invoking a vindictive ban
 From outraged Nature; but the sense of most
 In abject sympathy with power is lost.

XXXIX

PAPAL DOMINION

UNLESS to Peter's Chair the viewless wind
 Must come and ask permission when to blow,
 What further empire would it have? for now
 A ghostly Domination, unconfined
 As that by dreaming Bards to Love assigned,
 Sits there in sober truth—to raise the low,
 Perplex the wise, the strong to overthrow;
 Through earth and heaven to bind and to unbind!—
 Resist—the thunder quails thee!—crouch—rebuff 10
 Shall be thy recompense! from land to land
 The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff
 For occupation of a magic wand,
 And 'tis the Pope that wields it:—whether rough
 Or smooth his front, our world is in his hand!

PART II

TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I

I

HOW soon—alas! did Man, created pure,
 By Angels guarded, deviate from the line
 Prescribed to duty:—woeful forfeiture
 He made by wilful breach of law divine.
 With like perverseness did the Church abjure
 Obedience to her Lord, and haste to twine,
 'Mid Heaven-born flowers that shall for aye endure,
 Weeds on whose front the world had fixed her sign.

O Man,—if with thy trials thus it fares,
 If good can smooth the way to evil choice,
 From all rash censure be the mind kept free ;
 He only judges right who weighs, compares,
 And, in the sternest sentence which his voice
 Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity.

20

Published 1845

II

FROM false assumption rose, and fondly hailed
 By superstition, spread the Papal power ;
 Yet do not deem the Autocracy prevailed
 Thus only, even in error's darkest hour.
 She daunts, forth-thundering from her spiritual tower,
 Brute rapine, or with gentle lure she tames.
 Justice and Peace through Her uphold their claims ;
 And Chastity finds many a sheltering bower.
 Realm there is none that if controlled or sway'd
 By her commands partakes not, in degree,
 Of good, o'er manners arts and arms, diffused :
 Yes, to thy domination, Roman See,
 Tho' miserably, oft monstrously, abused
 By blind ambition, be this tribute paid.

10

Published 1845

III

CISTERTIAN MONASTERY

*' HERE Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,
 More promptly rises, walks with stricter heed,
 More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
 Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal
 A brighter crown.'*¹—On yon Cistercian wall
 That confident assurance may be read ;
 And, to like shelter, from the world have fled
 Increasing multitudes. The potent call
 Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart's desires ;
 Yet, while the rugged Age on pliant knee
 Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty,
 A gentler life spreads round the holy spires ;
 Where'er they rise, the sylvan waste retires,
 And aëry harvests crown the fertile lea.

10

¹ See Note.

IV

DEPLORABLE his lot who tills the ground,
 His whole life long tills it, with heartless toil
 Of villain-service, passing with the soil
 To each new Master, like a steer or hound,
 Or like a rooted tree, or stone earth-bound ;
 But mark how gladly, through their own domains,
 The Monks relax or break these iron chains ;
 While Mercy, uttering, through their voice, a sound
 Echoed in Heaven, cries out, ' Ye Chiefs, abate
 These legalized oppressions ! Man—whose name 10
 And nature God disdained not ; Man—whose soul
 Christ died for—cannot forfeit his high claim
 To live and move exempt from all controul
 Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate !'

Published 1835

V

MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN

RECORD we too, with just and faithful pen,
 That many hooded Cenobites there are,
 Who in their private cells have yet a care
 Of public quiet ; unambitious Men,
 Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken ;
 Whose fervent exhortations from afar
 Move Princes to their duty, peace or war ;
 And oft-times in the most forbidding den
 Of solitude, with love of silence strong,
 How patiently the yoke of thought they bear ! 10
 How subtly glide its finest threads along !
 Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere
 With mazy boundaries, as the astronomer
 With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.

VI

OTHER BENEFITS

AND, not in vain embodied to the sight,
 Religion finds even in the stern retreat
 Of feudal sway her own appropriate seat ;
 From the collegiate pomps on Windsor's height
 Down to the humbler altar, which the Knight
 And his Retainers of the embattled hall
 Seek in domestic oratory small,
 For prayer in stillness, or the chanted rite ;

Then chiefly dear, when foes are planted round,
 Who teach the intrepid guardians of the place— 10
 Hourly exposed to death, with famine worn,
 And suffering under many a perilous wound—
 How sad would be their durance, if forlorn
 Of offices dispensing heavenly grace !

VII

CONTINUED

AND what melodious sounds at times prevail !
 And, ever and anon, how bright a gleam
 Pours on the surface of the turbid Stream !
 What heartfelt fragrance mingles with the gale
 That swells the bosom of our passing sail !
 For where, but on *this* River's margin, blow
 Those flowers of chivalry, to bind the brow
 Of hardihood with wreaths that shall not fail ?—
 Fair Court of Edward ! wonder of the world !
 I see a matchless blazonry unfurled 10
 Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love ;
 And meekness tempering honourable pride ;
 The lamb is couching by the lion's side,
 And near the flame-eyed eagle sits the dove.

VIII

CRUSADERS

FURL we the sails, and pass with tardy oars
 Through these bright regions, casting many a
 glance
 Upon the dream-like issues—the romance
 Of many-coloured life that Fortune pours
 Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores
 Their labours end ; or they return to lie,
 The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
 Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors.
 Am I deceived ? Or is their requiem chanted
 By voices never mute when Heaven unties 10
 Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies ;
 Requiem which Earth takes up with voice undaunted,
 When she would tell how Brave, and Good, and Wise,
 For their high guerdon not in vain have panted !

IX

AS faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest
 While from the Papal Unity there came,
 What feebler means had failed to give, one aim
 Diffused thro' all the regions of the West ;
 So does her Unity its power attest
 By works of Art, that shed, on the outward frame
 Of worship, glory and grace, which who shall blame
 That ever looked to heaven for final rest ?
 Hail countless Temples ! that so well befit
 Your ministry ; that, as ye rise and take 10
 Form, spirit, and character from holy writ,
 Give to devotion, wheresoe'er awake,
 Pinions of high and higher sweep, and make
 The unconverted soul with awe submit.

1842

X

WHERE long and deeply hath been fixed the
 root
 In the blest soil of gospel truth, the Tree,
 (Blighted or scathed tho' many branches be,
 Put forth to wither many a hopeful shoot)
 Can never cease to bear celestial fruit.
 Witness the Church that oft-times, with effect
 Dear to the saints, strives earnestly to eject
 Her bane, her vital energies recruit.
 Lamenting, do not hopelessly repine
 When such good work is doomed to be undone, 10
 The conquests lost that were so hardly won :—
 All promises vouchsafed by Heaven will shine
 In light confirmed while years their course shall run,
 Confirmed alike in progress and decline.

1842

XI

TRANSUBSTANTIATION

ENOUGH ! for see, with dim association
 The tapers burn ; the odorous incense feeds
 A greedy flame ; the pompous mass proceeds ;
 The Priest bestows the appointed consecration ;
 And, while the Host is raised, its elevation
 An awe and supernatural horror breeds ;
 And all the people bow their heads, like reeds
 To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.

This Valdo brooks not. On the banks of Rhone
 He taught, till persecution chased him thence, 10
 To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.
 Nor are his Followers loth to seek defence,
 'Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy throne,
 From rites that trample upon soul and sense.

XII

THE VAUDOIS

BUT whence came they who for the Saviour Lord
 Have long borne witness as the Scriptures
 teach?—

Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to preach
 In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,
 Their fugitive Progenitors explored
 Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats
 Where that pure Church survives, though summer heats
 Open a passage to the Romish sword,
 Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-sown,
 And fruitage gathered from the chesnut-wood, 10
 Nourish the sufferers then; and mists, that brood
 O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacles bestrown,
 Protect them; and the eternal snow that daunts
 Aliens, is God's good winter for their haunts.

Published 1835

XIII

PRAISED be the Rivers, from their mountain springs
 Shouting to Freedom, 'Plant thy banners here!'
 To harassed Piety, 'Dismiss thy fear,
 And in our caverns smooth thy ruffled wings!'
 Nor be unthanked their final lingerings—
 Silent, but not to high-souled Passion's ear—
 'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes drear,
 Their own creation. Such glad welcomings,
 As Po was heard to give where Venice rose,
 Hailed from aloft those Heirs of truth divine 10
 Who near his fountains sought obscure repose,
 Yet came prepared as glorious lights to shine,
 Should that be needed for their sacred Charge;
 Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits were at large!

Published 1835

XIV

WALDENSES

THOSE had given earliest notice, as the lark
 Springs from the ground the morn to gratulate;
 Or rather rose the day to antedate,
 By striking out a solitary spark,
 When all the world with midnight gloom was dark.—
 Then followed the Waldensian bands, whom Hate
 In vain endeavours to exterminate,
 Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous bark :¹
 But they desist not ;—and the sacred fire,
 Rekindled thus, from dens and savage woods 10
 Moves, handed on with never-ceasing care,
 Through courts, through camps, o'er liminary floods;
 Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely share
 Of the new Flame, not suffered to expire.

XV

ARCHBISHOP CHICHELEY TO HENRY V

‘WHAT beast in wilderness or cultured field
 The lively beauty of the leopard shows?
 What flower in meadow-ground or garden grows
 That to the towering lily doth not yield?
 Let both meet only on thy royal shield!
 Go forth, great King! claim what thy birth bestows;
 Conquer the Gallic lily which thy foes
 Dare to usurp ;—thou hast a sword to wield,
 And Heaven will crown the right.’—The mitred Sire
 Thus spake—and lo ! a Fleet, for Gaul address, 10
 Ploughs her bold course across the wondering seas ;
 For, sooth to say, ambition, in the breast
 Of youthful heroes, is no sullen fire,
 But one that leaps to meet the fanning breeze.

XVI

WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER

THUS is the storm abated by the craft
 Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect
 The Church, whose power hath recently been checked,
 Whose monstrous riches threatened. So the shaft

¹ See Note.

Of victory mounts high, and blood is quaffed
 In fields that rival Cressy and Poitiers—
 Pride to be washed away by bitter tears !
 For deep as hell itself, the avenging draught
 Of civil slaughter. Yet, while temporal power
 Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual truth
 Maintains the else endangered gift of life ;
 Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth ;
 And, under cover of this woeful strife,
 Gathers unblighted strength from hour to hour.

10

XVII

WICLIFFE

ONCE more the Church is seized with sudden fear,
 And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed :
 Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed
 And flung into the brook that travels near ;
 Forthwith that ancient Voice which Streams can hear
 Thus speaks (that Voice which walks upon the wind,
 Though seldom heard by busy human kind)—
 ‘ As thou these ashes, little Brook ! wilt bear
 Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
 Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
 Into main Ocean they, this deed accurst
 An emblem yields to friends and enemies
 How the bold Teacher’s Doctrine, sanctified
 By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed.’

10

XVIII

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY

‘ **W**OE to you, Prelates ! rioting in ease
 And cumbrous wealth—the shame of your
 estate ;
 You, on whose progress dazzling trains await
 Of pompous horses ; whom vain titles please ;
 Who will be served by others on their knees,
 Yet will yourselves to God no service pay ;
 Pastors who neither take nor point the way
 To Heaven ; for, either lost in vanities
 Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know
 And speak the word——’ Alas ! of fearful things
 ’Tis the most fearful when the people’s eye
 Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings ;
 And taught the general voice to prophesy
 Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low.

10

XIX

ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER

AND what is Penance with her knotted thong ;
 Mortification with the shirt of hair,
 Wan cheek, and knees indurated with prayer,
 Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long ;
 If cloistered Avarice scruple not to wrong
 The pious, humble, useful Secular,
 And rob the people of his daily care,
 Scorning that world whose blindness makes her strong ?
 Inversion strange ! that, unto One who lives
 For self, and struggles with himself alone, 10
 The amplest share of heavenly favour gives ;
 That to a Monk allots, both in the esteem
 Of God and man, place higher than to him
 Who on the good of others builds his own !

XX

MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS

YET more,—round many a Convent's blazing fire
 Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun ;
 There Venus sits disguised like a Nun,—
 While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,
 Pours out his choicest beverage high and higher
 Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run
 Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won
 An instant kiss of masterful desire—
 To stay the precious waste. Through every brain
 The domination of the sprightly juice 10
 Spreads high conceits to madding Fancy dear,
 Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse
 Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,
 Whose votive burthen is—' OUR KINGDOM 'S HERE !'

XXI

DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES

THREATS come which no submission may assuage,
 No sacrifice avert, no power dispute ;
 The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,
 And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage,

The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage ;
 The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit ;
 And the green lizard and the gilded newt
 Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.
 The owl of evening and the woodland fox
 For their abode the shrines of Waltham choose ; 10
 Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse
 To stoop her head before these desperate shocks—
 She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,
 Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells.

XXII

THE SAME SUBJECT

THE lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek
 Through saintly habit than from effort due
 To unrelenting mandates that pursue
 With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak)
 Goes forth—unveiling timidly a cheek
 Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,
 While through the Convent's gate to open view
 Softly she glides, another home to seek.
 Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,
 An Apparition more divinely bright ! 10
 Not more attractive to the dazzled sight
 Those watery glories, on the stormy brine
 Poured forth, while summer suns at distance shine,
 And the green vales lie hushed in sober light !

XXIII

CONTINUED

YET many a Novice of the cloistral shade,
 And many chained by vows, with eager glee
 The warrant hail, exulting to be free ;
 Like ships before whose keels, full long embayed
 In polar ice, propitious winds have made
 Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea,
 Their liquid world, for bold discovery,
 In all her quarters temptingly displayed !
 Hope guides the young ; but when the old must pass
 The threshold, whither shall they turn to find 10
 The hospitality—the alms (alas !
 Alms may be needed) which that House bestowed ?
 Can they, in faith and worship, train the mind
 To keep this new and questionable road ?

XXIV

SAINTS

YE, too, must fly before a chasing hand,
 Angels and Saints, in every hamlet mourned !
 Ah ! if the old idolatry be spurned,
 Let not your radiant Shapes desert the Land :
 Her adoration was not your demand,
 The fond heart proffered it—the servile heart ;
 And therefore are ye summoned to depart,
 Michael, and thou, St. George, whose flaming brand
 The Dragon quelled ; and valiant Margaret
 Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew : 10
 And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen
 Of harmony ; and weeping Magdalene,
 Who in the penitential desert met
 Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew !

XXV

THE VIRGIN

MOTHER ! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;
 Woman ! above all women glorified,
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast ;
 Purer than foam on central ocean tost ;
 Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
 With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
 Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast ;
 Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
 Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend, 10
 As to a visible Power, in which did blend
 All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
 Of mother's love with maiden purity,
 Of high with low, celestial with terrene !

XXVI

APOLOGY

NOT utterly unworthy to endure
 Was the supremacy of crafty Rome ;
 Age after age to the arch of Christendom
 Aërial keystone haughtily secure ;
 Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure,
 As many hold ; and, therefore, to the tomb
 Pass, some through fire—and by the scaffold some—
 Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More.

‘ Lightly for both the bosom’s lord did sit
 Upon his throne ’ ; unsoftened, undismayed
 By aught that mingled with the tragic scene
 Of pity or fear ; and More’s gay genius played
 With the inoffensive sword of native wit,
 Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.

10

XXVII

IMAGINATIVE REGRETS

DEEP is the lamentation ! Not alone
 From Sages justly honoured by mankind ;
 But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,
 Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous groan
 Issues for that dominion overthrown :
 Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges, blind
 As his own worshippers : and Nile, reclined
 Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell moan
 Renews. Through every forest, cave, and den,
 Where frauds were hatched of old, hath sorrow past— 10
 Hangs o’er the Arabian Prophet’s native Waste,
 Where once his airy helpers schemed and planned
 ’Mid spectral lakes bemoeking thirsty men,
 And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

XXVIII

REFLECTIONS

GRANT that by this unsparing hurricane
 Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn away,
 And goodly fruitage with the mother-spray ;
 ’Twere madness—wished we, therefore, to detain,
 With hands stretched forth in mollified disdain,
 The ‘ trumpery ’ that ascends in bare display—
 Bulls, pardons, relics, cowls black, white, and grey—
 Upwhirled, and flying o’er the ethereal plain
 Fast bound for Limbo Lake. And yet not choice
 But habit rules the unreflecting herd, 10
 And airy bonds are hardest to disown ;
 Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty transferred
 Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice
 Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

XXIX

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE

BUT, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,
 In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,
 Assumes the accents of our native tongue;
 And he who guides the plough, or wields the crook,
 With understanding spirit now may look
 Upon her records, listen to her song,
 And sift her laws—much wondering that the wrong,
 Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could calmly brook.
 Transcendent Boon! noblest that earthly King
 Ever bestowed to equalize and bless 10
 Under the weight of mortal wretchedness!
 But passions spread like plagues, and thousands wild
 With bigotry shall tread the Offering
 Beneath their feet, detested and defiled.

XXX

THE POINT AT ISSUE

FOR what contend the wise?—for nothing less
 Than that the Soul, freed from the bonds of
 Sense,
 And to her God restored by evidence
 Of things not seen, drawn forth from their recess,
 Root there, and not in forms, her holiness;—
 For Faith, which to the Patriarchs did dispense
 Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence
 Was needful round men thirsting to transgress;—
 For Faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord
 Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth 10
 Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill
 The temples of their hearts who, with his word
 Informed, were resolute to do his will,
 And worship him in spirit and in truth.

Published 1827

XXXI

EDWARD VI

'SWEET is the holiness of Youth'—so felt
 Time-honoured Chaucer speaking through that
 Lay
 By which the Prioress beguiled the way,
 And many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did melt.

Hadst thou, loved Bard ! whose spirit often dwelt
 In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
 King, child, and seraph, blended in the mien
 Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt
 In meek and simple infancy, what joy
 For universal Christendom had thrilled
 Thy heart ! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled
 (O great Precursor, genuine morning Star)
 The lucid shafts of reason to employ,
 Piercing the Papal darkness from afar !

10

XXXII

EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR THE
 EXECUTION OF JOAN OF KENT

THE tears of man in various measure gush
 From various sources ; gently overflow
 From blissful transport some—from clefts of woe
 Some with ungovernable impulse rush ;
 And some, coëval with the earliest blush
 Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
 Their pearly lustre—coming but to go ;
 And some break forth when others' sorrows crush
 The sympathising heart. Nor these, nor yet
 The noblest drops to admiration known,
 To gratitude, to injuries forgiven—
 Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet
 The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs driven
 To pen the mandates nature doth disown.

10

XXXIII

REVIVAL OF POPEY

THE saintly Youth has ceased to rule, disrowned
 By unrelenting Death. O People keen
 For change, to whom the new looks always green !
 Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground
 Their Gods of wood and stone ; and, at the sound
 Of counter-proclamation, now are seen
 (Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen !)
 Lifting them up, the worship to confound
 Of the Most High. Again do they invoke
 The Creature, to the Creature glory give ;
 Again with frankincense the altars smoke
 Like those the Heathen served ; and mass is sung ;
 And prayer, man's rational prerogative,
 Runs through blind channels of an unknown tongue.

10

XXXIV

LATIMER AND RIDLEY

HOW fast the Marian death-list is unrolled !
 See Latimer and Ridley in the might
 Of Faith stand coupled for a common flight !
 One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)
 Transfigured,¹ from this kindling hath foretold
 A torch of inextinguishable light ;
 The Other gains a confidence as bold ;
 And thus they foil their enemy's despoite.
 The penal instruments, the shows of crime,
 Are glorified while this once-mitred pair 10
 Of saintly Friends the 'murtherer's chain partake,
 Corded, and burning at the social stake' :
 Earth never witnessed object more sublime
 In constancy, in fellowship more fair !

Published 1827

XXXV

CRANMER

OUTSTRETCHING flameward his upbraided hand
 (O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat
 Of judgment such presumptuous doom repeat!)
 Amid the shuddering throng doth Cranmer stand ;
 Firm as the stake to which with iron band
 His frame is tied ; firm from the naked feet
 To the bare head. The victory is complete ;
 The shrouded Body to the Soul's command
 Answers with more than Indian fortitude,
 Through all her nerves with finer sense endued, 10
 Till breath departs in blissful aspiration :
 Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,
 Behold the unalterable heart entire,
 Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous attestation !²

XXXVI

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF THE REFORMATION

AID, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light,
 Our mortal ken ! Inspire a perfect trust
 (While we look round) that Heaven's decrees are just :
 Which few can hold committed to a fight

¹ See Note.² For the belief in this fact, see the contemporary Historians.

That shows, ev'n on its better side, the might
 Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,
 'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,
 Which showers of blood seem rather to incite
 Than to allay. Anathemas are hurled
 From both sides; veteran thunders (the brute test 10
 Of truth) are met by fulminations new—
 Tartarean flags are caught at, and unfurled—
 Friends strike at friends—the flying shall pursue—
 And Victory sickens, ignorant where to rest!

XXXVII

ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE

SCATTERING, like birds escaped the fowler's net,
 Some seek with timely flight a foreign strand;
 Most happy, re-assembled in a land
 By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget
 Their Country's woes. But scarcely have they met,
 Partners in faith, and brothers in distress,
 Free to pour forth their common thankfulness,
 Ere hope declines:—their union is beset
 With speculative notions rashly sown, 9
 Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poisonous weeds;
 Their forms are broken staves; their passions, steeds
 That master them. How enviably blest
 Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone
 The peace of God within his single breast!

XXXVIII

ELIZABETH

HAIL, Virgin Queen! o'er many an envious bar
 Triumphant, snatched from many a treacherous
 wile!
 All hail, sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle
 Hath blest, respiring from that dismal war
 Stilled by thy voice! But quickly from afar
 Defiance breathes with more malignant aim;
 And alien storms with home-bred ferments claim
 Portentous fellowship. Her silver car,
 By sleepless prudence ruled, glides slowly on;
 Unhurt by violence, from menaced taint 10
 Emerging pure, and seemingly more bright:
 Ah! wherefore yields it to a foul constraint
 Black as the clouds its beams dispersed, while shone,
 By men and angels blest, the glorious light?

XXXIX

EMINENT REFORMERS

METHINKS that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,
 Light as a buoyant bark from wave to wave,
 Were mine the trusty staff that JEWEL gave
 To youthful HOOKER, in familiar style
 The gift exalting, and with playful smile : ¹
 For thus equipped, and bearing on his head
 The Donor's farewell blessing, can he dread
 Tempest, or length of way, or weight of toil?—
 More sweet than odours caught by him who sails
 Near spicy shores of Araby the blest, 10
 A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
 The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
 In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
 From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein
 they rest.

XL

THE SAME

HOLY and heavenly Spirits as they are,
 Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,
 With what entire affection do they prize
 Their Church reformed ! labouring with earnest care
 To baffle all that may her strength impair ;
 That Church, the unperverted Gospel's seat ;
 In their afflictions a divine retreat ;
 Source of their liveliest hope, and tenderest prayer !—
 The truth exploring with an equal mind,
 In doctrine and communion they have sought 10
 Firmly between the two extremes to steer ;
 But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot,
 To trace right courses for the stubborn blind,
 And prophesy to ears that will not hear.

XLI

DISTRACTIONS

MEN, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy
 Their forefathers ; lo ! sects are formed, and
 split
 With morbid restlessness ;—the ecstatic fit
 Spreads wide ; though special mysteries multiply,

¹ See Note.

The Saints must govern is their common cry ;
 And so they labour, deeming Holy Writ
 Disgraced by aught that seems content to sit
 Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.
 The Romanist exults ; fresh hope he draws
 From the confusion, craftily incites 10
 The overweening, personates the mad—
 To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause :
 Totters the Throne ; the new-born Church is sad,
 For every wave against her peace unites.

XLII

GUNPOWDER PLOT

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree
 To plague her beating heart ; and there is one
 (Nor idlest that !) which holds communion
 With things that were not, yet were *meant* to be.
 Aghast within its gloomy cavity
 That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done
 Crimes that might stop the motion of the sun)
 Beholds the horrible catastrophe
 Of an assembled Senate unredeemed
 From subterraneous Treason's darkling power : 10
 Merciless act of sorrow infinite !
 Worse than the product of that dismal night,
 When gushing, copious as a thunder-shower,
 The blood of Huguenots through Paris streamed.

XLIII

ILLUSTRATION

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE RHINE
 NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN

THE Virgin-Mountain,¹ wearing like a Queen
 A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,
 Sheds ruin from her sides ; and men below
 Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
 Can link with desolation. Smooth and green,
 And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
 The waters of the Rhine ; but on they go
 Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen ;

¹ The Jung-frau.

Till madness seizes on the whole wide Flood,
 Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils breathe 10
 Blasts of tempestuous smoke—wherewith he tries
 To hide himself, but only magnifies;
 And doth in more conspicuous torment writhe,
 Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

XLIV

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST

EVEN such the contrast that, where'er we move,
 To the mind's eye Religion doth present;
 Now with her own deep quietness content;
 Then, like the mountain, thundering from above
 Against the ancient pine-trees of the grove
 And the Land's humblest comforts. Now her mood
 Recalls the transformation of the flood,
 Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove,
 Earth cannot check. O terrible excess
 Of headstrong will! Can this be Piety? 10
 No—some fierce Maniac hath usurped her name;
 And scourges England struggling to be free:
 Her peace destroyed! her hopes a wilderness!
 Her blessings cursed—her glory turned to shame!

XLV

LAUD¹

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to spare,
 An old weak Man for vengeance thrown aside,
 Laud, 'in the painful art of dying' tried,
 (Like a poor bird entangled in a snare
 Whose heart still flutters, though his wings forbear
 To stir in useless struggle) hath relied
 On hope that conscious innocence supplied,
 And in his prison breathes celestial air.
 Why tarries then thy chariot? Wherefore stay,
 O Death! the ensanguined yet triumphant wheels, 10
 Which thou prepar'st, full often, to convey
 (What time a State with madding faction reels)
 The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals
 All wounds, all perturbations doth allay?

¹ See Note.

XLVI

AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND

HARP! couldst thou venture, on thy boldest string,
 The faintest note to echo which the blast
 Caught from the hand of Moses as it passed
 O'er Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd-king,
 Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing
 Of dread Jehovah; then should wood and waste
 Hear also of that name, and mercy cast
 Off to the mountains, like a covering
 Of which the Lord was weary. Weep, oh! weep,
 Weep with the good, beholding King and Priest 10
 Despised by that stern God to whom they raise
 Their suppliant hands; but holy is the feast
 He keepeth; like the firmament his ways:
 His statutes like the chambers of the deep.

PART III

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIMES

I

I SAW the figure of a lovely Maid
 Seated alone beneath a darksome tree,
 Whose fondly-overhanging canopy
 Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.
 No Spirit was she; *that* my heart betrayed,
 For she was one I loved exceedingly;
 But while I gazed in tender reverie
 (Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played?)
 The bright corporeal presence—form and face—
 Remaining still distinct grew thin and rare, 10
 Like sunny mist;—at length the golden hair,
 Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keeping pace
 Each with the other in a lingering race
 Of dissolution, melted into air.

II

PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES

LAST night, without a voice, that Vision spake
 Fear to my Soul, and sadness which might seem
 Wholly dis severed from our present theme;
 Yet, my belovèd Country! I partake

Of kindred agitations for thy sake ;
 Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight dream ;
 Thy glory meets me with the earliest beam
 Of light, which tells that Morning is awake.
 If aught impair thy beauty or destroy,
 Or but forbode destruction, I deplore
 With filial love the sad vicissitude ;
 If thou hast fallen, and righteous Heaven restore
 The prostrate, then my spring-time is renewed,
 And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

10

III

CHARLES THE SECOND

WHO comes—with rapture greeted, and caress'd
 With frantic love—his kingdom to regain ?
 Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in vain
 Received, and fostered in her iron breast :
 For all she taught of hardiest and of best,
 Or would have taught, by discipline of pain
 And long privation, now dissolves amain,
 Or is remembered only to give zest
 To wantonness.—Away, Circean revels !
 But for what gain ? if England soon must sink
 Into a gulf which all distinction levels—
 That bigotry may swallow the good name,
 And, with that draught, the life-blood : misery, shame,
 By Poets loathed ; from which Historians shrink !

10

IV

LATITUDINARIANISM

YET Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind
 Charged with rich words poured out in thought's
 defence ;
 Whether the Church inspire that eloquence,
 Or a Platonic Piety confined
 To the sole temple of the inward mind ;
 And One there is who builds immortal lays,
 Though doomed to tread in solitary ways,
 Darkness before and danger's voice behind ;
 Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel
 Sad thoughts ; for from above the starry sphere
 Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear ;
 And the pure spirit of celestial light
 Shines through his soul—' that he may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.'

10

V

WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES

THERE are no colours in the fairest sky
 So fair as these. The feather, whence the pen
 Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
 Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moistened eye
 We read of faith and purest charity
 In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen :
 Oh could we copy their mild virtues, then
 What joy to live, what blessedness to die !
 Methinks their very names shine still and bright ;
 Apart—like glow-worms on a summer night ; 10
 Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
 A guiding ray ; or seen—like stars on high,
 Satellites burning in a lucid ring
 Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

VI

CLERICAL INTEGRITY

NOR shall the eternal roll of praise reject
 Those Unconforming ; whom one rigorous day
 Drives from their Cures, a voluntary prey
 To poverty, and grief, and disrespect,
 And some to want—as if by tempests wrecked
 On a wild coast ; how destitute ! did They
 Feel not that Conscience never can betray,
 That peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect.
 Their altars they forego, their homes they quit,
 Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod, 10
 And cast the future upon Providence ;
 As men the dictate of whose inward sense
 Outweighs the world ; whom self-deceiving wit
 Lures not from what they deem the cause of God.

VII

PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS

WHEN Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry,
 The majesty of England interposed
 And the sword stopped ; the bleeding wounds were
 closed ;
 And Faith preserved her ancient purity.

How little boots that precedent of good,
 Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst testify,
 For England's shame, O Sister Realm ! from wood,
 Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie
 The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
 Slain by Compatriot-protestants that draw 10
 From councils senseless as intolerant
 Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law ;
 But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw
 Against a Champion cased in adamant.

Published 1827

VIII

ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS

A VOICE, from long-expecting thousands sent,
 Shatters the air, and troubles tower and spire ;
 For Justice hath absolved the innocent,
 And Tyranny is balked of her desire :
 Up, down, the busy Thames—rapid as fire
 Coursing a train of gunpowder—it went,
 And transport finds in every street a vent,
 Till the whole City rings like one vast quire.
 The Fathers urge the People to be still, 9
 With outstretched hands and earnest speech—in vain !
 Yea, many, haply wont to entertain
 Small reverence for the mitre's offices,
 And to Religion's self no friendly will,
 A Prelate's blessing ask on bended knees.

IX

WILLIAM THE THIRD

CALM as an under-current, strong to draw
 Millions of waves into itself, and run,
 From sea to sea, impervious to the sun
 And ploughing storm, the spirit of Nassau
 Swerves not, (how blest if by religious awe
 Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend
 With the wide world's commotions !) from its end
 Swerves not—diverted by a casual law.
 Had mortal action e'er a nobler scope ?
 The Hero comes to liberate, not defy ; 10
 And while he marches on with stedfast hope,
 Conqueror beloved ! expected anxiously !
 The vacillating Bondman of the Pope
 Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast eye.

X

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

UNGRATEFUL Country, if thou e'er forget
 The sons who for thy civil rights have bled !
 How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,
 And Russell's milder blood the scaffold wet ;
 But these had fallen for profitless regret
 Had not thy holy Church her champions bred,
 And claims from other worlds inspirited
 The star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet
 (Grave this within thy heart !) if spiritual things
 Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear, 10
 Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,
 However hardly won or justly dear :
 What came from heaven to heaven by nature clings,
 And, if dissevered thence, its course is short.

XI

SACHEVEREL

A SUDDEN conflict rises from the swell
 Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained
 In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true or feigned,
 Spread through all ranks ; and lo ! the Sentinel
 Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell,
 Stands at the Bar, absolved by female eyes
 Mingling their glances with grave flatteries
 Lavished on *Him*—that England may rebel
 Against her ancient virtue. High and Low,
 Watchwords of Party, on all tongues are rife ; 10
 As if a Church, though sprung from heaven, must owe
 To opposites and fierce extremes her life,—
 Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow
 Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.

Published 1827

XII

DOWN a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design
 Have we pursued, with livelier stir of heart
 Than his who sees, borne forward by the Rhine,
 The living landscapes greet him, and depart ;
 Sees spires fast sinking—up again to start !
 And strives the towers to number, that recline
 O'er the dark steep, or on the horizon line
 Striding with shattered crests his eye athwart.

So have we hurried on with troubled pleasure :
 Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream 10
 That slackens, and spreads wide a watery gleam,
 We, nothing loth a lingering course to measure,
 May gather up our thoughts, and mark at leisure
 How widely spread the interests of our theme.

Published 1827

XIII

ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA

I.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS

WELL worthy to be magnified are they
 Who, with sad hearts, of friends and country
 took

A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook,
 And hallowed ground in which their fathers lay ;
 Then to the new-found World explored their way,
 That so a Church, unforced, uncalled to brook
 Ritual restraints, within some sheltering nook
 Her Lord might worship and his word obey
 In freedom. Men they were who could not bend ;
 Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for guide 10
 A will by sovereign Conscience sanctified ;
 Blest while their Spirits from the woods ascend
 Along a Galaxy that knows no end,
 But in His glory who for Sinners died.

1842

XIV

II. CONTINUED

FROM Rite and Ordinance abused they fled
 To Wilds where both were utterly unknown ;
 But not to them had Providence foreshown
 What benefits are missed, what evils bred,
 In worship neither raised nor limited
 Save by Self-will. Lo ! from that distant shore,
 For Rite and Ordinance, Piety is led
 Back to the Land those Pilgrims left of yore,
 Led by her own free choice. So Truth and Love
 By Conscience governed do their steps retrace.— 10
 Fathers ! your Virtues, such the power of grace,
 Their spirit, in your Children, thus approve.
 Transcendent over time, unbound by place,
 Concord and Charity in circles move.

1842

XV

III. CONCLUDED.—AMERICAN EPISCOPACY

PATRIOTS informed with Apostolic light
 Were they who, when their Country had been
 freed,
 Bowing with reverence to the ancient creed,
 Fixed on the frame of England's Church their sight,
 And strove in filial love to reunite
 What force had severed. Thence they fetched the seed
 Of Christian unity, and won a meed
 Of praise from Heaven. To Thee, O saintly WHITE,
 Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,
 Remotest lands and unborn times shall turn, 10
 Whether they would restore or build—to Thee,
 As one who rightly taught how zeal should burn,
 As one who drew from out Faith's holiest urn
 The purest stream of patient Energy.

1842

XVI

BISHOPS and Priests, blessèd are ye, if deep
 (As yours above all offices is high)
 Deep in your hearts the sense of duty lie;
 Charged as ye are by Christ to feed and keep
 From wolves your portion of his chosen sheep:
 Labouring as ever in your Master's sight,
 Making your hardest task your best delight,
 What perfect glory ye in Heaven shall reap!—
 But, in the solemn Office which ye sought
 And undertook premonished, if unsound 10
 Your practice prove, faithless though but in thought,
 Bishops and Priests, think what a gulf profound
 Awaits you then, if they were rightly taught
 Who framed the Ordinance by your lives disowned!

Published 1845

XVII

PLACES OF WORSHIP

AS star that shines dependent upon star
 Is to the sky while we look up in love;
 As to the deep fair ships which, though they move,
 Seem fixed to eyes that watch them from afar;
 As to the sandy desert fountains are,
 With palm-groves shaded at wide intervals,
 Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native falls
 Of roving tired or desultory war—

Such to this British Isle her christian Fanes,
 Each linked to each for kindred services ; 10
 Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glittering vanes
 Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among trees,
 Where a few villagers on bended knees
 Find solace which a busy world disdains.

XVIII

PASTORAL CHARACTER

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,
 And a refined rusticity, belong
 To the neat mansion, where, his flock among,
 The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful Lord.
 Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword ;
 Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong
 To human kind ; though peace be on his tongue,
 Gentleness in his heart—can earth afford
 Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
 As when, arrayed in Christ's authority, 10
 He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand ;
 Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
 For re-subjecting to divine command
 The stubborn spirit of rebellious man ?

XIX

THE LITURGY

YES, if the intensities of hope and fear
 Attract us still, and passionate exercise
 Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies
 Distinct with signs, through which in set career,
 As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year
 Of England's Church ; stupendous mysteries !
 Which whoso travels in her bosom eyes,
 As he approaches them, with solemn cheer.
 Upon that circle traced from sacred story
 We only dare to cast a transient glance, 10
 Trusting in hope that Others may advance
 With mind intent upon the King of Glory,
 From his mild advent till his countenance
 Shall dissipate the seas and mountains hoary.

XX

BAPTISM

DEAR be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs
 Of Infancy, provides a timely shower
 Whose virtue changes to a christian Flower
 A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of weeds!—
 Fitliest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
 The ministration; while parental Love
 Looks on, and Grace descendeth from above
 As the high service pledges now, now pleads.
 There, should vain thoughts outspread their wings and
 fly
 To meet the coming hours of festal mirth, 10
 The tombs—which hear and answer that brief cry,
 The Infant's notice of his second birth—
 Recall the wandering Soul to sympathy
 With what man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from
 Earth.

Published 1827

XXI

SPONSORS

FATHER! to God himself we cannot give
 A holier name! then lightly do not bear
 Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual care
 Be duly mindful: still more sensitive
 Do Thou, in truth a second Mother, strive
 Against disheartening custom, that by Thee
 Watched, and with love and pious industry
 Tended at need, the adopted Plant may thrive
 For everlasting bloom. Benign and pure
 This Ordinance, whether loss it would supply, 10
 Prevent omission, help deficiency,
 Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.
 Shame if the consecrated Vow be found
 An idle form, the Word an empty sound!

Published 1832

XXII

CATECHISING

FROM Little down to Least, in due degree,
 Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought vest,
 Each with a vernal posy at his breast,
 We stood, a trembling, earnest Company!

With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,
 Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears betrayed ;
 And some a bold unerring answer made :
 How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,
 Belovèd Mother ! Thou whose happy hand
 Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful tie : 10
 Sweet flowers ! at whose inaudible command
 Her countenance, phantom-like, doth re-appear :
 O lost too early for the frequent tear,
 And ill requited by this heartfelt sigh !

XXIII

CONFIRMATION

THE Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale,
 With holiday delight on every brow :
 'Tis past away ; far other thoughts prevail ;
 For they are taking the baptismal Vow
 Upon their conscious selves ; their own lips speak
 The solemn promise. Strongest sinews fail,
 And many a blooming, many a lovely, cheek
 Under the holy fear of God turns pale ;
 While on each head his lawn-robed servant lays
 An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals 10
 The Covenant. The Omnipotent will raise
 Their feeble Souls ; and bear with *his* regrets,
 Who, looking round the fair assemblage, feels
 That ere the Sun goes down their childhood sets.

Published 1827

XXIV

CONFIRMATION CONTINUED

I SAW a Mother's eye intensely bent
 Upon a Maiden trembling as she knelt ;
 In and for whom the pious Mother felt
 Things that we judge of by a light too faint :
 Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned Muse, or Saint !
 Tell what rushed in, from what she was relieved—
 Then, when her Child the hallowing touch received,
 And such vibration through the Mother went
 That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams appear ?
 Opened a vision of that blissful place 10
 Where dwells a Sister-child ? And was power given
 Part of her lost One's glory back to trace
 Even to this Rite ? For thus *She* knelt, and, ere
 The summer-leaf had faded, passed to Heaven.

Published 1827

XXV

SACRAMENT

BY chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied:
 One duty more, last stage of this ascent,
 Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacrament!
 The Offspring, haply at the Parent's side;
 But not till They, with all that do abide
 In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to laud
 And magnify the glorious name of God,
 Fountain of Grace, whose Son for sinners died.
 Ye, who have duly weighed the summons, pause
 No longer; ye, whom to the saving rite 10
 The Altar calls; come early under laws
 That can secure for you a path of light
 Through gloomiest shade; put on (nor dread its weight)
 Armour divine, and conquer in your cause!

Published 1827

XXVI

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

THE Vested Priest before the Altar stands;
 Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in sight
 Of God and chosen friends, your troth to plight
 With the symbolic ring, and willing hands
 Solemnly joined. Now sanctify the bands
 O Father!—to the Espoused thy blessing give,
 That mutually assisted they may live
 Obedient, as here taught, to thy commands.
 So prays the Church, to consecrate a Vow
 'The which would endless matrimony make'; 10
 Union that shadows forth and doth partake
 A mystery potent human love to endow
 With heavenly, each more prized for the other's sake;
 Weep not, meek Bride! uplift thy timid brow.

1842

XXVII

THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILDBIRTH

WOMAN! the Power who left his throne on
 high,
 And deigned to wear the robe of flesh we wear,
 The Power that thro' the straits of Infancy
 Did pass dependent on maternal care,

His own humanity with Thee will share,
 Pleased with the thanks that in his People's eye
 Thou offerest up for safe Delivery
 From Childbirth's perilous throes. And should the
 Heir

Of thy fond hopes hereafter walk inclined
 To courses fit to make a mother rue
 That ever he was born, a glance of mind
 Cast upon this observance may renew
 A better will ; and, in the imagined view
 Of thee thus kneeling, safety he may find.

10

Published 1845

XXVIII

VISITATION OF THE SICK

THE Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal ;
 Glad music ! yet there be that, worn with pain
 And sickness, listen where they long have lain,
 In sadness listen. With maternal zeal
 Inspired, the Church sends ministers to kneel
 Beside the afflicted ; to sustain with prayer,
 And soothe the heart confession hath laid bare—
 That pardon, from God's throne, may set its seal
 On a true Penitent. When breath departs
 From one disburthened so, so comforted,
 His Spirit Angels greet ; and ours be hope
 That, if the Sufferer rise from his sick-bed,
 Hence he will gain a firmer mind, to cope
 With a bad world, and foil the Tempter's arts.

10

Published 1845

XXIX

THE COMMINATION SERVICE

S HUN not this Rite, neglected, yea abhorred,
 By some of unreflecting mind, as calling
 Man to curse man, (thought monstrous and appalling).
 Go thou and hear the threatenings of the Lord ;
 Listening within his Temple see his sword
 Unsheathed in wrath to strike the offender's head,
 Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be dead,
 Guilt unrepented, pardon unimplored.

Two aspects bears Truth needful for salvation ;
 Who knows not *that*?—yet would this delicate age 10
 Look only on the Gospel's brighter page :
 Let light and dark duly our thoughts employ ;
 So shall the fearful words of Commination
 Yield timely fruit of peace and love and joy.

Published 1845

XXX

FORMS OF PRAYER AT SEA

TO kneeling Worshippers no earthly floor
 Gives holier invitation than the deck
 Of a storm-shattered Vessel saved from Wreck
 (When all that Man could do availed no more)
 By him who raised the Tempest and restrains :
 Happy the crew who this have felt, and pour
 Forth for his mercy, as the Church ordains,
 Solemn thanksgiving. Nor will *they* implore
 In vain who, for a rightful cause, give breath 10
 To words the Church prescribes aiding the lip
 For the heart's sake, ere ship with hostile ship
 Encounters, armed for work of pain and death.
 Suppliants! the God to whom your cause ye trust
 Will listen, and ye know that He is just.

XXXI

FUNERAL SERVICE

FROM the Baptismal hour, thro' weal and woe,
 The Church extends her care to thought and
 deed ;
 Nor quits the Body when the Soul is freed,
 The mortal weight cast off to be laid low.
 Blest Rite for him who hears in faith, ' I know
 That my Redeemer liveth,'—hears each word
 That follows—striking on some kindred chord
 Deep in the thankful heart ;—yet tears will flow.
 Man is as grass that springeth up at morn,
 Grows green, and is cut down and withereth 10
 Ere nightfall—truth that well may claim a sigh,
 Its natural echo ; but hope comes reborn
 At Jesu's bidding. We rejoice, ' O Death,
 Where is thy Sting?—O Grave, where is thy Victory? '
 1842

XXXII

RURAL CEREMONY ¹

CLOSING the sacred Book which long has fed
 Our meditations, give we to a day
 Of annual joy one tributary lay ;
 This day, when, forth by rustic music led,
 The village Children, while the sky is red
 With evening lights, advance in long array
 Through the still churchyard, each with garland gay,
 That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head
 Of the proud Bearer. To the wide church-door,
 Charged with these offerings which their fathers bore 10
 For decoration in the Papal time,
 The innocent Procession softly moves :—
 The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's pure clime,
 And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves !

XXXIII

REGRETS

WOULD that our scrupulous Sires had dared to
 leave
 Less scanty measure of those graceful rites
 And usages, whose due return invites
 A stir of mind too natural to deceive ;
 Giving to Memory help when she would weave
 A crown for Hope !—I dread the boasted lights
 That all too often are but fiery blights,
 Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve.
 Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort bring,
 The counter Spirit found in some gay church 10
 Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch
 In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,
 Merry and loud and safe from prying search,
 Strains offered only to the genial Spring.

XXXIV

MUTABILITY

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,
 And sink from high to low, along a scale
 Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail ;
 A musical but melancholy chime,

¹ See Note.

Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
 Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
 Truth fails not ; but her outward forms that bear
 The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
 That in the morning whitened hill and plain
 And is no more ; drop like the tower sublime 10
 Of yesterday, which royally did wear
 His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
 Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
 Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

XXXV

OLD ABBEYS

MONASTIC Domes ! following my downward way,
 Untouched by due regret I marked your fall !
 Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
 Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay
 On our past selves in life's declining day :
 For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
 We learn to tolerate the infirmities
 And faults of others—gently as he may,
 So with our own the mild Instructor deals,
 Teaching us to forget them or forgive. 10
 Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill
 Why should we break Time's charitable seals ?
 Once ye were holy, ye are holy still ;
 Your spirit freely let me drink, and live !

XXXVI

EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY

EVEN while I speak, the sacred roofs of France
 Are shattered into dust ; and self-exiled
 From altars threatened, levelled, or defiled,
 Wander the Ministers of God, as chance
 Opens a way for life, or consonance
 Of faith invites. More welcome to no land
 The fugitives than to the British strand,
 Where priest and layman with the vigilance
 Of true compassion greet them. Creed and test
 Vanish before the unreserved embrace 10
 Of catholic humanity :—distrest
 They came,—and, while the moral tempest roars
 Throughout the Country they have left, our shores
 Give to their Faith a fearless resting-place.

XXXVII

CONGRATULATION

THUS all things lead to Charity, secured
 By **THEM** who blessed the soft and happy gale
 That landward urged the great Deliverer's sail,
 Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored !
 Propitious hour ! had we, like them, endured
 Sore stress of apprehension,¹ with a mind
 Sickened by injuries, dreading worse designed,
 From month to month trembling and unassured,
 How had we then rejoiced ! But we have felt,
 As a loved substance, their futurity : 10
 Good, which they dared not hope for, we have seen ;
 A State whose generous will through earth is dealt ;
 A State—which, balancing herself between
 Licence and slavish order, dares be free.

XXXVIII

NEW CHURCHES

BUT liberty, and triumphs on the Main,
 And laurelled armies, not to be withstood—
 What serve they ? if, on transitory good
 Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,
 The State (ah, surely not preserved in vain !)
 Forbear to shape due channels which the Flood
 Of sacred truth may enter—till it brood
 O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian plain
 The all-sustaining Nile. No more—the time
 Is conscious of her want ; through England's bounds, 10
 In rival haste, the wished-for Temples rise !
 I hear their sabbath bells' harmonious chime
 Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of all sounds
 That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies !

XXXIX

CHURCH TO BE ERECTED

BE this the chosen site ; the virgin sod,
 Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,
 Shall disappear, and grateful earth receive
 The corner-stone from hands that build to God.

¹ See Note.

Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to the rod
 Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully ;
 Those forest oaks of Druid memory,
 Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode
 Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid this band
 Of daisies, shepherds sate of yore and wove
 May-garlands, there let the holy altar stand
 For kneeling adoration ;—while—above,
 Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic Dove,
 That shall protect from blasphemy the Land.

XL

CONTINUED

MINE ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued,
 Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,
 When each pale brow to dread hosannas bowed
 While clouds of incense mounting veiled the rood,
 That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly viewed
 Through Alpine vapours. Such appalling rite
 Our Church prepares not, trusting to the might
 Of simple truth with grace divine imbued ;
 Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,
 Like men ashamed : the Sun with his first smile
 Shall greet that symbol crowning the low Pile :
 And the fresh air of incense-breathing morn
 Shall woefully embrace it ; and green moss
 Creep round its arms through centuries unborn.

XLI

NEW CHURCHYARD

THE encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,
 Is now by solemn consecration given
 To social interests, and to favouring Heaven ;
 And where the rugged colts their gambols played,
 And wild deer bounded through the forest glade,
 Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw driven,
 Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even ;
 And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade
 Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture small,
 But infinite its grasp of weal and woe !
 Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow ;—
 The spousal trembling, and the ' dust to dust,'
 The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust
 That to the Almighty Father looks through all.

XLII

CATHEDRALS, ETC.

O PEN your gates, ye everlasting Piles !
 Types of the spiritual Church which God hath
 reared ;
 Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward
 And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles
 To kneel, or thrud your intricate defiles,
 Or down the nave to pace in motion slow ;
 Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow
 And mount, at every step, with living wiles
 Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will
 By a bright ladder to the world above. 10
 Open your gates, ye Monuments of love
 Divine ! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill !
 Thou, stately York ! and Ye, whose splendours cheer
 Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear !

XLIII

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

T AX not the royal Saint with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned—
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band
 Of white-robed Scholars only—this immense
 And glorious Work of fine intelligence !
 Give all thou canst ; high Heaven rejects the lore
 Of nicely-calculated less or more ;
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells, 10
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
 Lingerin—and wandering on as loth to die ;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
 That they were born for immortality.

XLIV

THE SAME

W HAT awful pèrspective ! while from our sight
 With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
 Their Portraitsures, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
 In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.

Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,
 Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,
 Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
 Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night!—
 But, from the arms of silence—list! O list!
 The music bursteth into second life;
 The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
 By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
 Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye
 Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

10

XLV

CONTINUED

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home
 Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;
 Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam;
 Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
 Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the wreath
 Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my path
 Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome
 Hath typified by reach of daring art
 Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,
 The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread
 As now, when She hath also seen her breast
 Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
 Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

10

XLVI

EJACULATION

GLORY to God! and to the Power who came
 In filial duty, clothed with love divine,
 That made his human tabernacle shine
 Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame;
 Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name
 From roseate hues, far kenned at morn and even,
 In hours of peace, or when the storm is driven
 Along the nether region's rugged frame!
 Earth prompts—Heaven urges; let us seek the light,
 Studious of that pure intercourse begun
 When first our infant brows their lustre won;
 So, like the Mountain, may we grow more bright
 From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
 At the approach of all-involving night.

10

XLVII

CONCLUSION

WHY sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,
Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the Word
Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith explored,
Power at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold
His drowsy rings. Look forth!—that Stream behold,
THAT STREAM upon whose bosom we have passed
Floating at ease while nations have effaced
Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold
Long lines of mighty Kings—look forth, my Soul!
(Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust)
The living Waters, less and less by guilt
Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,
Till they have reached the eternal City—built
For the perfected Spirits of the just!

10

EVENING VOLUNTARIES

I

CALM is the fragrant air, and loth to lose
 Day's grateful warmth, tho' moist with falling
 dews.

Look for the stars, you'll say that there are none;
 Look up a second time, and, one by one,
 You mark them twinkling out with silvery light,
 And wonder how they could elude the sight!
 The birds, of late so noisy in their bowers,
 Warbled a while with faint and fainter powers,
 But now are silent as the dim-seen flowers:
 Nor does the village Church-clock's iron tone 10
 The time's and season's influence disown;
 Nine beats distinctly to each other bound
 In drowsy sequence—how unlike the sound
 That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a fear
 On fireside listeners, doubting what they hear!
 The shepherd, bent on rising with the sun,
 Had closed his door before the day was done,
 And now with thankful heart to bed doth creep,
 And joins his little children in their sleep.
 The bat, lured forth where trees the lane o'ershade, 20
 Flits and reflits along the close arcade;
 The busy dor-hawk chases the white moth
 With burring note, which Industry and Sloth
 Might both be pleased with, for it suits them both.
 A stream is heard—I see it not, but know
 By its soft music whence the waters flow:
 Wheels and the tread of hoofs are heard no more;
 One boat there was, but it will touch the shore
 With the next dipping of its slackened oar;
 Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the gay, 30
 Might give to serious thought a moment's sway,
 As a last token of man's toilsome day!

II

ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST OF
CUMBERLAND

Easter Sunday, April 7

THE AUTHOR'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY

THE Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,
 Flung back from distant climes a streaming fire,
 Whose blaze is now subdued to tender gleams,
 Prelude of night's approach with soothing dreams.
 Look round ;—of all the clouds not one is moving ;
 'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving.
 Silent, and steadfast as the vaulted sky,
 The boundless plain of waters seems to lie :—
 Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er
 The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore ? 10
 No ; 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,
 Whispering how meek and gentle he *can* be !

Thou Power supreme ! who, arming to rebuke
 Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,
 And clothe thyself with terrors like the flood
 Of Ocean roused into his fiercest mood,
 Whatever discipline thy Will ordain
 For the brief course that must for me remain ;
 Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice
 In admonitions of thy softest voice ! 20
 Whate'er the path these mortal feet may trace,
 Breathe through my soul the blessing of thy grace,
 Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere
 Drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear,
 Glad to expand ; and, for a season, free
 From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee !

1833

III

(BY THE SEA-SIDE)

THE sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest,
 And the wild storm hath somewhere found a nest ;
 Air slumbers—wave with wave no longer strives,
 Only a heaving of the deep survives,
 A tell-tale motion ! soon will it be laid,
 And by the tide alone the water swayed.
 Stealthy withdrawals, interminglings mild
 Of light with shade in beauty reconciled—

Such is the prospect far as sight can range,
 The soothing recompense, the welcome change. 10
 Where now the ships that drove before the blast,
 Threatened by angry breakers as they passed ;
 And by a train of flying clouds bemocked ;
 Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor rocked
 As on a bed of death ? Some lodge in peace,
 Saved by His care who bade the tempest cease ;
 And some, too heedless of past danger, court
 Fresh gales to waft them to the far-off port ;
 But near, or hanging sea and sky between,
 Not one of all those wingèd powers is seen, 20
 Seen in her course, nor 'mid this quiet heard ;
 Yet oh ! how gladly would the air be stirred
 By some acknowledgment of thanks and praise,
 Soft in its temper as those vesper lays
 Sung to the Virgin while accordant oars
 Urge the slow bark along Calabrian shores ;
 A sea-born service through the mountains felt
 Till into one loved vision all things melt :
 Or like those hymns that soothe with graver sound
 The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound ; 30
 And, from the wide and open Baltic, rise
 With punctual care, Lutheran harmonies.
 Hush, not a voice is here ! but why repine,
 Now when the star of eve comes forth to shine
 On British waters with that look benign ?
 Ye mariners, that plough your onward way,
 Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,
 May silent thanks at least to God be given
 With a full heart ; 'our thoughts are *heard* in heaven !'
 1833

IV

NOT in the lucid intervals of life
 That come but as a curse to party-strife ;
 Not in some hour when Pleasure with a sigh
 Of languor puts his rosy garland by ;
 Not in the breathing-times of that poor slave
 Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon's cave—
 Is Nature felt, or can be ; nor do words,
 Which practised talent readily affords,
 Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords ;
 Nor has her gentle beauty power to move 10
 With genuine rapture and with fervent love
 The soul of Genius, if he dare to take
 Life's rule from passion craved for passion's sake ;

Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent
Of all the truly great and all the innocent.

But who *is* innocent? By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine,
Through good and evil thine, in just degree
Of rational and manly sympathy.
To all that Earth from pensive hearts is stealing, 20
And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes revealing,
Add every charm the Universe can show
Through every change its aspects undergo—
Care may be respited, but not repealed;
No perfect cure grows on that bounded field.
Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the peace,
If He, through whom alone our conflicts cease,
Our virtuous hopes without relapse advance,
Come not to speed the Soul's deliverance;
To the distempered Intellect refuse 30
His gracious help, or give what we abuse.

1834

V

(BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERE)

THE linnet's warble, sinking towards a close,
Hints to the thrush 'tis time for their repose;
The shrill-voiced thrush is heedless, and again
The monitor revives his own sweet strain;
But both will soon be mastered, and the copse
Be left as silent as the mountain-tops,
Ere some commanding star dismiss to rest
The throng of rooks, that now, from twig or nest,
(After a steady flight on home-bound wings,
And a last game of mazy hoverings 10
Around their ancient grove) with cawing noise
Disturb the liquid music's equipoise.

O Nightingale! Who ever heard thy song
Might here be moved, till Fancy grows so strong
That listening sense is pardonably cheated
Where wood or stream by thee was never greeted.
Surely, from fairest spots of favoured lands,
Were not some gifts withheld by jealous hands,
This hour of deepening darkness here would be
As a fresh morning for new harmony;
And lays as prompt would hail the dawn of Night: 20
A *dawn* she has both beautiful and bright,
When the East kindles with the full moon's light;

Not like the rising sun's impatient glow
Dazzling the mountains, but an overflow
Of solemn splendour, in mutation slow.

Wanderer by spring with gradual progress led,
For sway profoundly felt as widely spread ;
To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear,
And to the soldier's trumpet-wearied ear ; 30
How welcome wouldst thou be to this green Vale
Fairer than Tempe ! Yet, sweet Nightingale !
From the warm breeze that bears thee on, alight
At will, and stay thy migratory flight ;
Build, at thy choice, or sing, by pool or fount,
Who shall complain, or call thee to account ?
The wisest, happiest, of our kind are they
That ever walk content with Nature's way,
God's goodness—measuring bounty as it may ;
For whom the gravest thought of what they miss, 40
Chastening the fulness of a present bliss,
Is with that wholesome office satisfied,
While unrepining sadness is allied
In thankful bosoms to a modest pride.

1834

VI

SOFT as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—the Mere
Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless, clear,
And motionless ; and, to the gazer's eye,
Deeper than ocean, in the immensity
Of its vague mountains and unreal sky !
But, from the process in that still retreat,
Turn to minuter changes at our feet ;
Observe how dewy Twilight has withdrawn
The crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn,
And has restored to view its tender green, 10
That, while the sun rode high, was lost beneath their
dazzling sheen.

—An emblem this of what the sober Hour
Can do for minds disposed to feel its power !
Thus oft, when we in vain have wish'd away
The petty pleasures of the garish day,
Meek eve shuts up the whole usurping host
(Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his post)
And leaves the disencumbered spirit free
To reassume a staid simplicity.

'Tis well—but what are helps of time and place, 20
When wisdom stands in need of nature's grace ;

Why do good thoughts, invoked or not, descend,
 Like Angels from their bowers, our virtues to befriend ;
 If yet To-morrow, unbelied, may say,
 'I come to open out, for fresh display,
 The elastic vanities of yesterday' ?

1834

VII

THE leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill,
 And sky that danced among those leaves, are
 still ;

Rest smooths the way for sleep ; in field and bower
 Soft shades and dewes have shed their blended power
 On drooping eyelid and the closing flower ;
 Sound is there none at which the faintest heart
 Might leap, the weakest nerve of superstition start ;
 Save when the Owlet's unexpected scream
 Pierces the ethereal vault ; and ('mid the gleam
 Of unsubstantial imagery, the dream, 10
 From the hushed vale's realities, transferred
 To the still lake) the imaginative Bird
 Seems, 'mid inverted mountains, not unheard.

Grave Creature!—whether, while the moon shines
 bright

On thy wings opened wide for smoothest flight,
 Thou art discovered in a roofless tower,
 Rising from what may once have been a lady's bower ;
 Or spied where thou sitt'st moping in thy mew
 At the dim centre of a churchyard yew ;
 Or, from a rifted crag or ivy tod 20
 Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,
 Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by shriek or shout,
 A puzzling notice of thy whereabouts—
 May the night never come, nor day be seen,
 When I shall scorn thy voice or mock thy mien !

In classic ages men perceived a soul
 Of sapience in thy aspect, headless Owl !
 Thee Athens revered in the studious grove ;
 And near the golden sceptre grasped by Jove,
 His Eagle's favourite perch, while round him sate 30
 The Gods revolving the decrees of Fate,
 Thou, too, wert present at Minerva's side :—
 Hark to that second larum !—far and wide
 The elements have heard, and rock and cave replied.

1834

VIII

THIS *Impromptu* appeared, many years ago, among the Author's poems, from which, in subsequent editions, it was excluded. It is reprinted at the request of the Friend in whose presence the lines were thrown off.

THE sun has long been set,
The stars are out by twos and threes,
The little birds are piping yet
Among the bushes and trees ;
There's a cuckoo, and one or two thrushes,
And a far-off wind that rushes,
And a sound of water that gushes,
And the cuckoo's sovereign cry
Fills all the hollow of the sky.

Who would go 'parading'
In London, 'and masquerading,'
On such a night of June
With that beautiful soft half-moon,
And all these innocent blisses ?
On such a night as this is !

1802

IX

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRA-
ORDINARY SPLENDOUR AND BEAUTY

I

HAD this effulgence disappeared
With flying haste, I might have sent,
Among the speechless clouds, a look
Of blank astonishment ;
But 'tis endued with power to stay,
And sanctify one closing day,
That frail Mortality may see—
What is ?—ah no, but what *can* be !
Time was when field and watery cove
With modulated echoes rang,
While choirs of fervent Angels sang
Their vespers in the grove ;
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,
Strains suitable to both.—Such holy rite,
Methinks, if audibly repeated now
From hill or valley, could not move
Sublimier transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam—
The shadow—and the peace supreme !

20

II

No sound is uttered,—but a deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades.
Far-distant images draw nigh,
Called forth by wondrous potency
Of beamy radiance, that imbues
Whate'er it strikes with gem-like hues!
In vision exquisitely clear,
Herds range along the mountain side ; 30
And glistening antlers are descried ;
And gilded flocks appear.
Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve !
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That this magnificence is wholly thine !
—From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won ;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread ! 40

III

And if there be whom broken ties
Afflict, or injuries assail,
Yon hazy ridges to their eyes
Present a glorious scale,
Climbing suffused with sunny air,
To stop—no record hath told where !
And tempting Fancy to ascend,
And with immortal Spirits blend !
—Wings at my shoulders seem to play ;
But, rooted here, I stand and gaze 50
On those bright steps that heavenward raise
Their practicable way.
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,
And see to what fair countries ye are bound !
And if some traveller, weary of his road,
Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,
Ye Genii ! to his covert speed ;
And wake him with such gentle heed
As may attune his soul to meet the dower
Bestowed on this transcendent hour ! 60

IV

Such hues from their celestial Urn
 Were wont to stream before mine eye,
 Where'er it wandered in the morn
 Of blissful infancy.
 This glimpse of glory, why renewed?
 Nay, rather speak with gratitude;
 For, if a vestige of those gleams
 Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.
 Dread Power! whom peace and calmness serve
 No less than Nature's threatening voice, 70
 If aught unworthy be my choice,
 From THEE if I would swerve;
 Oh, let Thy grace remind me of the light
 Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored;
 Which, at this moment, on my waking sight
 Appears to shine, by miracle restored;
 My soul, though yet confined to earth,
 Rejoices in a second birth!
 —'Tis past, the visionary splendour fades;
 And night approaches with her shades. 80

1818

Note—The multiplication of mountain-ridges, described at the commencement of the third Stanza of this Ode, as a kind of Jacob's Ladder, leading to Heaven, is produced either by watery vapours, or sunny haze;—in the present instance by the latter cause. Allusions to the Ode entitled 'Intimations of Immortality' pervade the last Stanza of the foregoing Poem.

X

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SHORE

WHAT mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret,
 How fancy sickens by vague hopes beset;
 How baffled projects on the spirit prey,
 And fruitless wishes eat the heart away,
 The Sailor knows; he best, whose lot is cast
 On the relentless sea that holds him fast
 On chance dependent, and the fickle star
 Of power, through long and melancholy war.
 O sad it is, in sight of foreign shores,
 Daily to think on old familiar doors, 10
 Hearths loved in childhood, and ancestral floors;
 Or, tossed about along a waste of foam,
 To ruminate on that delightful home
 Which with the dear Betrothèd *was* to come;

Or came and was and is, yet meets the eye
 Never but in the world of memory ;
 Or in a dream recalled, whose smoothest range
 Is crossed by knowledge, or by dread, of change,
 And if not so, whose perfect joy makes sleep
 A thing too bright for breathing man to keep. 20
 Hail to the virtues which that perilous life
 Extracts from Nature's elemental strife ;
 And welcome glory won in battles fought
 As bravely as the foe was keenly sought.
 But to each gallant Captain and his crew
 A less imperious sympathy is due,
 Such as my verse now yields, while moonbeams play
 On the mute sea in this unruffled bay ;
 Such as will promptly flow from every breast,
 Where good men, disappointed in the quest 30
 Of wealth and power and honours, long for rest ;
 Or, having known the splendours of success,
 Sigh for the obscurities of happiness.

1833

XI

THE Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,
 Glories of evening, as ye there are seen
 With but a span of sky between—
 Speak one of you, my doubts remove,
 Which is the attendant Page and which the Queen ?
 Published 1842

XII

TO THE MOON

COMPOSED BY THE SEASIDE,—ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND

WANDERER ! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so
 near
 To human life's unsettled atmosphere ;
 Who lov'st with Night and Silence to partake,
 So might it seem, the cares of them that wake ;
 And, through the cottage-lattice softly peeping,
 Dost shield from harm the humblest of the sleeping ;
 What pleasure once encompassed those sweet names
 Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,
 An idolizing dreamer as of yore !—
 I slight them all ; and, on this sea-beat shore 10
 Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts attend
 That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S FRIEND ;

So call thee for heaven's grace through thee made known
 By confidence supplied and mercy shown,
 When not a twinkling star or beacon's light
 Abates the perils of a stormy night;
 And for less obvious benefits, that find
 Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and mind;
 Both for the adventurer starting in life's prime;
 And veteran ranging round from clime to clime, 20
 Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,
 And wounds and weakness oft his labour's sole remains.

The aspiring Mountains and the winding Streams,
 Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy beams;
 A look of thine the wilderness pervades,
 And penetrates the forest's inmost shades;
 Thou, chequering peaceably the minster's gloom,
 Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's tomb;
 Canst reach the Prisoner—to his grated cell
 Welcome, though silent and intangible!— 30
 And lives there one, of all that come and go
 On the great waters toiling to and fro,
 One, who has watched thee at some quiet hour
 Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,
 Or crossed by vapoury streaks and clouds that move
 Catching the lustre they in part reprove—
 Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway
 To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day,
 And make the serious happier than the gay?

Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly bright 40
 Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,
 To fiercer mood the frenzy-stricken brain,
 Let me a compensating faith maintain;
 That there's a sensitive, a tender, part
 Which thou canst touch in every human heart,
 For healing and composure.—But, as least
 And mightiest billows ever have confessed
 Thy domination; as the whole vast Sea
 Feels through her lowest depths thy sovereignty;
 So shines that countenance with especial grace 50
 On them who urge the keel her *plains* to trace
 Furrowing its way right onward. The most rude,
 Cut off from home and country, may have stood—
 Even till long gazing hath bedimmed his eye,
 Or the mute rapture ended in a sigh—
 Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer,
 With some internal lights to memory dear,

Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the breast
 Tired with its daily share of earth's unrest —
 Gentle awakenings, visitations meek ;
 A kindly influence whereof few will speak,
 Though it can wet with tears the hardest cheek.

60

And when thy beauty in the shadowy cave
 Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave ;
 Then, while the Sailor, 'mid an open sea
 Swept by a favouring wind that leaves thought free,
 Paces the deck—no star perhaps in sight,
 And nothing save the moving ship's own light
 To cheer the long dark hours of vacant night—
 Oft with his musings does thy image blend,
 In his mind's eye thy crescent horns ascend,
 And thou art still, O Moon, that SAILOR'S FRIEND !

70

1835

XIII

TO THE MOON

(RYDAL)

QUEEN of the stars !—so gentle, so benign,
 That ancient Fable did to thee assign,
 When darkness creeping o'er thy silver brow
 Warned thee these upper regions to forego,
 Alternate empire in the shades below—
 A Bard, who, lately near the wide-spread sea
 Traversed by gleaming ships, looked up to thee
 With grateful thoughts, doth now thy rising hail
 From the close confines of a shadowy vale.
 Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene,
 Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen
 Through cloudy umbrage, well might that fair face,
 And all those attributes of modest grace,
 In days when Fancy wrought unchecked by fear,
 Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere,
 To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear !

10

O still belov'd (for thine, meek Power, are charms
 That fascinate the very Babe in arms,
 While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,
 Spreading his little palms in his glad Mother's sight) 20
 O still belov'd, once worshipp'd ! Time, that frowns
 In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,
 Spares thy mild splendour ; still those far-shot beams
 Tremble on dancing waves and rippling streams

With stainless touch, as chaste as when thy praise
 Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays ;
 And through dark trials still dost thou explore
 Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,
 When teeming Matrons—yielding to rude faith
 In mysteries of birth and life and death 30
 And painful struggle and deliverance—prayed
 Of thee to visit them with lenient aid.
 What though the rites be swept away, the fanes
 Extinct that echoed to the votive strains ;
 Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot, cease
 Love to promote and purity and peace ;
 And Fancy, unproved, even yet may trace
 Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face.

Then, silent Monitress ! let us—not blind
 To worlds unthought of till the searching mind 40
 Of Science laid them open to mankind ;
 Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare
 God's glory ; and acknowledging thy share
 In that blest charge ; let us—without offence
 To aught of highest, holiest, influence—
 Receive whatever good 'tis given thee to dispense.
 May sage and simple, catching with one eye
 The moral intimations of the sky,
 Learn from thy course, where'er their own be taken,
 'To look on tempests, and be never shaken' ; 50
 To keep with faithful step the appointed way
 Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,
 And from example of thy monthly range
 Gently to brook decline and fatal change ;
 Meek, patient, steadfast, and with loftier scope,
 Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope !

1835

XIV

TO LUCCA GIORDANO

GIORDANO, verily thy Pencil's skill
 Hath here portrayed with Nature's happiest
 grace
 The fair Endymion couched on Latmos-hill ;
 And Dian gazing on the Shepherd's face
 In rapture,—yet suspending her embrace,
 As not unconscious with what power the thrill
 Of her most timid touch his sleep would chase,
 And, with his sleep, that beauty calm and still.

O may this work have found its last retreat
 Here in a Mountain-bard's secure abode,
 One to whom, yet a School-boy, Cynthia showed
 A face of love which he in love would greet,
 Fixed, by her smile, upon some rocky seat ;
 Or lured along where green-wood paths he trod.

10

RYDAL MOUNT, 1846.

XV

WHO but is pleased to watch the moon on high
 Travelling where she from time to time en-
 shrouds

Her head, and nothing loth her Majesty
 Renounces, till among the scattered clouds
 One with its kindling edge declares that soon
 Will reappear before the uplifted eye
 A Form as bright, as beautiful a moon,
 To glide in open prospect through clear sky.
 Pity that such a promise e'er should prove
 False in the issue, that yon seeming space
 Of sky should be in truth the stedfast face
 Of a cloud flat and dense, through which must move
 (By transit not unlike man's frequent doom)
 The Wanderer lost in more determined gloom.

10

1846

XVI

WHERE lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's
 creed,

A pitiable doom ; for respite brief
 A care more anxious, or a heavier grief?
 Is he ungrateful, and doth little heed
 God's bounty, soon forgotten ; or indeed,
 Must Man, with labour born, awake to sorrow
 When Flowers rejoice and Larks with rival speed
 Spring from their nests to bid the Sun good morrow?
 They mount for rapture as their songs proclaim
 Warbled in hearing both of earth and sky ;
 But o'er the contrast wherefore heave a sigh?
 Like those aspirants let us soar—our aim,
 Through life's worst trials, whether shocks or snares,
 A happier, brighter, purer Heaven than theirs.

10

1846

POEMS

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR,
IN THE SUMMER OF 1833

[HAVING been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1831, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following series of poems is a Memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed) up the Frith of Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona; and back towards England, by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Goil-head, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and Dumfries-shire, to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater.]

I

ADIEU, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown
And spread as if ye knew that days might come
When ye would shelter in a happy home,
On this fair Mount, a Poet of your own,
One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown
To sue the God; but, haunting your green shade
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid
Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship, self-sown.
Farewell! no Minstrels now with harp new-strung
For summer wandering quit their household bowers; 10
Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue
To cheer the Itinerant on whom she pours
Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,
Or musing sits forsaken halls among.

II

WHY should the Enthusiast, journeying through
this Isle,
Repine as if his hour were come too late?
Not unprotected in her mouldering state,
Antiquity salutes him with a smile,
'Mid fruitful fields that ring with jocund toil,
And pleasure-grounds where Taste, refined Co-mate
Of Truth and Beauty, strives to imitate,
Far as she may, primeval Nature's style.
Fair Land! by Time's parental love made free,
By Social Order's watchful arms embraced; 10

With unexampled union meet in thee,
 For eye and mind, the present and the past ;
 With golden prospect for futurity,
 If that be revered which ought to last.

III

THEY called Thee MERRY ENGLAND, in old time ;
 A happy people won for thee that name
 With envy heard in many a distant clime ;
 And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same
 Endearing title, a responsive chime
 To the heart's fond belief ; though some there are
 Whose sterner judgments deem that word a snare
 For inattentive Fancy, like the lime
 Which foolish birds are caught with. Can, I ask,
 This face of rural beauty be a mask 10
 For discontent, and poverty, and crime ;
 These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will ?
 Forbid it, Heaven ! and MERRY ENGLAND still
 Shall be thy rightful name, in prose and rhyme !

IV

TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK

GRETA, what fearful listening ! when huge stones
 Rumble along thy bed, block after block :
 Or, whirling with reiterated shock,
 Combat, while darkness aggravates the groans :
 But if thou (like Cocytus from the moans
 Heard on his rueful margin) thence wert named
 The Mourner, thy true nature was defamed,
 And the habitual murmur that atones
 For thy worst rage, forgotten. Oft as Spring
 Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand thrones, 10
 Seats of glad instinct and love's carolling,
 The concert, for the happy, then may vie
 With liveliest peals of birth-day harmony :
 To a grieved heart the notes are benisons.

V

TO THE RIVER DERWENT

AMONG the mountains were we nursed, loved
 Stream !
 Thou near the eagle's nest—within brief sail,
 I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,
 Where thy deep voice could lull me ! Faint the beam

Of human life when first allowed to gleam
 On mortal notice.—Glory of the vale,
 Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though frail,
 Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam
 Of thy soft breath !—Less vivid wreath entwined
 Nemean victor's brow ; less bright was worn,
 Meed of some Roman chief—in triumph borne
 With captives chained ; and shedding from his car
 The sunset splendours of a finished war
 Upon the proud enslavers of mankind !

10

Published 1819

VI

IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKERMOUTH

(Where the Author was born, and his Father's remains are laid)

A POINT of life between my Parent's dust,
 And yours, my buried Little ones ! am I ;
 And to those graves looking habitually
 In kindred quiet I repose my trust.
 Death to the innocent is more than just,
 And, to the sinner, mercifully bent ;
 So may I hope, if truly I repent
 And meekly bear the ills which bear I must :
 And You, my Offspring ! that do still remain,
 Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,
 If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual pain
 We breathed together for a moment's space,
 The wrong, by love provoked, let love arraign,
 And only love keep in your hearts a place.

10

VII

ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF COCKERMOUTH CASTLE

'THOU look'st upon me, and dost fondly think,
 Poet ! that, stricken as both are by years,
 We, differing once so much, are now Compeers,
 Prepared, when each has stood his time, to sink
 Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link
 United us ; when thou, in boyish play,
 Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey
 To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink
 Of light was there ;—and thus did I, thy Tutor,
 Make thy young thoughts acquainted with the grave ;
 While thou wert chasing the wing'd butterfly
 Through my green courts ; or climbing, a bold suitor,
 Up to the flowers whose golden progeny
 Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave.'

9

VIII

NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM

THE cattle crowding round this beverage clear
To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs have
trod

The encircling turf into a barren clod ;
Through which the waters creep, then disappear,
Born to be lost in Derwent flowing near ;
Yet, o'er the brink, and round the lime-stone cell
Of the pure spring (they call it the ' Nun's Well,'
Name that first struck by chance my startled ear)
A tender Spirit broods—the pensive Shade
Of ritual honours to this Fountain paid 10
By hooded Votaresses with saintly cheer ;
Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild
Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled
Into the shedding of ' too soft a tear.'

IX

TO A FRIEND

(On the banks of the Derwent)

PASTOR and Patriot!—at whose bidding rise
These modest walls, amid a flock that need,
For one who comes to watch them and to feed,
A fixed Abode—keep down presageful sighs.
Threats, which the unthinking only can despise,
Perplex the Church ; but be thou firm,—be true
To thy first hope, and this good work pursue,
Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice
Dost Thou prepare, whose sign will be the smoke
Of thy new hearth ; and sooner shall its wreaths, 10
Mounting while earth her morning incense breathes,
From wandering fiends of air receive a yoke,
And straightway cease to aspire, than God disdain
This humble tribute as ill-timed or vain.

X

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

(Landing at the mouth of the Derwent, Workington)

DEAR to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,
The Queen drew back the wimple that she
wore ;
And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian shore
Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed !

And like a Star (that, from a heavy cloud
 Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,
 When a soft summer gale at evening parts
 The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
 She smiled ; but Time, the old Saturnian seer,
 Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand, 10
 With step prelusive to a long array
 Of woes and degradations hand in hand—
 Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear
 Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay !

XI

STANZAS

SUGGESTED IN A STEAMBOAT OFF SAINT BEES' HEADS, ON THE
 COAST OF CUMBERLAND

IF Life were slumber on a bed of down,
 Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,
 Sad were our lot : no hunter of the hare
 Exults like him whose javelin from the lair
 Has roused the lion ; no one plucks the rose,
 Whose proffered beauty in safe shelter blows
 'Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries,
 With joy like his who climbs, on hands and knees,
 For some rare plant, yon Headland of St. Bees.

This independence upon oar and sail, 10
 This new indifference to breeze or gale,
 This straight-lined progress, furrowing a flat lea,
 And regular as if locked in certainty—
 Depress the hours. Up, Spirit of the storm !
 That Courage may find something to perform ;
 That Fortitude, whose blood disdains to freeze
 At Danger's bidding, may confront the seas,
 Firm as the towering Headlands of St. Bees.

Dread cliff of Baruth ! *that* wild wish may sleep,
 Bold as if men and creatures of the Deep 20
 Breathed the same element ; too many wrecks
 Have struck thy sides, too many ghastly decks
 Hast thou looked down upon, that such a thought
 Should here be welcome, and in verse enwrought :
 With thy stern aspect better far agrees
 Utterance of thanks that we have past with ease,
 As millions thus shall do, the Headlands of St. Bees.

Yet, while each useful Art augments her store,
What boots the gain if Nature should lose more?
And Wisdom, as she holds a Christian place 30
In man's intelligence sublimed by grace?
When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian coast,
Tempestuous winds her holy errand crossed :
She knelt in prayer—the waves their wrath appease ;
And, from her vow well weighed in Heaven's decrees,
Rose, where she touched the strand, the Chantry of
St. Bees.

'Cruel of heart were they, bloody of hand,'
Who in these Wilds then struggled for command ;
The strong were merciless, without hope the weak ;
Till this bright Stranger came, fair as day-break, 40
And as a cresset true that darts its length
Of beamy lustre from a tower of strength ;
Guiding the mariner through troubled seas,
And cheering oft his peaceful reveries,
Like the fixed Light that crowns yon Headland of
St. Bees.

To aid the Votaress, miracles believed
Wrought in men's minds, like miracles achieved ;
So piety took root ; and Song might tell
What humanizing virtues near her cell
Sprang up, and spread their fragrance wide around ; 50
How savage bosoms melted at the sound
Of gospel-truth enchained in harmonies
Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through close trees,
From her religious Mansion of St. Bees.

When her sweet Voice, that instrument of love,
Was glorified, and took its place, above
The silent stars, among the angelic quire,
Her chantry blazed with sacrilegious fire,
And perished utterly ; but her good deeds
Had sown the spot, that witnessed them, with seeds 60
Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze
With quickening impulse answered their mute pleas,
And lo ! a *statelier* pile, the Abbey of St. Bees.

There are the naked clothed, the hungry fed ;
And Charity extendeth to the dead
Her intercessions made for the soul's rest
Of tardy penitents ; or for the best
Among the good (when love might else have slept,
Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept :

Thanks to the austere and simple Devotees,
Who, to that service bound by venial fees,
Keep watch before the altars of St. Bees.

70

Are not, in sooth, their Requiems sacred ties
Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,
Subdued, composed, and formalized by art,
To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart?
The prayer for them whose hour is past away
Says to the Living, profit while ye may!
A little part, and that the worst, he sees
Who thinks that priestly cunning holds the keys
That best unlock the secrets of St. Bees.

80

Conscience, the timid being's inmost light,
Hope of the dawn and solace of the night,
Cheers these Recluses with a steady ray
In many an hour when judgment goes astray.
Ah! scorn not hastily their rule who try
Earth to despise, and flesh to mortify;
Consume with zeal, in wingèd ecstasies
Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,
Nor hear the loudest surges of St. Bees.

90

Yet none so prompt to succour and protect
The forlorn traveller, or sailor wrecked
On the bare coast; nor do they grudge the boon
Which staff and cockle hat and sandal shoon
Claim for the pilgrim: and, though chidings sharp
May sometimes greet the strolling minstrel's harp,
It is not then when, swept with sportive ease,
It charms a feast-day throng of all degrees,
Brightening the archway of revered St. Bees.

How did the cliffs and echoing hills rejoice
What time the Benedictine Brethren's voice,
Imploring, or commanding with meet pride,
Summoned the Chiefs to lay their feuds aside,
And under one blest ensign serve the Lord
In Palestine. Advance, indignant Sword!
Flaming till thou from Paynim hands release
That Tomb, dread centre of all sanctities
Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St. Bees.

100

But look we now to them whose minds from far
Follow the fortunes which they may not share.
While in Judea Fancy loves to roam,
She helps to make a Holy-land at home:

110

The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere invites
 To sound the crystal depth of maiden rights;
 And wedded Life, through scriptural mysteries,
 Heavenward ascends with all her charities,
 Taught by the hooded Celibates of St. Bees.

Nor be it e'er forgotten how by skill
 Of cloistered Architects, free their souls to fill 119
 With love of God, throughout the Land were raised
 Churches, on whose symbolic beauty gazed
 Peasant and mail-clad Chief with pious awe;
 As at this day men seeing what they saw,
 Or the bare wreck of faith's solemnities,
 Aspire to more than earthly destinies;
 Witness yon Pile that greets us from St. Bees.

Yet more; around those Churches gathered Towns
 Safe from the feudal Castle's haughty frowns;
 Peaceful abodes, where Justice might uphold
 Her scales with even hand, and culture mould 130
 The heart to pity, train the mind in care
 For rules of life, sound as the Time could bear.
 Nor dost thou fail, thro' abject love of ease,
 Or hindrance raised by sordid purposes,
 To bear thy part in this good work, St. Bees.

Who with the ploughshare clove the barren moors,
 And to green meadows changed the swampy shores?
 Thinned the rank woods; and for the cheerful grange
 Made room where wolf and boar were used to range?
 Who taught, and showed by deeds, that gentler chains
 Should bind the vassal to his lord's domains? 141
 The thoughtful Monks, intent their God to please,
 For Christ's dear sake, by human sympathies
 Poured from the bosom of thy Church, St. Bees!

But all availed not; by a mandate given
 Through lawless will the Brotherhood was driven
 Forth from their cells; their ancient House laid low
 In Reformation's sweeping overthrow.
 But now once more the local Heart revives,
 The inextinguishable Spirit strives. 150
 Oh may that Power who hushed the stormy seas,
 And cleared a way for the first Votaries,
 Prosper the new-born College of St. Bees!

Alas! the Genius of our age, from Schools
 Less humble, draws her lessons, aims, and rules.

To Prowess guided by her insight keen
 Matter and Spirit are as one Machine ;
 Boastful Idolatress of formal skill
 She in her own would merge the eternal will :
 Better, if Reason's triumphs match with these, 160
 Her flight before the bold credulities
 That furthered the first teaching of St. Bees.¹
 1833

XII

IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND
 AND THE ISLE OF MAN

RANGING the heights of Scawfell or Black-comb,
 In his lone course the Shepherd oft will pause,
 And strive to fathom the mysterious laws
 By which the clouds, arrayed in light or gloom,
 On Mona settle, and the shapes assume
 Of all her peaks and ridges. What he draws
 From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the cause,
 He will take with him to the silent tomb.
 Or, by his fire, a child upon his knee,
 Haply the untaught Philosopher may speak 10
 Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory
 That satisfies the simple and the meek,
 Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak
 To cope with Sages undevoutly free.

XIII

AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN

BOLD words affirmed, in days when faith was strong
 And doubts and scruples seldom teased the brain,
 That no adventurer's bark had power to gain
 These shores if he approached them bent on wrong ;
 For, suddenly up-conjured from the Main,
 Mists rose to hide the Land—that search, though long
 And eager, might be still pursued in vain.
 O Fancy, what an age was *that* for song !
 That age, when not by *laws* inanimate,
 As men believed, the waters were impelled, 10
 The air controlled, the stars their courses held ;
 But element and orb on *acts* did wait
 Of *Powers* endued with visible form, instinct
 With will, and to their work by passion linked.

¹ See *Excursion*, seventh part ; and *Ecclesiastical Sketches*, second part, near the beginning.

XIV

DESIRE we past illusions to recall?
 To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide
 Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn aside?
 No,—let this Age, high as she may, instal
 In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's fall,
 The universe is infinitely wide;
 And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,
 Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new wall
 Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
 Imaginative Faith! canst overleap,
 In progress toward the fount of Love,—the throne
 Of Power whose ministers the records keep
 Of periods fixed, and laws established, less
 Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness.

10

XV

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF MAN

'Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori'

THE feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn,
 Even when they rose to check or to repel
 Tides of aggressive war, oft served as well
 Greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn
 Just limits; but yon Tower, whose smiles adorn
 This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence;
 Blest work it is of love and innocence,
 A Tower of refuge built for the else forlorn.
 Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,
 Struggling for life, into its saving arms!
 Spare, too, the human helpers! Do they stir
 'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to die?
 No; their dread service nerves the heart it warms,
 And they are led by noble HILLARY.¹

10

XVI

BY THE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN

WHY stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine,
 With wonder smit by its transparency,
 And all-enraptured with its purity?—
 Because the unstained, the clear, the crystalline,
 Have ever in them something of benign;
 Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,
 A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye
 Of a young maiden, only not divine.

¹ See Note.

Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm
 For beverage drawn as from a mountain-well. 10
 Temptation centres in the liquid Calm ;
 Our daily raiment seems no obstacle
 To instantaneous plunging in, deep Sea !
 And revelling in long embrace with thee.¹

XVII

ISLE OF MAN

A YOUTH too certain of his power to wade
 On the smooth bottom of this clear bright sea,
 To sight so shallow, with a bather's glee,
 Leapt from this rock, and but for timely aid
 He, by the alluring element betrayed,
 Had perished. Then might Sea-nymphs (and with sighs
 Of self-reproach) have chanted elegies
 Bewailing his sad fate, when he was laid
 In peaceful earth : for, doubtless, he was frank,
 Utterly in himself devoid of guile ; 10
 Knew not the double-dealing of a smile ;
 Nor aught that makes men's promises a blank,
 Or deadly snare : and He survives to bless
 The Power that saved him in his strange distress.

XVIII

ISLE OF MAN

D ID pangs of grief for lenient time too keen,
 Grief that devouring waves had caused—or guilt
 Which they had witnessed, sway the man who built
 This Homestead, placed where nothing could be seen,
 Nought heard, of ocean troubled or serene ?
 A tired Ship-soldier on paternal land,
 Tha to'er the channel holds august command,
 The dwelling raised,—a veteran Marine.
 He, in disgust, turned from the neighbouring sea
 To shun the memory of a listless life 10
 That hung between two callings. May no strife
 More hurtful here beset him, doomed though free,
 Self-doomed, to worse inaction, till his eye
 Shrink from the daily sight of earth and sky !

¹ The sea-water on the coast of the Isle of Man is singularly pure and beautiful.

XIX

BY A RETIRED MARINER

(A Friend of the Author)

FROM early youth I ploughed the restless Main,
 My mind as restless and as apt to change ;
 Through every clime and ocean did I range,
 In hope at length a competence to gain ;
 For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.
 Year after year I strove, but strove in vain,
 And hardships manifold did I endure,
 For Fortune on me never deigned to smile ;
 Yet I at last a resting-place have found,
 With just enough life's comforts to procure, 10
 In a snug Cove on this our favoured Isle,
 A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts abound ;
 Then sure I have no reason to complain,
 Though poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.

XX

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN

(Supposed to be written by a Friend)

BROKEN in fortune, but in mind entire
 And sound in principle, I seek repose
 Where ancient trees this convent-pile enclose,¹
 In ruin beautiful. When vain desire
 Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire
 To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,
 A grey-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee ;
 A shade—but with some sparks of heavenly fire
 Once to these cells vouchsafed. And when I note
 The old Tower's brow yellowed as with the beams 10
 Of sunset ever there, albeit streams
 Of stormy weather-stains that semblance wrought,
 I thank the silent Monitor, and say
 ' Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the day !'

XXI

TYNWALD HILL

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's formal mound
 (Still marked with green turf circles narrowing
 Stage above stage) would sit this Island's King,
 The laws to promulgate, enrobed and crowned ;

¹ Rushen Abbey.

While, compassing the little mound around,
 Degrees and Orders stood, each under each :
 Now, like to things within fate's easiest reach,
 The power is merged, the pomp a grave has found.
 Off with yon cloud, old Snafell! that thine eye
 Over three Realms may take its widest range ; 10
 And let, for them, thy fountains utter strange
 Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy,
 If the whole State must suffer mortal change,
 Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

XXII

RESPOND who will—*I* heard a voice exclaim,
 'Though fierce the assault, and shattered the
 defence,
 It cannot be that Britain's social frame,
 The glorious work of time and providence,
 Before a flying season's rash pretence
 Should fall ; that She, whose virtue put to shame,
 When Europe prostrate lay, the Conqueror's aim,
 Should perish, self-subverted. Black and dense
 The cloud is ; but brings *that* a day of doom
 To Liberty? Her sun is up the while, 10
 That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred shone :
 Then laugh, ye innocent Vales! ye Streams, sweep on,
 Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest Isle
 Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume.'

XXIII

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG

During an Eclipse of the Sun, July 17

SINCE risen from ocean, ocean to defy,
 Appeared the Crag of Ailsa, ne'er did morn
 With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn
 His sides, or wreath with mist his forehead high :
 Now, faintly darkening with the sun's eclipse,
 Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,
 Towering above the sea and little ships ;
 For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,
 Each for her haven ; with her freight of Care,
 Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that seldom looks 10
 Into the secret of to-morrow's fare ;
 Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth of books,
 Or aught that watchful Love to Nature owes
 For her mute Powers, fix'd Forms, or transient Shows.

XXIV

ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE

(In a Steamboat)

ARRAN! a single-crested Teneriffe,
 A St. Helena next—in shape and hue,
 Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue;
 Who but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff
 Built for the air, of wingèd Hippogriff?
 That he might fly, where no one could pursue,
 From this dull Monster and her sooty crew;
 And, as a God, light on thy topmost cliff.
 Impotent wish! which reason would despise
 If the mind knew no union of extremes,
 No natural bond between the boldest schemes
 Ambition frames and heart-humilities.
 Beneath stern mountains many a soft vale lies,
 And lofty springs give birth to lowly streams.

10

XXV

ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE

(See former Series, above, p. 172)

THE captive Bird was gone;—to cliff or moor
 Perchance had flown, delivered by the storm;
 Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the worm:
 Him found we not: but, climbing a tall tower,
 There saw, impaved with rude fidelity
 Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,
 An Eagle with stretched wings, but beamless eye—
 An Eagle that could neither wail nor soar.
 Effigy of the Vanished—(shall I dare
 To call thee so?) or symbol of fierce deeds
 And of the towering courage which past times
 Rejoiced in—take, whate'er thou be, a share,
 Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes
 That animate my way where'er it leads!

10

XXVI

THE DUNOLLY EAGLE

NOT to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew;
 But when a storm, on sea or mountain bred,
 Came and delivered him, alone he sped
 Into the castle-dungeon's darkest mew.

Now near his master's house in open view
 He dwells, and hears indignant tempests howl,
 Kennelled and chained. Ye tame domestic fowl,
 Beware of him! Thou saucy cockatoo,
 Look to thy plumage and thy life!—The roe,
 Fleet as the west wind, is for *him* no quarry;
 Balanced in ether he will never tarry,
 Eyeing the sea's blue depths. Poor Bird! even so
 Doth man of brother man a creature make
 That clings to slavery for its own sad sake.

10

XXVII

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF
MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN

OFt have I caught, upon a fitful breeze,
 Fragments of far-off melodies,
 With ear not coveting the whole,
 A part so charmed the pensive soul:
 While a dark storm before my sight
 Was yielding, on a mountain height
 Loose vapours have I watched, that won
 Prismatic colours from the sun;
 Nor felt a wish that heaven would show
 The image of its perfect bow.
 What need, then, of these finished Strains?
 Away with counterfeit Remains!
 An abbey in its lone recess,
 A temple of the wilderness,
 Wrecks though they be, announce with feeling
 The majesty of honest dealing.
 Spirit of Ossian! if imbound
 In language thou may'st yet be found,
 If aught (intrusted to the pen
 Or floating on the tongues of men,
 Albeit shattered and impaired)
 Subsist thy dignity to guard,
 In concert with memorial claim
 Of old grey stone, and high-born name
 That cleaves to rock or pillared cave
 Where moans the blast, or beats the wave,
 Let Truth, stern arbitress of all,
 Interpret that Original,
 And for presumptuous wrongs atone;—
 Authentic words be given, or none!

10

20

30

Time is not blind ;—yet He, who spares
 Pyramid pointing to the stars,
 Hath preyed with ruthless appetite
 On all that marked the primal flight
 Of the poetic ecstasy
 Into the land of mystery.

No tongue is able to rehearse
 One measure, Orpheus ! of thy verse ;
 Musæus, stationed with his lyre
 Supreme among the Elysian quire,
 Is, for the dwellers upon earth,
 Mute as a lark ere morning's birth.
 Why grieve for these, though past away
 The music, and extinct the lay ?
 When thousands, by severer doom,
 Full early to the silent tomb
 Have sunk, at Nature's call ; or strayed
 From hope and promise, self-betrayed ;
 The garland withering on their brows ;
 Stung with remorse for broken vows ;
 Frantic—else how might they rejoice ?
 And friendless, by their own sad choice !

40

50

Hail, Bards of mightier grasp ! on you
 I chiefly call, the chosen Few,
 Who cast not off the acknowledged guide,
 Who faltered not, nor turned aside ;
 Whose lofty genius could survive
 Privation, under sorrow thrive ;
 In whom the fiery Muse revered
 The symbol of a snow-white beard,
 Bedewed with meditative tears
 Dropped from the lenient cloud of years.

60

Brothers in soul ! though distant times
 Produced you nursed in various climes,
 Ye, when the orb of life had waned,
 A plenitude of love retained :
 Hence, while in you each sad regret
 By corresponding hope was met,
 Ye lingered among human kind,
 Sweet voices for the passing wind ;
 Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,
 Though smiling on the last hill-top !
 Such to the tender-hearted maid
 Even ere her joys begin to fade ;

70

Such, haply, to the rugged chief
 By fortune crushed, or tamed by grief;
 Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,
 Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,
 The Son of Fingal; such was blind
 Mæonides of ampler mind;
 Such Milton, to the fountain-head
 Of glory by Urania led!

80

1824

XXVIII

CAVE OF STAFFA

WE saw, but surely, in the motley crowd,
 Not One of us has felt the far-famed sight;
 How *could* we feel it? each the other's blight,
 Hurried and hurrying, volatile and loud.
 O for those motions only that invite
 The Ghost of Fingal to his tuneful Cave
 By the breeze entered, and wave after wave
 Softly embosoming the tinid light!
 And by *one* Votary who at will might stand
 Gazing and take into his mind and heart,
 With undistracted reverence, the effect
 Of those proportions where the almighty hand
 That made the worlds, the sovereign Architect,
 Has deigned to work as if with human Art!

10

XXIX

CAVE OF STAFFA

(After the Crowd had departed)

THANKS for the lessons of this Spot—fit school
 For the presumptuous thoughts that would assign
 Mechanic laws to agency divine;
 And, measuring heaven by earth, would overrule
 Infinite Power. The pillared vestibule,
 Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,
 Might seem designed to humble man, when proud
 Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.
 Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight
 Of tide and tempest on the Structure's base,
 And flashing to that Structure's topmost height,
 Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace
 In calms is conscious, finding for his freight
 Of softest music some responsive place.

10

XXX

CAVE OF STAFFA

YE shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims
 In every cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,
 Where are ye? Driven or venturing to the spot,
 Our fathers glimpses caught of your thin Frames,
 And, by your mien and bearing, knew your names;
 And they could hear *his* ghostly song who trod
 Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a load,
 While he struck his desolate harp without hopes or
 aims.

Vanished ye are, but subject to recall;
 Why keep *we* else the instincts whose dread law 10
 Ruled here of yore, till what men felt they saw,
 Not by black arts but magic natural!
 If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,
 Yon light shapes forth a Bard, that shade a Chief.

XXXI

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS AT THE ENTRANCE
OF THE CAVE

HOPE smiled when your nativity was cast,
 Children of Summer! Ye fresh Flowers that
 brave

What Summer here escapes not, the fierce wave,
 And whole artillery of the western blast,
 Battering the Temple's front, its long-drawn nave
 Smiting, as if each moment were their last.
 But ye, bright Flowers, on frieze and architrave
 Survive, and once again the Pile stands fast:
 Calm as the Universe, from specular towers
 Of heaven contemplated by Spirits pure 10
 With mute astonishment, it stands sustained
 Through every part in symmetry, to endure,
 Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his hours,
 As the supreme Artificer ordained.

XXXII

IONA

ON to Iona!—What can she afford
 To *us* save matter for a thoughtful sigh,
 Heaved over ruin with stability
 In urgent contrast? To diffuse the Word

(Thy Paramount, mighty Nature ! and Time's Lord)
 Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom ; but why,
 Even for a moment, has our verse deplored
 Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their destiny ?
 And when, subjected to a common doom
 Of mutability, those far-famed Piles
 Shall disappear from both the sister Isles,
 Iona's Saints, forgetting not past days,
 Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,
 While heaven's vast sea of voices chants their praise.

10

XXXIII

IONA

(Upon Landing)

HOW sad a welcome ! To each voyager
 Some ragged child holds up for sale a store
 Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore
 Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,
 Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.
 Yet is yon neat trim church a grateful speck
 Of novelty amid the sacred wreck
 Strewn far and wide. Think, proud Philosopher !
 Fallen though she be, this Glory of the west,
 Still on her sons the beams of mercy shine ;
 And ' hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright than thine,
 A grace by thee unsought and unpossessed,
 A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine
 Shall gild their passage to eternal rest.'

10

XXXIV

THE BLACK STONES OF IONA

[See Martin's *Voyage among the Western Isles*]

HERE on their knees men swore : the stones were
 black,
 Black in the people's minds and words, yet they
 Were at that time, as now, in colour grey.
 But what is colour, if upon the rack
 Of conscience souls are placed by deeds that lack
 Concord with oaths ? What differ night and day
 Then, when before the Perjured on his way
 Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance crack

Above his head uplifted in vain prayer
 To Saint, or Fiend, or to the Godhead whom 10
 He had insulted—Peasant, King, or Thane?
 Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets a doom;
 And, from invisible worlds at need laid bare,
 Come links for social order's awful chain.

XXXV

HOMEWARD we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell,
 Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark
 (Kindled from Heaven between the light and dark
 Of time) shone like the morning-star, farewell!—
 And fare thee well, to Fancy visible,
 Remote St Kilda, lone and loved sea-mark
 For many a voyage made in her swift bark,
 When with more hues than in the rainbow dwell
 Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold,
 Extracting from clear skies and air serene, 10
 And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid veil,
 That thickens, spreads, and, mingling fold with fold,
 Makes known, when thou no longer canst be seen,
 Thy whereabouts, to warn the approaching sail.

XXXVI

GREENOCK

Per me si va nella Città dolente

WE have not passed into a doleful City,
 We who were led to-day down a grim dell,
 By some too boldly named 'the Jaws of Hell':
 Where be the wretched ones, the sights for pity?
 These crowded streets resound no plaintive ditty:—
 As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,
 Sorrow seems here excluded; and that knell,
 It neither damps the gay, nor checks the witty.
 Alas! too busy Rival of old Tyre,
 Whose merchants Princes were, whose decks were
 thrones; 10
 Soon may the punctual sea in vain respire
 To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde
 Whose nursling current brawls o'er mossy stones,
 The poor, the lonely herdsman's joy and pride.

XXXVII

‘THERE!’ said a Stripling, pointing with meet
 pride
 Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed,
 ‘Is Mosgiel Farm; and that’s the very field
 Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy.’ Far and wide
 A plain below stretched seaward, while, descried
 Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran rose;
 And, by that simple notice, the repose
 Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.
 Beneath ‘the random *bield* of clod or stone’
 Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower 10
 Near the lark’s nest, and in their natural hour
 Have passed away; less happy than the One
 That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
 The tender charm of poetry and love.

XXXVIII

THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND

E DEN! till now thy beauty had I viewed
 By glimpses only, and confess with shame
 That verse of mine, whate’er its varying mood,
 Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet name:
 Yet fetched from Paradise that honour came,
 Rightfully borne; for Nature gives thee flowers
 That have no rivals among British bowers;
 And thy bold rocks are worthy of their fame.
 Measuring thy course, fair Stream! at length I pay
 To my life’s neighbour dues of neighbourhood; 10
 But I have traced thee on thy winding way
 With pleasure sometimes by this thought restrained—
 For things far off we toil, while many a good
 Not sought, because too near, is never gained.

XXXIX

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD

(by Nollekens)

In Wetheral Church, near Corby, on the banks of the Eden

S TRETCHED on the dying Mother’s lap, lies dead
 Her new-born Babe; dire ending of bright hope!
 But Sculpture here, with the divinest scope
 Of luminous faith, heavenward hath raised that head

So patiently ; and through one hand has spread
 A touch so tender for the insensate Child—
 (Earth's lingering love to parting reconciled,
 Brief parting, for the spirit is all but fled)—
 That we, who contemplate the turns of life 9
 Through this still medium, are consoled and cheered ;
 Feel with the Mother, think the severed Wife
 Is less to be lamented than revered ;
 And own that Art, triumphant over strife
 And pain, hath powers to Eternity endeared.

XL

SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING

TRANQUILLITY ! the sovereign aim wert thou
 In heathen schools of philosophic lore ;
 Heart-stricken by stern destiny of yore
 The Tragic Muse thee served with thoughtful vow ;
 And what of hope Elysium could allow
 Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to restore
 Peace to the Mourner. But when He who wore
 The crown of thorns around his bleeding brow
 Warmed our sad being with celestial light,
Then Arts, which still had drawn a softening grace 10
 From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,
 Communed with that Idea face to face :
 And move around it now as planets run,
 Each in its orbit round the central Sun.

XLI

NUNNERY

THE floods are roused, and will not soon be weary ;
 Down from the Pennine Alps¹ how fiercely sweeps
 CROGLIN, the stately Eden's tributary !
 He raves, or through some moody passage creeps
 Plotting new mischief—out again he leaps
 Into broad light, and sends, through regions airy,
 That voice which soothed the Nuns while on the steeps
 They knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful Mary.
 That union ceased : then, cleaving easy walks
 Through crags, and smoothing paths beset with danger,
 Came studious Taste ; and many a pensive stranger 11
 Dreams on the banks, and to the river talks.
 What change shall happen next to Nunnery Dell ?
 Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell !

¹ The chain of Crossfell.

XLII

STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS

MOTIONS and Means, on land and sea at war
 With old poetic feeling, not for this,
 Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss!
 Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar
 The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
 To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense
 Of future change, that point of vision, whence
 May be discovered what in soul ye are.
 In spite of all that beauty may disown
 In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
 Her lawful offspring in Man's art; and Time,
 Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother Space,
 Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown
 Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.

10

XLIII

THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED LONG MEG AND HER
 DAUGHTERS, NEAR THE RIVER EDEN

A WEIGHT of awe, not easy to be borne,
 Fell suddenly upon my Spirit—cast
 From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
 When first I saw that family forlorn.
 Speak Thou, whose massy strength and stature scorn
 The power of years—pre-eminent, and placed
 Apart, to overlook the circle vast—
 Speak, Giant-mother! tell it to the Morn
 While she dispels the cumbrous shades of Night;
 Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud;
 At whose behest uprose on British ground
 That Sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round
 Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the infinite
 The inviolable God, that tames the proud.¹

10

Probably 1821

XLIV

LOWTHER

LOWTHER! in thy majestic Pile are seen
 Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
 With the baronial castle's sterner mien;
 Union significant of God adored,

¹ See Note.

And charters won and guarded by the sword
 Of ancient honour ; whence that goodly state
 Of polity which wise men venerate,
 And will maintain, if God his help afford.
 Hourly the democratic torrent swells ;
 For airy promises and hopes suborned 10
 The strength of backward-looking thoughts is scorned.
 Fall if ye must, ye Towers and Pinnacles,
 With what ye symbolise ; authentic Story
 Will say, Ye disappeared with England's Glory !

XLV

TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE

'Magistratus indicat virum'

LONSDALE ! it were unworthy of a Guest,
 Whose heart with gratitude to thee inclines,
 If he should speak, by fancy touched, of signs
 On thy Abode harmoniously imprest,
 Yet be unmoved with wishes to attest
 How in thy mind and moral frame agree
 Fortitude, and that Christian Charity
 Which, filling, consecrates the human breast.
 And if the Motto on thy 'scutcheon teach
 With truth, 'THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS THE MAN' ; 10
That searching test thy public course has stood ;
 As will be owned alike by bad and good,
 Soon as the measuring of life's little span
 Shall place thy virtues out of Envy's reach. ¹

XLVI

THE SOMNAMBULIST

L IST, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower ²
 At eve ; how softly then
 Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse,
 Speak from the woody glen !
 Fit music for a solemn vale !
 And holier seems the ground
 To him who catches on the gale
 The spirit of a mournful tale,
 Embodied in the sound.

¹ See Note.² A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the banks of Ullswater. FORCE is the word used in the Lake District for Water-fall.

Not far from that fair site whereon
 The Pleasure-house is reared,
 As story says, in antique days
 A stern-browed house appeared ;
 Foil to a Jewel rich in light
 There set, and guarded well ;
 Cage for a Bird of plumage bright,
 Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight
 Beyond her native dell.

10

To win this bright Bird from her cage,
 To make this Gem their own,
 Came Barons bold, with store of gold,
 And Knights of high renown ;
 But one She prized, and only one ;
 Sir Eglamore was he ;
 Full happy season, when was known,
 Ye Dales and Hills ! to you alone
 Their mutual loyalty—

20

Known chiefly, Aira ! to thy glen,
 Thy brook, and bowers of holly ;
 Where Passion caught what Nature taught,
 That all but love is folly ;
 Where Fact with Fancy stooped to play ;
 Doubt came not, nor regret—
 To trouble hours that winged their way,
 As if through an immortal day
 Whose sun could never set.

30

But in old times Love dwelt not long
 Sequestered with repose ;
 Best throve the fire of chaste desire,
 Fanned by the breath of foes.
 ' A conquering lance is beauty's test,
 And proves the Lover true ' ;
 So spake Sir Eglamore, and pressed
 The drooping Emma to his breast,
 And looked a blind adieu.

40

They parted.—Well with him it fared
 Through wide-spread regions errant ;
 A knight of proof in love's behoof,
 The thirst of fame his warrant :

And She her happiness can build 50
 On woman's quiet hours ;
 Though faint, compared with spear and shield,
 The solace beads and masses yield,
 And needlework and flowers.

Yet blest was Emma when she heard
 Her Champion's praise recounted ;
 Though brain would swim, and eyes grow dim,
 And high her blushes mounted ;
 Or when a bold heroic lay 60
 She warbled from full heart ;
 Delightful blossoms for the *May*
 Of absence ! but they will not stay,
 Born only to depart.

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills
 Whatever path he chooses ;
 As if his orb, that owns no curb,
 Received the light hers loses.
 He comes not back ; an ampler space
 Requires for nobler deeds ;
 He ranges on from place to place, 70
 Till of his doings is no trace,
 But what her fancy breeds.

His fame may spread, but in the past
 Her spirit finds its centre ;
 Clear sight She has of what he was,
 And that would now content her.
 'Still is he my devoted Knight ?'
 The tear in answer flows ;
 Month falls on month with heavier weight ;
 Day sickens round her, and the night 80
 Is empty of repose.

In sleep She sometimes walked abroad,
 Deep sighs with quick words blending,
 Like that pale Queen whose hands are seen
 With fancied spots contending ;
 But *she* is innocent of blood,—
 The moon is not more pure
 That shines aloft, while through the wood
 She thrids her way, the sounding Flood
 Her melancholy lure ! 90

While 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the doe,
 And owls alone are waking,
 In white arrayed, glides on the Maid
 The downward pathway taking,
 That leads her to the torrent's side
 And to a holly bower ;
 By whom on this still night descried ?
 By whom in that lone place espied ?
 By thee, Sir Eglamore !

A wandering Ghost, so thinks the Knight,
 His coming step has thwarted,
 Beneath the boughs that heard their vows,
 Within whose shade they parted.
 Hush, hush, the busy Sleeper see !
 Perplexed her fingers seem,
 As if they from the holly tree
 Green twigs would pluck, as rapidly
 Flung from her to the stream.

What means the Spectre ? Why intent
 To violate the Tree,
 Thought Eglamore, by which I swore
 Unfading constancy ?
 Here am I, and to-morrow's sun,
 To her I left, shall prove
 That bliss is ne'er so surely won
 As when a circuit has been run
 Of valour, truth and love.

So from the spot whereon he stood,
 He moved with stealthy pace ;
 And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,
 He recognised the face ;
 And whispers caught, and speeches small,
 Some to the green-leaved tree,
 Some muttered to the torrent-fall ;—
 ' Roar on, and bring him with thy call ;
 I heard, and so may He !'

Soul-shattered was the Knight, nor knew
 If Emma's Ghost it were,
 Or boding Shade, or if the Maid
 Her very self stood there.

He touched ; what followed who shall tell ?
 The soft touch snapped the thread
 Of slumber—shrieking back she fell,
 And the Stream whirled her down the dell
 Along its foaming bed.

In plunged the Knight !—when on firm ground
 The rescued Maiden lay,
 Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,
 Confusion passed away ;
 She heard, ere to the throne of grace 140
 Her faithful Spirit flew,
 His voice—beheld his speaking face ;
 And, dying, from his own embrace
 She felt that he was true.

So was he reconciled to life :
 Brief words may speak the rest ;
 Within the dell he built a cell,
 And there was Sorrow's guest ;
 In hermits' weeds repose he found,
 From vain temptations free ; 150
 Beside the torrent dwelling—bound
 By one deep heart-controlling sound,
 And awed to piety.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,
 Nor fear memorial lays,
 Where clouds that spread in solemn shade,
 Are edged with golden rays !
 Dear art thou to the light of heaven,
 Though minister of sorrow ;
 Sweet is thy voice at pensive even ; 160
 And thou, in lovers' hearts forgiven,
 Shalt take thy place with Yarrow !

Probably before 1833

XLVII

TO CORDELIA M——

Hallsteads, Ullswater

NOT in the mines beyond the western main,
 You say, Cordelia, was the metal sought,
 Which a fine skill, of Indian growth, has wrought
 Into this flexible yet faithful Chain ;

Nor is it silver of romantic Spain ;
 But from our loved Helvellyn's depths was brought,
 Our own domestic mountain. Thing and thought
 Mix strangely ; trifles light, and partly vain,
 Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler being :
 Yes, Lady, while about your neck is wound 10
 (Your casual glance oft meeting) this bright cord,
 What witchery, for pure gifts of inward seeing,
 Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's Lord,
 For precious tremblings in your bosom found !

XLVIII

MOST sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
 To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
 While a fair region round the traveller lies
 Which he forbears again to look upon ;
 Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
 The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
 Of meditation, slipping in between
 The beauty coming and the beauty gone.
 If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
 Let us break off all commerce with the Muse : 10
 With Thought and Love companions of our way,
 Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
 The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
 Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION

I

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

‘WHY, William, on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?’

'Where are your books?—that light bequeathed
To Beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

‘ You look round on your Mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you ;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you ! ’

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply :

'The eye—it cannot choose but see ;
We cannot bid the ear be still ;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.

‘Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

'Think you,' mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

'—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
 Conversing as I may,
 I sit upon this old grey stone,
 And dream my time away.'

1798

30

II

THE TABLES TURNED

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT

U P! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
 Or surely you'll grow double:
 Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
 Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
 A freshening lustre mellow
 Through all the long green fields has spread,
 His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
 Come, hear the woodland linnet,
 How sweet his music! on my life,
 There's more of wisdom in it.

10

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
 He, too, is no mean preacher:
 Come forth into the light of things,
 Let Nature be your Teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
 Our minds and hearts to bless—
 Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
 Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

20

One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
 Our meddling intellect
 Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:—
 We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art ;
 Close up those barren leaves ;
 Come forth, and bring with you a heart
 That watches and receives.

30

1798

III

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
 While in a grove I sate reclined,
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
 The human soul that through me ran ;
 And much it grieved my heart to think
 What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
 The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;
 And 'tis my faith that every flower
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

10

The birds around me hopped and played,
 Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
 But the least motion which they made,
 It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
 To catch the breezy air ;
 And I must think, do all I can,
 That there was pleasure there.

20

If this belief from heaven be sent,
 If such be Nature's holy plan,
 Have I not reason to lament
 What man has made of man ?

1798

IV

A CHARACTER

I MARVEL how Nature could ever find space
 For so many strange contrasts in one human face :
 There's thought and no thought, and there's paleness
 and bloom
 And bustle and sluggishness, pleasure and gloom.

There's weakness, and strength both redundant and
vain ;

Such strength as, if ever affliction and pain
Could pierce through a temper that's soft to disease,
Would be rational peace—a philosopher's ease.

There's indifference, alike when he fails or succeeds,
And attention full ten times as much as there needs ; 10
Pride where there's no envy, there's so much of joy ;
And mildness, and spirit both forward and coy.

There's freedom, and sometimes a diffident stare
Of shame scarcely seeming to know that she's there,
There's virtue, the title it surely may claim,
Yet wants heaven knows what to be worthy the name.

This picture from nature may seem to depart,
Yet the Man would at once run away with your heart ;
And I for five centuries right gladly would be
Such an odd such a kind happy creature as he. 20
1800

V

TO MY SISTER

IT is the first mild day of March :
Each minute sweeter than before,
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

My sister ! ('tis a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done, 10
Make haste, your morning task resign ;
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you ;—and, pray,
Put on with speed your woodland dress ;
And bring no book : for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living calendar :
We from to-day, my Friend, will date
The opening of the year. 20

Love, now a universal birth,
 From heart to heart is stealing,
 From earth to man, from man to earth :
 —It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
 Than years of toiling reason :
 Our minds shall drink at every pore
 The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
 Which they shall long obey :
 We for the year to come may take
 Our temper from to-day.

30

And from the blessed power that rolls
 About, below, above,
 We'll frame the measure of our souls :
 They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister ! come, I pray,
 With speed put on your woodland dress ;
 And bring no book : for this one day
 We'll give to idleness.

40

1798

VI

SIMON LEE

THE OLD HUNTSMAN

With an incident in which he was concerned

IN the sweet shire of Cardigan,
 Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,
 An old Man dwells, a little man,—
 'Tis said he once was tall.
 Full five-and-thirty years he lived
 A running huntsman merry ;
 And still the centre of his cheek
 Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,
 And hill and valley rang with glee
 When Echo bandied, round and round,
 The halloo of Simon Lee.
 In those proud days, he little cared
 For husbandry or tillage ;
 To blither tasks did Simon rouse
 The sleepers of the village.

10

He all the country could outrun,
 Could leave both man and horse behind ;
 And often, ere the chase was done,
 He reeled, and was stone-blind. 20
 And still there 's something in the world
 At which his heart rejoices ;
 For when the chiming hounds are out,
 He dearly loves their voices !

But, oh the heavy change !—bereft
 Of health, strength, friends, and kindred, see !
 Old Simon to the world is left
 In liveried poverty.
 His Master 's dead,—and no one now
 Dwells in the Hall of Ivor ; 30
 Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead ;
 He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick ;
 His body, dwindled and awry,
 Rests upon ankles swoln and thick ;
 His legs are thin and dry.
 One prop he has, and only one,
 His wife, an aged woman,
 Lives with him, near the waterfall,
 Upon the village Common. 40

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
 Not twenty paces from the door,
 A scrap of land they have, but they
 Are poorest of the poor.
 This scrap of land he from the heath
 Enclosed when he was stronger ;
 But what to them avails the land
 Which he can till no longer ?

Oft, working by her Husband's side,
 Ruth does what Simon cannot do ; 50
 For she, with scanty cause for pride,
 Is stouter of the two.
 And, though you with your utmost skill
 From labour could not wean them,
 'Tis little, very little—all
 That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell.
My gentle Reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related.

60

O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in every thing.
What more I have to say is short,
And you must kindly take it:
It is no tale; but, should you think,
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

70

One summer-day I chanced to see
This old Man doing all he could
To unearth the root of an old tree,
A stump of rotten wood.
The mattock tottered in his hand;
So vain was his endeavour,
That at the root of the old tree
He might have worked for ever.

80

'You're overtasked, good Simon Lee,
Give me your tool,' to him I said;
And at the word right gladly he
Received my proffered aid.
I struck, and with a single blow
The tangled root I severed,
At which the poor old Man so long
And vainly had endeavoured.

The tears into his eyes were brought,
And thanks and praises seemed to run
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.
—I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

90

VII

WRITTEN IN GERMANY

ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY

THE Reader must be apprised that the Stoves in North Germany generally have the impression of a galloping horse upon them, this being part of the Brunswick Arms.

A PLAGUE on your languages, German and Norse !
 Let me have the song of the kettle ;
 And the tongs and the poker, instead of that horse
 That gallops away with such fury and force
 On this dreary dull plate of black metal.

See that Fly,—a disconsolate creature ! perhaps
 A child of the field or the grove ;
 And, sorrow for him ! the dull treacherous heat
 Has seduced the poor fool from his winter retreat,
 And he creeps to the edge of my stove. 10

Alas ! how he fumbles about the domains
 Which this comfortless oven environ !
 He cannot find out in what track he must crawl,
 Now back to the tiles, then in search of the wall,
 And now on the brink of the iron.

Stock-still there he stands like a traveller bemazed :
 The best of his skill he has tried ;
 His feelers, methinks, I can see him put forth
 To the east and the west, to the south and the north,
 But he finds neither guide-post nor guide. 20

His spindles sink under him, foot, leg, and thigh !
 His eyesight and hearing are lost ;
 Between life and death his blood freezes and thaws ;
 And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky gauze
 Are glued to his sides by the frost.

No brother, no mate has he near him—while I
 Can draw warmth from the cheek of my Love ;
 As blest and as glad, in this desolate gloom,
 As if green summer grass were the floor of my room,
 And woodbines were hanging above. 30

Yet, God is my witness, thou small helpless Thing !
 Thy life I would gladly sustain
 Till summer come up from the south, and with crowds
 Of thy brethren a march thou shouldst sound through
 the clouds,
 And back to the forests again !

1799

VIII

A POET'S EPITAPH

ART thou a Statist in the van
 Of public conflicts trained and bred ?
 —First learn to love one living man ;
 Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

A Lawyer art thou ? draw not nigh !
 Go, carry to some fitter place
 The keenness of that practised eye,
 The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer ?
 A rosy Man, right plump to see ?
 Approach ; yet, Doctor, not too near,
 This grave no cushion is for thee.

10

Or art thou one of gallant pride,
 A Soldier and no man of chaff ?
 Welcome !—but lay thy sword aside,
 And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou ?—one, all eyes,
 Philosopher !—a fingering slave,
 One that would peep and botanize
 Upon his mother's grave ?

20

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
 O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
 That he below may rest in peace,
 Thy ever-dwindling soul, away !

A Moralist perchance appears ;
 Led, Heaven knows how ! to this poor sod ;
 And he has neither eyes nor ears ;
 Himself his world, and his own God ;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
 Nor form, nor feeling, great or small ; 30
 A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
 An intellectual All-in-all !

Shut close the door ; press down the latch ;
 Sleep in thy intellectual crust ;
 Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
 Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is He, with modest looks,
 And clad in homely russet brown ?
 He murmurs near the running brooks
 A music sweeter than their own. 40

He is retired as noontide dew,
 Or fountain in a noon-day grove ;
 And you must love him, ere to you
 He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
 Of hill and valley, he has viewed ;
 And impulses of deeper birth
 Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
 Some random truths he can impart,— 50
 The harvest of a quiet eye
 That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak ; both Man and Boy,
 Hath been an idler in the land ;
 Contented if he might enjoy
 The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength ;
 Come, weak as is a breaking wave !
 Here stretch thy body at full length ;
 Or build thy house upon this grave. 60

1799

IX

TO THE DAISY

BRIGHT Flower ! whose home is everywhere,
 Bold in maternal Nature's care,
 And all the long year through the heir
 Of joy and sorrow ;

Methinks that there abides in thee
 Some concord with humanity,
 Given to no other flower I see
 The forest thorough !

Is it that Man is soon deprest ?
 A thoughtless Thing ! who, once unblest, 10
 Does little on his memory rest,
 Or on his reason,
 And Thou wouldst teach him how to find
 A shelter under every wind,
 A hope for times that are unkind
 And every season ?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
 Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt,
 With friends to greet thee, or without,
 Yet pleased and willing ; 20
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
 And all things suffering from all,
 Thy function apostolical
 In peace fulfilling.

1802

X

MATTHEW

In the School of — is a tablet, on which are inscribed, in gilt letters, the Names of the several persons who have been Schoolmasters there since the foundation of the School, with the time at which they entered upon and quitted their office. Opposite to one of those Names the Author wrote the following lines.

I F Nature, for a favourite child,
 In thee hath tempered so her clay,
 That every hour thy heart runs wild,
 Yet never once doth go astray,

Read o'er these lines ; and then review
 This tablet, that thus humbly rears
 In such diversity of hue
 Its history of two hundred years.

—When through this little wreck of fame,
 Cipher and syllable ! thine eye 10
 Has travelled down to Matthew's name,
 Pause with no common sympathy.

And if a sleeping tear should wake,
Then be it neither checked nor stayed :
For Matthew a request I make
Which for himself he had not made.

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,
Is silent as a standing pool ;
Far from the chimney's merry roar,
And murmur of the village school.

20

The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs
Of one tired out with fun and madness ;
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up—
He felt with spirit so profound.

—Thou soul of God's best earthly mould !
Thou happy Soul ! and can it be
That these two words of glittering gold
Are all that must remain of thee ?

30

1799

XI

THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS

WE walked along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun ;
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,
'The will of God be done !'

A village schoolmaster was he,
With hair of glittering grey ;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,
And by the steaming rills,
We travelled merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

10

'Our work,' said I, 'was well begun,
Then from thy breast what thought,
Beneath so beautiful a sun,
So sad a sigh has brought ?'

A second time did Matthew stop ;
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply :

20

‘ Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

‘ And just above yon slope of corn
Such colours, and no other,
Were in the sky, that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

‘ With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave,
And, to the church-yard come, stopped short
Beside my daughter’s grave.

30

‘ Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
The pride of all the vale ;
And then she sang ;—she would have been
A very nightingale.

‘ Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;
And yet I loved her more,
For so it seemed, than till that day
I e’er had loved before.

40

‘ And, turning from her grave, I met,
Beside the church-yard yew,
A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

‘ A basket on her head she bare ;
Her brow was smooth and white :
To see a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight !

‘ No fountain from its rocky cave
E’er tripped with foot so free ;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

50

‘ There came from me a sigh of pain
Which I could ill confine ;
I looked at her, and looked again :
And did not wish her mine !’

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
Methinks, I see him stand,
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand.

1799

60

XII

THE FOUNTAIN

A CONVERSATION

WE talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

‘Now, Matthew!’ said I, ‘let us match
This water’s pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch
That suits a summer’s noon;

10

‘Or of the church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made!’

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old Man replied,
The grey-haired man of glee:

20

‘No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears;
How merrily it goes!
’Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

‘And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain’s brink.

'My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

30

'Thus fares it still in our decay :
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

'The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

40

'With Nature never do *they* wage
A foolish strife ; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free :

'But we are pressed by heavy laws ;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

'If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own ;
It is the man of mirth.

50

'My days, my Friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me ; but by none
Am I enough beloved.'

'Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains !
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains ;

60

'And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee !'
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
'Alas ! that cannot be.'

We rose up from the fountain-side ;
 And down the smooth descent
 Of the green sheep-track did we glide ;
 And through the wood we went ;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
 He sang those witty rhymes
 About the crazy old church-clock,
 And the bewildered chimes.

70

1799

XIII

PERSONAL TALK

I

I AM not One who much or oft delight
 To season my fireside with personal talk,—
 Of friends, who live within an easy walk,
 Or neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight :
 And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies bright,
 Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk,
 These all wear out of me, like Forms, with chalk
 Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-night.
 Better than such discourse doth silence long,
 Long, barren silence, square with my desire ;
 To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
 In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
 And listen to the flapping of the flame,
 Or kettle whispering its faint under-song.

10

II

'Yet life,' you say, 'is life ; we have seen and see,
 And with a living pleasure we describe ;
 And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
 The languid mind into activity.
 Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee
 Are fostered by the comment and the gibe.'
 Even be it so : yet still among your tribe,
 Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank not me !
 Children are blest, and powerful ; their world lies
 More justly balanced ; partly at their feet,
 And part far from them :—sweetest melodies
 Are those that are by distance made more sweet ;
 Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
 He is a Slave ; the meanest we can meet !

20

III

Wings have we,—and as far as we can go
 We may find pleasure : wilderness and wood, 30
 Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
 Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
 Dreams, books, are each a world ; and books, we know,
 Are a substantial world, both pure and good :
 Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
 Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
 There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
 Matter wherein right voluble I am,
 To which I listen with a ready ear ;
 Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,— 40
 The gentle Lady married to the Moor ;
 And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

IV

Nor can I not believe but that hereby
 Great gains are mine ; for thus I live remote
 From evil-speaking ; rancour, never sought,
 Comes to me not ; malignant truth, or lie.
 Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
 Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought :
 And thus from day to day my little boat
 Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably. 50
 Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
 The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !
 Oh ! might my name be numbered among theirs,
 Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

Published 1807

XIV

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS

DISCOURSE was deemed Man's noblest attribute,
 And written words the glory of his hand ;
 Then followed Printing with enlarged command
 For thought—dominion vast and absolute
 For spreading truth, and making love expand.
 Now prose and verse sunk into disrepute
 Must lacquey a dumb Art that best can suit
 The taste of this once-intellectual Land.
 A backward movement surely have we here,
 From manhood—back to childhood ; for the age— 10

Back towards caverned life's first rude career.
 Avaunt this vile abuse of pictured page !
 Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and ear
 Nothing? Heaven keep us from a lower stage !
1846

XV

TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND

(AN AGRICULTURIST)

Composed while we were labouring together in his pleasure-ground

SPADE ! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands,
 And shaped these pleasant walks by Emont's side,
 Thou art a tool of honour in my hands ;
 I press thee, through the yielding soil, with pride.

Rare master has it been thy lot to know ;
 Long hast Thou served a man to reason true ;
 Whose life combines the best of high and low,
 The labouring many and the resting few ;

Health, meekness, ardour, quietness secure,
 And industry of body and of mind ;
 And elegant enjoyments, that are pure
 As nature is ;—too pure to be refined.

10

Here often hast Thou heard the Poet sing
 In concord with his river murmuring by ;
 Or in some silent field, while timid spring
 Is yet uncheered by other minstrelsy.

Who shall inherit Thee when death has laid
 Low in the darksome cell thine own dear lord ?
 That man will have a trophy, humble Spade !
 A trophy nobler than a conqueror's sword.

20

If he be one that feels, with skill to part
 False praise from true, or greater from the less,
 Thee will he welcome to his hand and heart,
 Thou monument of peaceful happiness !

He will not dread with Thee a toilsome day—
 Thee his loved servant, his inspiring mate !
 And, when thou art past service, worn away,
 No dull oblivious nook shall hide thy fate.

His thrift thy uselessness will never scorn ;
 An *heir-loom* in his cottage wilt Thou be :—
 High will he hang thee up, well pleased to adorn
 His rustic chimney with the last of Thee !

1806

30

XVI

A NIGHT THOUGHT

L! where the Moon along the sky
 Sails with her happy destiny ;
 Oft is she hid from mortal eye
 Or dimly seen,
 But when the clouds asunder fly
 How bright her mien !

Far different we—a froward race,
 Thousands though rich in Fortune's grace
 With cherished sullenness of pace
 Their way pursue,
 Ingrates who wear a smileless face
 The whole year through.

10

If kindred humours e'er would make
 My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
 From Fancy following in thy wake,
 Bright ship of heaven !
 A counter impulse let me take
 And be forgiven.

Published 1837

XVII

INCIDENT

CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG

ON his morning rounds the Master
 Goes to learn how all things fare ;
 Searches pasture after pasture,
 Sheep and cattle eyes with care
 And, for silence or for talk,
 He hath comrades in his walk ;
 Four dogs, each pair of different breed,
 Distinguished two for scent, and two for speed.

See a hare before him started !
 —Off they fly in earnest chase ; 10
 Every dog is eager-hearted,
 All the four are in the race :
 And the hare whom they pursue,
 Knows from instinct what to do ;
 Her hope is near : no turn she makes ;
 But, like an arrow, to the river takes.

Deep the river was, and crusted
 Thinly by a one night's frost ;
 But the nimble Hare hath trusted
 To the ice, and safely crost ; 20
 She hath crost, and without heed
 All are following at full speed,
 When, lo ! the ice, so thinly spread,
 Breaks—and the greyhound, DART, is overhead !

Better fate have PRINCE and SWALLOW—
 See them cleaving to the sport !
 MUSIC has no heart to follow,
 Little MUSIC, she stops short.
 She hath neither wish nor heart,
 Hers is now another part : 30
 A loving creature she, and brave !
 And fondly strives her struggling friend to save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,
 Very hands as you would say !
 And afflicting moans she fetches,
 As he breaks the ice away.
 For herself she hath no fears,—
 Him alone she sees and hears,—
 Makes efforts with complainings ; nor gives o'er
 Until her fellow sinks to re-appear no more. 40
 1805

XVIII

TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG

LIE here, without a record of thy worth,
 Beneath a covering of the common earth !
 It is not from unwillingness to praise,
 Or want of love, that here no Stone we raise ;
 More thou deserv'st ; but *this* man gives to man
 Brother to brother, *this* is all we can.

Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear
 Shall find thee through all changes of the year :
 This Oak points out thy grave ; the silent tree
 Will gladly stand a monument of thee.

10

We grieved for thee, and wished thy end were past ;
 And willingly have laid thee here at last :
 For thou hadst lived till every thing that cheers
 In thee had yielded to the weight of years ;
 Extreme old age had wasted thee away,
 And left thee but a glimmering of the day ;
 Thy ears were deaf, and feeble were thy knees,—
 I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,
 Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,
 And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.
 It came, and we were glad ; yet tears were shed ;
 Both man and woman wept when thou wert dead ;
 Not only for a thousand thoughts that were,
 Old household thoughts, in which thou hadst thy share ;
 But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee,
 Found scarcely any where in like degree !
 For love, that comes wherever life and sense
 Are given by God, in thee was most intense ;
 A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
 A tender sympathy, which did thee bind
 Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind :
 Yea, for thy fellow-brutes in thee we saw
 A soul of love, love's intellectual law :—
 Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame ;
 Our tears from passion and from reason came,
 And, therefore, shalt thou be an honoured name !

20

30

1805

XIX

FIDELITY

A BARKING sound the Shepherd hears,
 A cry as of a dog or fox ;
 He halts—and searches with his eyes
 Among the scattered rocks :
 And now at distance can discern
 A stirring in a brake of fern ;
 And instantly a dog is seen,
 Glancing through that covert green.

The Dog is not of mountain breed ;
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;
 With something, as the Shepherd thinks,
 Unusual in its cry :
 Nor is there any one in sight
 All round, in hollow or on height ;
 Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear ;
 What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
 That keeps, till June, December's snow ;
 A lofty precipice in front,
 A silent tarn¹ below !
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
 Remote from public road or dwelling,
 Pathway, or cultivated land ;
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
 The crags repeat the raven's croak,
 In symphony austere ;
 Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
 And mists that spread the flying shroud ;
 And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,
 That, if it could, would hurry past ;
 But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
 The Shepherd stood ; then makes his way
 O'er rocks and stones, following the Dog
 As quickly as he may ;
 Nor far had gone before he found
 A human skeleton on the ground ;
 The appalled Discoverer with a sigh
 Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
 The Man had fallen, that place of fear !
 At length upon the Shepherd's mind
 It breaks, and all is clear :
 He instantly recalled the name,
 And who he was, and whence he came ;
 Remembered, too, the very day
 On which the Traveller passed this way.

¹ Tarn is a *small* Mere or Lake, mostly high up in the mountains.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
 This lamentable tale I tell!
 A lasting monument of words
 This wonder merits well.
 The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,
 Repeating the same timid cry,
 This Dog had been through three months' space
 A dweller in that savage place.

50

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day
 When this ill-fated Traveller died,
 The Dog had watched about the spot,
 Or by his master's side :
 How nourished here through such long time
 He knows, who gave that love sublime ;
 And gave that strength of feeling, great
 Above all human estimate !

60

1805

XX

ODE TO DUTY

*'Jam non consilio bonus, sed more cò perductus, ut non tantum rectè facere
 possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim'*

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !
 O Duty ! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove ;
 Thou, who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe ;
 From vain temptations dost set free ;
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth :
 Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
 Who do thy work, and know it not :
 Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around
 them cast.

10

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.

20

And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust :
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control ;
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance-desires :
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee,
are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
Oh, let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live !

XXI

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be?
 —It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light
 That makes the path before him always bright;
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there, 10
 But makes his moral being his prime care;
 Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
 In face of these doth exercise a power
 Which is our human nature's highest dower:
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate; 20
 Is placable—because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacrifice;
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
 As tempted more; more able to endure,
 As more exposed to suffering and distress;
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
 —'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
 Upon that law as on the best of friends;
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
 To evil for a guard against worse ill, 30
 And what in quality or act is best
 Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
 He labours good on good to fix, and owes
 To virtue every triumph that he knows:
 —Who, if he rise to station of command,
 Rises by open means; and there will stand
 On honourable terms, or else retire,
 And in himself possess his own desire;
 Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim; 40
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
 For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;

Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
 Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
 But who, if he be called upon to face
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind, 50
 Is happy as a Lover ; and attired
 With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ;
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,
 Come when it will, is equal to the need :
 —He who, though thus endued as with a sense
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,
 Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ; 60
 Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
 Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
 It is his darling passion to approve ;
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love :——
 'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one 70
 Where what he most doth value must be won :
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,
 From well to better, daily self-surpast :
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
 And leave a dead unprofitable name— 80
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :
 This is the happy Warrior ; this is He
 That every Man in arms should wish to be.

XXII

THE FORCE OF PRAYER¹

OR, THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY

A TRADITION

'What is good for a bootless bene ?'
 With these dark words begins my Tale ;
 And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring
 When Prayer is of no avail ?

'What is good for a bootless bene ?'
 The Falconer to the Lady said ;
 And she made answer 'ENDLESS SORROW !'
 For she knew that her Son was dead.

She knew it by the Falconer's words,
 And from the look of the Falconer's eye ; 10
 And from the love which was in her soul
 For her youthful Romilly.

—Young Romilly through Barden woods
 Is ranging high and low ;
 And holds a greyhound in a leash,
 To let slip upon buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,
 How tempting to bestride !
 For lordly Wharf is there pent in
 With rocks on either side. 20

This striding-place is called THE STRID,
 A name which it took of yore :
 A thousand years hath it borne that name,
 And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,
 And what may now forbid
 That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
 Shall bound across THE STRID ?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he
 That the river was strong, and the rocks were
 steep ?— 30
 But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
 And checked him in his leap.

¹ See *The White Doe of Rylstone*.

The Boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strangled by a merciless force ;
For never more was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
And long, unspeaking, sorrow :
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts
A name more sad than Yarrow.

40

If for a lover the Lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion of death :—
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day
Which was to be to-morrow :
Her hope was a further-looking hope,
And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave ;
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband's grave !

50

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, ' Let there be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately Priory !'

The stately Priory was reared ;
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at even-song.

60

And the Lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief !
But slowly did her succour come,
And a patience to her grief.

Oh ! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our friend !

1807

XXIII

A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION

OR, CANUTE AND ALFRED ON THE SEA-SHORE

THE Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair,
 Mustering a face of haughty sovereignty,
 To aid a covert purpose, cried—‘O ye
 Approaching Waters of the deep, that share
 With this green isle my fortunes, come not where
 Your Master’s throne is set.’—Deaf was the Sea;
 Her waves rolled on, respecting his decree
 Less than they heed a breath of wanton air.
 —Then Canute, rising from the invaded throne,
 Said to his servile Courtiers,—‘Poor the reach, 10
 The undisguised extent, of mortal sway!
 He only is a King, and he alone
 Deserves the name (this truth the billows preach)
 Whose everlasting laws, sea, earth, and heaven obey.’

This just reproof the prosperous Dane
 Drew from the influx of the main,
 For some whose rugged northern mouths would strain
 At oriental flattery;
 And Canute (fact more worthy to be known)
 From that time forth did for his brows disown 20
 The ostentatious symbol of a crown;
 Esteeming earthly royalty
 Contemptible as vain.

Now hear what one of elder days,
 Rich theme of England’s fondest praise,
 Her darling Alfred, *might* have spoken;
 To cheer the remnant of his host
 When he was driven from coast to coast,
 Distressed and harassed, but with mind unbroken:

‘My faithful followers, lo! the tide is spent 30
 That rose, and steadily advanced to fill
 The shores and channels, working Nature’s will
 Among the mazy streams that backward went,
 And in the sluggish pools where ships are pent:
 And now, his task performed, the flood stands still,
 At the green base of many an inland hill,
 In placid beauty and sublime content!
 Such the repose that sage and hero find;
 Such measured rest the sedulous and good

Of humbler name ; whose souls do, like the flood 40
 Of Ocean, press right on ; or gently wind,
 Neither to be diverted nor withstood,
 Until they reach the bounds by Heaven assigned.
 1816

XXIV

*' A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps, a little further on ! '*
 —What trick of memory to *my* voice hath brought
 This mournful iteration ? For though Time,
 The Conqueror, crowns the Conquered, on this brow
 Planting his favourite silver diadem,
 Nor he, nor minister of his—intent
 To run before him, hath enrolled me yet,
 Though not unmenaced, among those who lean
 Upon a living staff, with borrowed sight. 10
 —O my own Dora, my belovèd child !
 Should that day come—but hark ! the birds salute
 The cheerful dawn, brightening for me the east ;
 For me, thy natural leader, once again
 Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst
 A tottering infant, with compliant stoop
 From flower to flower supported ; but to curb
 Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding o'er the lawn,
 Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge
 Of foaming torrents.—From thy orisons 20
 Come forth ; and, while the morning air is yet
 Transparent as the soul of innocent youth,
 Let me, thy happy guide, now point thy way,
 And now precede thee, winding to and fro,
 Till we by perseverance gain the top
 Of some smooth ridge, whose brink precipitous
 Kindles intense desire for powers withheld
 From this corporeal frame ; whereon who stands,
 Is seized with strong incitement to push forth
 His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge—dread thought,
 For pastime plunge—into the ' abrupt abyss,' 31
 Where ravens spread their plumy vans, at ease !

And yet more gladly thee would I conduct
 Through woods and spacious forests,—to behold
 There, how the Original of human art,
 Heaven-prompted Nature, measures and erects
 Her temples, fearless for the stately work,
 Though waves, to every breeze, its high-arched roof,
 And storms the pillars rock. But we such schools

Of reverential awe will chiefly seek
 In the still summer noon, while beams of light,
 Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond
 Traceably gliding through the dusk, recall
 To mind the living presences of nuns;
 A gentle, pensive, white-robed sisterhood,
 Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom
 Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve,
 To Christ, the Sun of righteousness, espoused.

40

Now also shall the page of classic lore,
 To these glad eyes from bondage freed, again
 Lie open; and the book of Holy Writ,
 Again unfolded, passage clear shall yield
 To heights more glorious still, and into shades
 More awful, where, advancing hand in hand,
 We may be taught, O Darling of my care!
 To calm the affections, elevate the soul,
 And consecrate our lives to truth and love.

50

1816

XXV

ODE TO LYCORIS

MAY 1817

I

AN age hath been when Earth was proud
 Of lustre too intense
 To be sustained; and Mortals bowed
 The front in self-defence.
 Who *then*, if Dian's crescent gleamed,
 Or Cupid's sparkling arrow streamed
 While on the wing the Urchin played,
 Could fearlessly approach the shade?
 —Enough for one soft vernal day,
 If I, a bard of ebbing time,
 And nurtured in a fickle clime,
 May haunt this hornèd bay;
 Whose amorous water multiplies
 The flitting halcyon's vivid dyes;
 And smooths her liquid breast—to show
 These swan-like specks of mountain snow,
 White as the pair that slid along the plains
 Of heaven, when Venus held the reins!

10

II

In youth we love the darksome lawn
 Brushed by the owlet's wing ; 20
 Then, Twilight is preferred to Dawn,
 And Autumn to the Spring.
 Sad fancies do we then affect,
 In luxury of disrespect
 To our own prodigal excess
 Of too familiar happiness.
 Lycoris (if such name befit
 Thee, thee my life's celestial sign !)
 When Nature marks the year's decline,
 Be ours to welcome it ; 30
 Pleased with the harvest hope that runs
 Before the path of milder suns ;
 Pleased while the sylvan world displays
 Its ripeness to the feeding gaze ;
 Pleased when the sullen winds resound the knell
 Of the resplendent miracle.

III

But something whispers to my heart
 That, as we downward tend,
 Lycoris ! life requires an *art*
 To which our souls must bend ; 40
 A skill—to balance and supply ;
 And, ere the flowing fount be dry,
 As soon it must, a sense to sip,
 Or drink, with no fastidious lip.
 Then welcome, above all, the Guest
 Whose smiles, diffused o'er land and sea,
 Seem to recall the Deity
 Of youth into the breast :
 May pensive Autumn ne'er present
 A claim to her disparagement ! 50
 While blossoms and the budding spray
 Inspire us in our own decay ;
 Still, as we nearer draw to life's dark goal,
 Be hopeful Spring the favourite of the Soul !

XXVI

TO THE SAME

ENOUGH of climbing toil !—Ambition treads
 Here, as 'mid busier scenes, ground steep and
 rough,
 Or slippery even to peril ! and each step,

As we for most uncertain recompense
 Mount toward the empire of the fickle clouds,
 Each weary step, dwarfing the world below,
 Induces, for its old familiar sights,
 Unacceptable feelings of contempt,
 With wonder mixed—that Man could e'er be tied,
 In anxious bondage, to such nice array 10
 And formal fellowship of petty things!
 —Oh! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this life,
 Making a truth and beauty of her own;
 And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing shades,
 And gurgling rills, assist her in the work
 More efficaciously than realms outspread,
 As in a map, before the adventurer's gaze—
 Ocean and Earth contending for regard.

The umbrageous woods are left—how far beneath!
 But lo! where darkness seems to guard the mouth 20
 Of yon wild cave, whose jagged brows are fringed
 With flaccid threads of ivy, in the still
 And sultry air, depending motionless.
 Yet cool the space within, and not uncheered
 (As whoso enters shall ere long perceive)
 By stealthy influx of the timid day
 Mingling with night, such twilight to compose
 As Numa loved; when, in the Egerian grot,
 From the sage Nymph, appearing at his wish,
 He gained whate'er a regal mind might ask, 30
 Or need, of counsel breathed through lips divine.

Long as the heat shall rage, let that dim cave
 Protect us, there deciphering as we may
 Diluvian records; or the sighs of Earth
 Interpreting; or counting for old Time
 His minutes, by reiterated drops,
 Audible tears, from some invisible source
 That deepens upon fancy—more and more
 Drawn toward the centre whence those sighs creep
 forth
 To awe the lightness of humanity. 40
 Or, shutting up thyself within thyself,
 There let me see thee sink into a mood
 Of gentler thought, protracted till thine eye
 Be calm as water when the winds are gone,
 And no one can tell whither. Dearest Friend!
 We two have known such happy hours together
 That, were power granted to replace them (fetched

From out the pensive shadows where they lie)
 In the first warmth of their original sunshine,
 Loth should I be to use it : passing sweet
 Are the domains of tender memory !

50

1817

XXVII

SEPTEMBER 1819

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
 Are hung, as if with golden shields,
 Bright trophies of the sun !
 Like a fair sister of the sky,
 Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
 The mountains looking on.

And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,
 Albeit uninspired by love,
 By love untaught to ring,
 May well afford to mortal ear
 An impulse more profoundly dear
 Than music of the Spring.

10

For *that* from turbulence and heat
 Proceeds, from some uneasy seat
 In nature's struggling frame,
 Some region of impatient life :
 And jealousy, and quivering strife,
 Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy ;—while I hear
 These vespers of another year,
 This hymn of thanks and praise,
 My spirit seems to mount above
 The anxieties of human love,
 And earth's precarious days.

20

But list !—though winter storms be nigh,
 Unchecked is that soft harmony :
 There lives Who can provide
 For all His creatures ; and in Him,
 Even like the radiant Seraphim,
 These choristers confide.

30

XXVIII

UPON THE SAME OCCASION

DEPARTING summer hath assumed
An aspect tenderly illumed,
The gentlest look of spring ;
That calls from yonder leafy shade
Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
A timely carolling.

No faint and hesitating trill,
Such tribute as to winter chill
The lonely redbreast pays !
Clear, loud, and lively is the din,
From social warblers gathering in
Their harvest of sweet lays. 10

Nor doth the example fail to cheer
Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,
And yellow on the bough :—
Fall, rosy garlands, from my head !
Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed
Around a younger brow !

Yet will I temperately rejoice ;
Wide is the range, and free the choice 20
Of undiscordant themes ;
Which, haply, kindred souls may prize
Not less than vernal ecstasies,
And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,
And they like Demi-gods are strong
On whom the Muses smile ;
But some their function have disclaimed,
Best pleased with what is aptliest framed
To enervate and defile. 30

Not such the initiatory strains
Committed to the silent plains
In Britain's earliest dawn :
Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,
While all-too-daringly the veil
Of nature was withdrawn !

Nor such the spirit-stirring note
 When the live chords Alcæus smote,
 Inflamed by sense of wrong ;
 Woe ! woe to Tyrants ! from the lyre
 Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire
 Of fierce vindictive song.

40

And not unhallowed was the page
 By wingèd Love inscribed, to assuage
 The pangs of vain pursuit ;
 Love listening while the Lesbian Maid
 With finest touch of passion swayed
 Her own Æolian lute.

O ye, who patiently explore
 The wreck of Herculean lore,
 What rapture ! could ye seize
 Some Theban fragment, or unroll
 One precious, tender-hearted, scroll
 Of pure Simonides.

50

That were, indeed, a genuine birth
 Of poesy ; a bursting forth
 Of genius from the dust :
 What Horace gloried to behold,
 What Maro loved, shall we enfold ?
 Can haughty Time be just !

60

1819

XXIX

MEMORY

A PEN—to register ; a key—
 That winds through secret wards ;
 Are well assigned to Memory
 By allegoric Bards.

As aptly, also, might be given
 A Pencil to her hand ;
 That, softening objects, sometimes even
 Outstrips the heart's demand ;

That smoothes foregone distress, the lines
 Of lingering care subdues,
 Long-vanished happiness refines,
 And clothes in brighter hues ;

10

Yet, like a tool of Fancy, works
 Those Spectres to dilate
 That startle Conscience, as she lurks
 Within her lonely seat.

O! that our lives, which flee so fast,
 In purity were such,
 That not an image of the past
 Should fear that pencil's touch!

20

Retirement then might hourly look
 Upon a soothing scene,
 Age steal to his allotted nook
 Contented and serene;

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
 In frosty moonlight glistening;
 Or mountain rivers, where they creep
 Along a channel smooth and deep,
 To their own far-off murmurs listening.

1823

XXX

THIS Lawn, a carpet all alive
 With shadows flung from leaves—to strive
 In dance, amid a press
 Of sunshine, an apt emblem yields
 Of Worldlings revelling in the fields
 Of strenuous idleness;

Less quick the stir when tide and breeze
 Encounter, and to narrow seas
 Forbid a moment's rest;
 The medley less when boreal Lights
 Glance to and fro, like aery Sprites
 To feats of arms address!

10

Yet, spite of all this eager strife,
 This ceaseless play, the genuine life
 That serves the steadfast hours,
 Is in the grass beneath, that grows
 Unheeded, and the mute repose
 Of sweetly-breathing flowers.

1820

XXXI

HUMANITY

[THE Rocking-stones, alluded to in the beginning of the following verses, are supposed to have been used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial and religious purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great Britain and in Ireland.]

WHAT though the Accused, upon his own appeal
 To righteous Gods when man has ceased to feel,
 Or at a doubting Judge's stern command,
 Before the STONE OF POWER no longer stand—
 To take his sentence from the balanced Block,
 As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to rock ;
 Though, in the depths of sunless groves, no more
 The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak adore ;
 Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whispering trees
 Do still perform mysterious offices !
 And functions dwell in beast and bird that sway
 The reasoning mind, or with the fancy play,
 Inviting, at all seasons, ears and eyes
 To watch for undelusive auguries :—
 Not uninspired appear their simplest ways ;
 Their voices mount symbolical of praise—
 To mix with hymns that Spirits make and hear ;
 And to fallen man their innocence is dear.
 Enraptured Art draws from those sacred springs
 Streams that reflect the poetry of things !
 Where christian Martyrs stand in hues portrayed,
 That, might a wish avail, would never fade,
 Borne in their hands the lily and the palm
 Shed round the altar a celestial calm ;
 There, too, behold the lamb and guileless dove
 Prest in the tenderness of virgin love
 To saintly bosoms !—Glorious is the blending
 Of right affections climbing or descending
 Along a scale of light and life, with cares
 Alternate ; carrying holy thoughts and prayers
 Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High ;
 Descending to the worm in charity ;
 Like those good Angels whom a dream of night
 Gave, in the field of Luz, to Jacob's sight
 All, while *he* slept, treading the pendent stairs
 Earthward or heavenward, radiant messengers,
 That, with a perfect will in one accord
 Of strict obedience, serve the Almighty Lord ;
 And with untired humility forbore
 To speed their errand by the wings they wore.

10

20

30

40

What a fair world were ours for verse to paint,
 If Power could live at ease with self-restraint !
 Opinion bow before the naked sense
 Of the great Vision,—faith in Providence ;
 Merciful over all his creatures, just
 To the least particle of sentient dust ;
 But fixing, by immutable decrees,
 Seedtime and harvest for his purposes !
 Then would be closed the restless oblique eye
 That looks for evil like a treacherous spy ; 50
 Disputes would then relax, like stormy winds
 That into breezes sink ; impetuous minds
 By discipline endeavour to grow meek
 As Truth herself, whom they profess to seek.
 Then Genius, shunning fellowship with Pride,
 Would braid his golden locks at Wisdom's side ;
 Love ebb and flow untroubled by caprice ;
 And not alone *harsh* tyranny would cease,
 But unoffending creatures find release
 From qualified oppression, whose defence 60
 Rests on a hollow plea of recompense ;
 Thought-tempered wrongs, for each humane respect
 Oft worse to bear, or deadlier in effect.
 Witness those glances of indignant scorn
 From some high-minded Slave, impelled to spurn
 The kindness that would make him less forlorn ;
 Or, if the soul to bondage be subdued,
 His look of pitiable gratitude !

Alas for thee, bright Galaxy of Isles,
 Whose day departs in pomp, returns with smiles— 70
 To greet the flowers and fruitage of a land,
 As the sun mounts, by sea-born breezes fanned ;
 A land whose azure mountain-tops are seats
 For Gods in council, whose green vales, retreats
 Fit for the shades of heroes, mingling there
 To breathe Elysian peace in upper air.

Though cold as winter, gloomy as the grave,
 Stone-walls a prisoner make, but not a slave.
 Shall man assume a property in man ?
 Lay on the moral will a withering ban ? 80
 Shame that our laws at distance still protect
 Enormities, which they at home reject !
 'Slaves 'cannot breathe in England'—yet that boast
 Is but a mockery ! when from coast to coast,
 Though *fettered* slave be none, her floors and soil
 Groan underneath a weight of slavish toil,

For the poor Many, measured out by rules
 Fetched with cupidity from heartless schools,
 That to an Idol, falsely called 'the Wealth
 Of Nations,' sacrifice a People's health, 90
 Body and mind and soul; a thirst so keen
 Is ever urging on the vast machine
 Of sleepless Labour, 'mid whose dizzy wheels
 The Power least prized is that which thinks and feels.

Then, for the pastimes of this delicate age,
 And all the heavy or light vassalage
 Which for their sakes we fasten, as may suit
 Our varying moods, on human kind or brute,
 'Twere well in little, as in great, to pause,
 Lest Fancy trifle with eternal laws. 100
 Not from his fellows only man may learn
 Rights to compare and duties to discern!
 All creatures and all objects, in degree,
 Are friends and patrons of humanity.
 There are to whom the garden, grove, and field,
 Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield;
 Who would not lightly violate the grace
 The lowliest flower possesses in its place;
 Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,
 Which nothing less than Infinite Power could give. 110
 1829

XXXII

THE unremitting voice of nightly streams
 That wastes so oft, we think, its tuneful powers,
 If neither soothing to the worm that gleams
 Through dewy grass nor small birds hushed in bowers,
 Nor unto silent leaves and drowsy flowers,—
 That voice of unpretending harmony
 (For who what is shall measure by what seems
 To be, or not to be,
 Or tax high Heaven with prodigality?)
 Wants not a healing influence that can creep 10
 Into the human breast, and mix with sleep
 To regulate the motion of our dreams
 For kindly issues—as through every clime
 Was felt near murmuring brooks in earliest time;
 As, at this day, the rudest swains who dwell
 Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling knell
 Of water-breaks, with grateful heart could tell.

XXXIII

THOUGHTS ON THE SEASONS

FLATTERED with promise of escape
 From every hurtful blast,
 Spring takes, O sprightly May! thy shape,
 Her loveliest and her last.

Less fair is summer riding high
 In fierce solstitial power,
 Less fair than when a lenient sky
 Brings on her parting hour.

When earth repays with golden sheaves
 The labours of the plough,
 And ripening fruits and forest leaves
 All brighten on the bough ;

10

What pensive beauty autumn shows,
 Before she hears the sound
 Of winter rushing in, to close
 The emblematic round !

Such be our Spring, our Summer such ;
 So may our Autumn blend
 With hoary Winter, and Life touch,
 Through heaven-born hope, her end !

20

1829

XXXIV

TO —

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN CHILD, MARCH 1833

'Tum porro puer, ut saevis projectus ab undis
 Navita, nudus humi jacet,' etc.—*Lucretius*.

LIKE a shipwreck'd Sailor tost
 By rough waves on a perilous coast,
 Lies the Babe, in helplessness
 And in tenderest nakedness,
 Flung by labouring nature forth
 Upon the mercies of the earth.
 Can its eyes beseech?—no more
 Than the hands are free to implore :

Voice but serves for one brief cry ;
 Plaint was it ? or prophecy
 Of sorrow that will surely come ?
 Omen of man's grievous doom !

10

But, O Mother ! by the close
 Duly granted to thy throes ;
 By the silent thanks, now tending
 Incense-like to Heaven, descending
 Now to mingle and to move
 With the gush of earthly love,
 As a debt to that frail Creature,
 Instrument of struggling Nature
 For the blissful calm, the peace
 Known but to this *one* release—
 Can the pitying spirit doubt
 That for human-kind springs out
 From the penalty a sense
 Of more than mortal recompense ?

20

As a floating summer cloud,
 Though of gorgeous drapery proud,
 To the sun-burnt traveller,
 Or the stooping labourer,
 Oft-times makes its bounty known
 By its shadow round him thrown ;
 So, by chequerings of sad cheer,
 Heavenly Guardians, brooding near,
 Of their presence tell—too bright
 Haply for corporeal sight !
 Ministers of grace divine
 Feelingly their brows incline
 O'er this seeming Castaway
 Breathing, in the light of day,
 Something like the faintest breath
 That has power to baffle death—
 Beautiful, while very weakness
 Captivates like passive meekness.

30

40

And, sweet Mother ! under warrant
 Of the universal Parent,
 Who repays in season due
 Them who have, like thee, been true
 To the filial chain let down
 From his everlasting throne,
 Angels hovering round thy couch,
 With their softest whispers vouch,

50

That—whatever griefs may fret,
 Cares entangle, sins beset,
 This thy First-born, and with tears
 Stain her cheek in future years—
 Heavenly succour, not denied
 To the babe, whate'er betide,
 Will to the woman be supplied !

Mother ! blest be thy calm ease ; 60
 Blest the starry promises,—
 And the firmament benign
 Hallowed be it, where they shine !
 Yes, for them whose souls have scope
 Ample for a wingèd hope,
 And can earthward bend an ear
 For needful listening, pledge is here,
 That, if thy new-born Charge shall tread
 In thy footsteps, and be led
 By that other Guide, whose light 70
 Of manly virtues, mildly bright,
 Gave him first the wished-for part
 In thy gentle virgin heart ;
 Then, amid the storms of life
 Presignified by that dread strife
 Whence ye have escaped together,
 She may look for serene weather ;
 In all trials sure to find
 Comfort for a faithful mind ;
 Kindlier issues, holier rest, 80
 Than even now await her prest,
 Conscious Nursling, to thy breast !

March 1833

XXXV

THE WARNING

A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING

LIST, the winds of March are blowing ;
 Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of showing
 Their meek heads to the nipping air,
 Which ye feel not, happy pair !
 Sunk into a kindly sleep.
 We, meanwhile, our hope will keep ;
 And if Time leagued with adverse Change
 (Too busy fear !) shall cross its range,

Whatsoever check they bring,
 Anxious duty hindering,
 To like hope our prayers will cling.

10

Thus, while the ruminating spirit feeds
 Upon the events of home as life proceeds,
 Affections pure and holy in their source
 Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier course ;
 Hopes that within the Father's heart prevail,
 Are in the experienced Grandsire's slow to fail ;
 And if the harp pleased his gay youth, it rings
 To his grave touch with no unready strings,
 While thoughts press on, and feelings overflow,
 And quick words round him fall like flakes of snow.

20

Thanks to the Powers that yet maintain their sway,
 And have renewed the tributary Lay.
 Truths of the heart flock in with eager pace,
 And FANCY greets them with a fond embrace ;
 Swift as the rising sun his beams extends
 She shoots the tidings forth to distant friends ;
 Their gifts she hails (deemed precious, as they prove
 For the unconscious Babe so prompt a love!)—
 But from this peaceful centre of delight
 Vague sympathies have urged her to take flight :
 Rapt into upper regions, like the bee
 That sucks from mountain-heath her honey fee,
 Or, like the warbling lark intent to shroud
 His head in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,
 She soars—and here and there her pinions rest
 On proud towers, like this humble cottage, blest
 With a new visitant, an infant guest—
 Towers where red streamers flout the breezy sky
 In pomp foreseen by her creative eye,
 When feasts shall crowd the hall, and steeple bells
 Glad proclamation make, and heights and dells
 Catch the blithe music as it sinks and swells,
 And harboured ships, whose pride is on the sea,
 Shall hoist their topmost flags in sign of glee,
 Honouring the hope of noble ancestry.

30

40

But who (though neither reckoning ills assigned
 By Nature, nor reviewing in the mind
 The track that was, and is, and must be, worn
 With weary feet by all of woman born)—
 Shall *now* by such a gift with joy be moved,
 Nor feel the fulness of that joy reproved ?

50

Not He, whose last faint memory will command
 The truth that Britain was his native land ;
 Whose infant soul was tutored to confide
 In the cleansed faith for which her martyrs died ;
 Whose boyish ear the voice of her renown
 With rapture thrilled ; whose Youth revered the crown
 Of Saxon liberty that Alfred wore,
 Alfred, dear Babe, thy great Progenitor ! 60
 —Not He, who from her mellowed practice drew
 His social sense of just, and fair, and true ;
 And saw, thereafter, on the soil of France
 Rash Polity begin her maniac dance,
 Foundations broken up, the deeps run wild,
 Nor grieved to see (himself not unbeguiled)—
 Woke from the dream, the dreamer to upbraid,
 And learn how sanguine expectations fade
 When novel trusts by folly are betrayed,—
 To see Presumption, turning pale, refrain 70
 From further havoc, but repent in vain,—
 Good aims lie down, and perish in the road
 Where guilt had urged them on with ceaseless goad,
 Proofs thickening round her that on public ends
 Domestic virtue vitally depends,
 That civic strife can turn the happiest hearth
 Into a grievous sore of self-tormenting earth.

Can such a One, dear Babe ! though glad and proud
 To welcome thee, repel the fears that crowd
 Into his English breast, and spare to quake 80
 Less for his own than for thy innocent sake ?
 Too late—or, should the providence of God
 Lead, through dark ways by sin and sorrow trod,
 Justice and peace to a secure abode,
 Too soon—thou com'st into this breathing world ;
 Ensigns of mimic outrage are unfurled.
 Who shall preserve or prop the tottering Realm ?
 What hand suffice to govern the state-helm ?
 If, in the aims of men, the surest test
 Of good or bad (whate'er be sought for or profest) 90
 Lie in the means required, or ways ordained,
 For compassing the end, else never gained ;
 Yet governors and governed both are blind
 To this plain truth, or fling it to the wind ;
 If to expedience principle must bow ;
 Past, future, shrinking up beneath the incumbent Now ;
 If cowardly concession still must feed
 The thirst for power in men who ne'er concede ;

Nor turn aside, unless to shape a way
 For domination at some riper day ; 100
 If generous Loyalty must stand in awe
 Of subtle Treason, in his mask of law,
 Or with bravado insolent and hard
 Provoking punishment, to win reward ;
 If office help the factious to conspire,
 And they, who *should* extinguish, fan the fire—
 Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the crown
 Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of down ;
 To be blown off at will, by Power that spares it
 In cunning patience, from the head that wears it. 110

Lost people, trained to theoretic feud !
 Lost above all, ye labouring multitude !
 Bewildered whether ye, by slanderous tongues
 Deceived, mistake calamities for wrongs ;
 And over fancied usurpations brood,
 Oft snapping at revenge in sullen mood ;
 Or from long stress of real injuries fly
 To desperation for a remedy ;
 In bursts of outrage spread your judgments wide,
 And to your wrath cry out, ' Be thou our guide ' ; 120
 Or, bound by oaths, come forth to tread earth's
 floor

In marshalled thousands, darkening street and moor
 With the worst shape mock-patience ever wore ;
 Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem
 By Flatterers carried, mount into a dream
 Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage behest
 Justice shall rule, disorder be supprest,
 And every man sit down as Plenty's Guest !
 —O for a bridle bitted with remorse
 To stop your Leaders in their headstrong course ! 130
 Oh may the Almighty scatter with His grace
 These mists, and lead you to a safer place,
 By paths no human wisdom can foretrace !
 May He pour round you, from worlds far above
 Man's feverish passions, His pure light of love,
 That quietly restores the natural mien
 To hope, and makes truth willing to be seen !
Else shall your blood-stained hands in frenzy reap
 Fields gaily sown when promises were cheap.—
 Why is the Past belied with wicked art, 140
 The Future made to play so false a part,
 Among a people famed for strength of mind,
 Foremost in freedom, noblest of mankind ?

We act as if we joyed in the sad tune
 Storms make in rising, valued in the moon
 Nought but her changes. Thus, ungrateful Nation !
 If thou persist, and, scorning moderation,
 Spread for thyself the snares of tribulation,
 Whom, then, shall meekness guard ? What saving skill
 Lie in forbearance, strength in standing still ? 150
 —Soon shall the widow (for the speed of Time
 Nought equals when the hours are winged with crime)
 Widow, or wife, implore on tremulous knee,
 From him who judged her lord, a like decree ;
 The skies will weep o'er old men desolate :
 Ye little-ones ! Earth shudders at your fate,
 Outcasts and homeless orphans——

But turn, my Soul, and from the sleeping pair
 Learn thou the beauty of omniscient care !
 Be strong in faith, bid anxious thoughts lie still ; 160
 Seek for the good and cherish it—the ill
 Oppose, or bear with a submissive will.

1833

XXXVI

IF this great world of joy and pain
 Revolve in one sure track ;
 If freedom, set, will rise again,
 And virtue, flown, come back ;
 Woe to the purblind crew who fill
 The heart with each day's care ;
 Nor gain, from past or future, skill
 To bear, and to forbear !

1833

XXXVII

THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN

UP to the throne of God is borne
 The voice of praise at early morn,
 And he accepts the punctual hymn
 Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside
 From holy offerings at noontide.
 Then here reposing let us raise
 A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light,
 We need not toil from morn to night ;
 The respite of the mid-day hour
 Is in the thankful Creature's power. 10

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
 That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
 Are with a ready heart bestowed
 Upon the service of our God !

Each field is then a hallowed spot,
 An altar is in each man's cot,
 A church in every grove that spreads
 Its living roof above our heads. 20

Look up to Heaven ! the industrious Sun
 Already half his race hath run ;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
 But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord ! since his rising in the East,
 If we have faltered or transgressed,
 Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
 What yet remains of this day's course :

Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
 Our upward and our downward way ;
 And glorify for us the west,
 When we shall sink to final rest. 30

1834

XXXVIII

ODE

COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING

WHILE from the purpling east departs
 The star that led the dawn,
 Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,
 For May is on the lawn.
 A quickening hope, a freshening glee,
 Foreran the expected Power,
 Whose first-drawn breath, from bush and tree,
 Shakes off that pearly shower.

All Nature welcomes Her whose sway
 Tempers the year's extremes ;
 Who scattereth lustres o'er noon-day,
 Like morning's dewy gleams ; 10

While mellow warble, sprightly trill,
 The tremulous heart excite ;
 And hums the balmy air to still
 The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power ! when youths and maids
 At peep of dawn would rise,
 And wander forth, in forest glades
 Thy birth to solemnize. 20
 Though mute the song—to grace the rite
 Untouched the hawthorn bough,
 Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight ;
 Man changes, but not Thou !

Thy feathered Lieges bill and wings
 In love's disport employ ;
 Warmed by thy influence, creeping things
 Awake to silent joy :
 Queen art thou still for each gay plant
 Where the slim wild deer roves ; 30
 And served in depths where fishes haunt
 Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing peak, and trackless heath,
 Instinctive homage pay ;
 Nor wants the dim-lit cave a wreath
 To honour thee, sweet May !
 Where cities fanned by thy brisk airs
 Behold a smokeless sky,
 Their puniest flower-pot-nursling dares
 To open a bright eye. 40

And if, on this thy natal morn,
 The pole, from which thy name
 Hath not departed, stands forlorn
 Of song and dance and game ;
 Still from the village-green a vow
 Aspires to thee address,
 Wherever peace is on the brow,
 Or love within the breast.

Yes ! where Love nestles thou canst teach
 The soul to love the more ; 50
 Hearts also shall thy lessons reach
 That never loved before.

Stript is the haughty one of pride,
 The bashful freed from fear,
 While rising, like the ocean-tide,
 In flows the joyous year.

Hush, feeble lyre ! weak words refuse
 The service to prolong !
 To yon exulting thrush the Muse
 Entrusts the imperfect song ;
 His voice shall chant, in accents clear,
 Throughout the live-long day,
 Till the first silver star appear,
 The sovereignty of May.

1826

60

XXXIX

TO MAY

THOUGH many suns have risen and set
 Since thou, blithe May, wert born,
 And Bards, who hailed thee, may forget
 Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn ;
 There are who to a birthday strain
 Confine not harp and voice,
 But evermore throughout thy reign
 Are grateful and rejoice !

Delicious odours ! music sweet,
 Too sweet to pass away !
 Oh for a deathless song to meet
 The soul's desire—a lay
 That, when a thousand years are told,
 Should praise thee, genial Power !
 Through summer heat, autumnal cold,
 And winter's dreariest hour.

10

Earth, sea, thy presence feel—nor less,
 If yon ethereal blue
 With its soft smile the truth express,
 The heavens have felt it too.
 The inmost heart of man if glad
 Partakes a livelier cheer ;
 And eyes that cannot but be sad
 Let fall a brightened tear

20

Since thy return, through days and weeks
Of hope that grew by stealth,
How many wan and faded cheeks
Have kindled into health!
The Old, by thee revived, have said,
'Another year is ours';
And wayworn Wanderers, poorly fed,
Have smiled upon thy flowers.

30

Who tripping lisps a merry song
Amid his playful peers?
The tender Infant who was long
A prisoner of fond fears;
But now, when every sharp-edged blast
Is quiet in its sheath,
His Mother leaves him free to taste
Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

40

Thy help is with the weed that creeps
Along the humblest ground;
No cliff so bare but on its steeps
Thy favours may be found;
But most on some peculiar nook
That our own hands have drest,
Thou and thy train are proud to look,
And seem to love it best.

And yet how pleased we wander forth
When May is whispering, 'Come!
Choose from the bowers of virgin earth
The happiest for your home;
Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread
From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,
Drops on the mouldering turret's head,
And on your turf-clad graves!'

50

Such greeting heard, away with sighs
For lilies that must fade,
Or 'the rathe primrose as it dies
Forsaken' in the shade!
Vernal fruitions and desires
Are linked in endless chase;
While, as one kindly growth retires,
Another takes its place.

60

And what if thou, sweet May, hast known
 Mishap by worm and blight ;
 If expectations newly blown
 Have perished in thy sight ;
 If loves and joys, while up they sprung,
 Were caught as in a snare ;
 Such is the lot of all the young,
 However bright and fair.

70

Lo ! Streams that April could not check
 Are patient of thy rule ;
 Gurgling in foamy water-break,
 Loitering in glassy pool :
 By thee, thee only, could be sent
 Such gentle mists as glide,
 Curling with unconfirmed intent,
 On that green mountain's side.

80

How delicate the leafy veil
 Through which yon house of God
 Gleams 'mid the peace of this deep dale
 By few but shepherds trod !
 And lowly huts, near beaten ways,
 No sooner stand attired
 In thy fresh wreaths, than they for praise
 Peep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,
 Permit not for one hour
 A blossom from thy crown to drop,
 Nor add to it a flower !
 Keep, lovely May, as if by touch
 Of self-restraining art,
 This modest charm of not too much,
 Part seen, imagined part !

90

1826-1834

XL

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT FROM THE PENCIL OF
 F. STONE

BEGUILED into forgetfulness of care
 Due to the day's unfinished task ; of pen
 Or book regardless, and of that fair scene
 In Nature's prodigality displayed

Before my window, oftentimes and long
 I gaze upon a Portrait whose mild gleam
 Of beauty never ceases to enrich
 The common light ; whose stillness charms the air,
 Or seems to charm it, into like repose ;
 Whose silence, for the pleasure of the ear, 10
 Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits
 With emblematic purity attired
 In a white vest, white as her marble neck
 Is, and the pillar of the throat would be
 But for the shadow by the drooping chin
 Cast into that recess—the tender shade,
 The shade and light, both there and everywhere,
 And through the very atmosphere she breathes,
 Broad, clear, and toned harmoniously, with skill
 That might from nature have been learnt in the hour
 When the lone shepherd sees the morning spread 21
 Upon the mountains. Look at her, whoe'er
 Thou be that, kindling with a poet's soul,
 Hast loved the painter's true Promethean craft
 Intensely—from Imagination take
 The treasure,—what mine eyes behold see thou,
 Even though the Atlantic ocean roll between.

A silver line, that runs from brow to crown
 And in the middle parts the braided hair,
 Just serves to show how delicate a soil 30
 The golden harvest grows in ; and those eyes,
 Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky
 Whose azure depth their colour emulates,
 Must needs be conversant with upward looks,
 Prayer's voiceless service ; but now, seeking nought
 And shunning nought, their own peculiar life
 Of motion they renounce, and with the head
 Partake its inclination towards earth
 In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness
 Caught at the point where it stops short of sadness. 40

Offspring of soul-bewitching Art, make me
 Thy confidant ! say, whence derived that air
 Of calm abstraction ? Can the ruling thought
 Be with some lover far away, or one
 Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted faith ?
 Inapt conjecture ! Childhood here, a moon
 Crescent in simple loveliness serene,
 Has but approached the gates of womanhood,

Not entered them; her heart is yet unpierced
 By the blind Archer-god; her fancy free : 50
 The fount of feeling, if unsought elsewhere,
 Will not be found.

Her right hand, as it lies
 Across the slender wrist of the left arm
 Upon her lap reposing, holds—but mark
 How slackly, for the absent mind permits
 No firmer grasp—a little wild-flower, joined,
 As in a posy, with a few pale ears
 Of yellowing corn, the same that overtopped
 And in their common birthplace sheltered it
 Till they were plucked together; a blue flower 60
 Called by the thrifty husbandman a weed;
 But Ceres, in her garland, might have worn
 That ornament, unblamed. The floweret, held
 In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she knows,
 (Her Father told her so) in youth's gay dawn
 Her Mother's favourite; and the orphan Girl,
 In her own dawn—a dawn less gay and bright,
 Loves it, while there in solitary peace
 She sits, for that departed Mother's sake.
 —Not from a source less sacred is derived 70
 (Surely I do not err) that pensive air
 Of calm abstraction through the face diffused
 And the whole person.

Words have something told
 More than the pencil can, and verily
 More than is needed, but the precious Art
 Forgives their interference—Art divine,
 That both creates and fixes, in despite
 Of Death and Time, the marvels it hath wrought.

Strange contrasts have we in this world of ours!
 That posture, and the look of filial love 80
 Thinking of past and gone, with what is left
 Dearly united, might be swept away
 From this fair Portrait's fleshly Archetype,
 Even by an innocent fancy's slightest freak
 Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored,
 To their lost place, or meet in harmony
 So exquisite; but *here* do they abide,
 Enshrined for ages. Is not then the Art
 Godlike, a humble branch of the divine,
 In visible quest of immortality, 90
 Stretched forth with trembling hope?—In every realm,
 From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,

Thousands, in each variety of tongue
 That Europe knows, would echo this appeal ;
 One above all, a Monk who waits on God
 In the magnific Convent built of yore
 To sanctify the Escorial palace. He—
 Guiding, from cell to cell and room to room,
 A British Painter (eminent for truth
 In character, and depth of feeling, shown 100
 By labours that have touched the hearts of kings,
 And are endeared to simple cottagers)—
 Came, in that service, to a glorious work,
 Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as when first
 The appropriate Picture, fresh from Titian's hand,
 Graced the Refectory : and there, while both
 Stood with eyes fixed upon that masterpiece,
 The hoary Father in the Stranger's ear
 Breathed out these words:—' Here daily do we
 sit,
 Thanks given to God for daily bread, and here 110
 Pondering the mischiefs of these restless times,
 And thinking of my Brethren, dead, dispersed,
 Or changed and changing, I not seldom gaze
 Upon this solemn Company unmoved
 By shock of circumstance, or lapse of years,
 Until I cannot but believe that they—
 They are in truth the Substance, we the Shadows.'

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his griefs
 Melting away within him like a dream
 Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to speak : 120
 And I, grown old, but in a happier land,
 Domestic Portrait ¹ have to verse consigned
 In thy calm presence those heart-moving words :
 Words that can soothe, more than they agitate ;
 Whose spirit, like the angel that went down
 Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue
 Informs the fountain in the human breast
 Which by the visitation was disturbed.
 —But why this stealing tear ? Companion mute,
 On thee I look, not sorrowing ; fare thee well, 130
 My Song's Inspirer, once again farewell ! ¹

1834

¹ The pile of buildings, composing the palace and convent of San Lorenzo, has, in common usage, lost its proper name in that of the *Escorial*, a village at the foot of the hill upon which the splendid edifice, built by Philip the Second, stands. It need scarcely be added that Wilkie is the painter alluded to.

XLI

THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED

AMONG a grave fraternity of Monks,
 For One, but surely not for One alone,
 Triumphs, in that great work, the Painter's skill,
 Humbling the body, to exalt the soul;
 Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong
 And dissolution and decay, the warm
 And breathing life of flesh, as if already
 Clothed with impassive majesty, and graced
 With no mean earnest of a heritage
 Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou, too, 10
 With thy memorial flower, meek Portraiture!
 From whose serene companionship I passed
 Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still; thou also—
 Though but a simple object, into light
 Called forth by those affections that endear
 The private hearth; though keeping thy sole seat
 In singleness, and little tried by time,
 Creation, as it were, of yesterday—
 With a congenial function art endued
 For each and all of us, together joined 20
 In course of nature under a low roof
 By charities and duties that proceed
 Out of the bosom of a wiser vow.
 To a like salutary sense of awe
 Or sacred wonder, growing with the power
 Of meditation that attempts to weigh,
 In faithful scales, things and their opposites,
 Can thy enduring quiet gently raise
 A household small and sensitive,—whose love,
 Dependent as in part its blessings are 30
 Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved
 On earth, will be revived, we trust, in heaven.¹

1834

XLII

SO fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,
 Would that the little Flowers were born to live,
 Conscious of half the pleasure which they give;

¹ In the class entitled 'Musings,' in Mr. Southey's *Minor Poems*, is one upon his own miniature Picture, taken in childhood, and another upon a landscape painted by Gaspar Poussin. It is possible that every word of the above verses, though similar in subject, might have been written had the author been unacquainted with those beautiful effusions of poetic sentiment. But, for his own satisfaction, he must be allowed thus publicly to acknowledge the pleasure those two Poems of his Friend have given him, and the grateful influence they have upon his mind as often as he reads them, or thinks of them.

DRAWING OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE 383

That to this mountain-daisy's self were known
The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown
On the smooth surface of this naked stone !

And what if hence a bold desire should mount
High as the Sun, that he could take account
Of all that issues from his glorious fount !

So might he ken how by his sovereign aid 10
These delicate companionships are made ;
And how he rules the pomp of light and shade ;

And were the Sister-power that shines by night
So privileged, what a countenance of delight
Would through the clouds break forth on human
sight !

Fond fancies ! wheresoe'er shall turn thine eye
On earth, air, ocean, or the starry sky,
Converse with Nature in pure sympathy ;

All vain desires, all lawless wishes quelled,
Be Thou to love and praise alike impelled, 20
Whatever boon is granted or withheld.

1844

XLIII

UPON SEEING A COLOURED DRAWING OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE IN AN ALBUM

WHO rashly strove thy Image to portray ?
Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air ;
How could he think of the live creature—gay
With a divinity of colours, drest
In all her brightness, from the dancing crest
Far as the last gleam of the filmy train
Extended and extending to sustain
The motions that it graces—and forbear
To drop his pencil ! Flowers of every clime
Depicted on these pages smile at time ; 10
And gorgeous insects copied with nice care
Are here, and likenesses of many a shell
Tossed ashore by restless waves,
Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from caves
Where sea-nymphs might be proud to dwell :

But whose rash hand (again I ask) could dare,
 'Mid casual tokens and promiscuous shows,
 To circumscribe this Shape in fixed repose;
 Could imitate for indolent survey,
 Perhaps for touch profane, 20
 Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep, a stain;
 And, with cloud-streaks lightest and loftiest, share
 The sun's first greeting, his last farewell ray!

Resplendent Wanderer! followed with glad eyes
 Where'er her course; mysterious Bird!
 To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred,
 Eastern Islanders have given
 A holy name—the Bird of Heaven!
 And even a title higher still,
 The Bird of God! whose blessed will 30
 She seems performing as she flies
 Over the earth and through the skies
 In never-wearied search of Paradise—
 Region that crowns her beauty with the name
 She bears for *us*—for *us* how blest,
 How happy at all seasons, could like aim
 Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred flight
 On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,
 No tempest from his breath, their promised rest
 Seeking with indefatigable quest 40
 Above a world that deems itself most wise
 When most enslaved by gross realities!

1835

SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND
ORDER

I

COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWSPAPER OF THE DAY

‘PEOPLE! your chains are severing link by link ;
 Soon shall the Rich be levelled down—the Poor
 Meet them half way.’ Vain boast ! for These, the more
 They thus would rise, must low and lower sink
 Till, by repentance stung, they fear to think ;
 While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few
 Bent in quick turns each other to undo,
 And mix the poison, they themselves must drink.
 Mistrust thyself, vain Country ! cease to cry,
 ‘ Knowledge will save me from the threatened woe.’ 10
 For, if than other rash ones more thou know,
 Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly
 Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,
 Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

1831

II

UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST. MARCH 1832

RELUCTANT call it was ; the rite delayed ;
 And in the Senate some there were who doffed
 The last of their humanity, and scoffed
 At providential judgments, undismayed
 By their own daring. But the People prayed
 As with one voice ; their flinty heart grew soft
 With penitential sorrow, and aloft
 Their spirit mounted, crying, ‘ God us aid !’
 Oh that with aspirations more intense,
 Chastised by self-abasement more profound, 10
 This People, once so happy, so renowned
 For liberty, would seek from God defence
 Against far heavier ill, the pestilence
 Of revolution, impiously unbound !

III

S AID Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,
 Falsehood and Treachery, in close council met,
 Deep under ground, in Pluto's cabinet,
 'The frost of England's pride will soon be thawed ;
 Hooded the open brow that overawed
 Our schemes ; the faith and honour, never yet
 By us with hope encountered, be upset ;—
 For once I burst my bands, and cry, applaud !'
 Then whispered she, 'The Bill is carrying out !'
 They heard, and, starting up, the Brood of Night 10
 Clapped hands, and shook with glee their matted locks ;
 All Powers and Places that abhor the light
 Joined in the transport, echoed back their shout,
 Hurrah for —, hugging his Ballot-box !

1838

IV

B LEST Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will
 Leaves him at ease among grand thoughts :
 whose eye
 Sees that, apart from magnanimity,
 Wisdom exists not ; nor the humbler skill
 Of Prudence, disentangling good and ill
 With patient care. What tho' assaults run high,
 They daunt not him who holds his ministry,
 Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil
 Its duties ;—prompt to move, but firm to wait,—
 Knowing, things rashly sought are rarely found ; 10
 That, for the functions of an ancient State—
 Strong by her charters, free because imbound,
 Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate—
 Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound.

1838

V

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HISTORIES AND NOTICES OF
 THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

P ORTENTOUS change when History can appear
 As the cool Advocate of foul device ;
 Reckless audacity extol, and jeer
 At consciences perplexed with scruples nice

They who bewail not, must abhor, the sneer
 Born of Conceit, Power's blind Idolater ;
 Or haply sprung from vaunting Cowardice
 Betrayed by mockery of holy fear.
 Hath it not long been said the wrath of Man
 Works not the righteousness of God ? Oh bend,
 Bend, ye Perverse ! to judgments from on High,
 Laws that lay under Heaven's perpetual ban
 All principles of action that transcend
 The sacred limits of humanity.

10

Published 1842

VI

CONTINUED

WHO ponders National events shall find
 An awful balancing of loss and gain,
 Joy based on sorrow, good with ill combined,
 And proud deliverance issuing out of pain
 And direful throes ; as if the All-ruling Mind,
 With whose perfection it consists to ordain
 Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurricane,
 Dealt in like sort with feeble human kind
 By laws immutable. But woe for him
 Who thus deceived shall lend an eager hand
 To social havoc. Is not Conscience ours,
 And Truth, whose eye guilt only can make dim ;
 And Will, whose office, by divine command,
 Is to control and check disordered Powers ?

10

Published 1842

VII

CONCLUDED

LONG-FAVOUR'D England ! be not thou misled
 By monstrous theories of alien growth,
 Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waxing wroth,
 Self-smitten till thy garments reek dyed red
 With thy own blood, which tears in torrents shed
 Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere thy troth
 Be plighted, not to ease but sullen sloth,
 Or wan despair—the ghost of false hope fled
 Into a shameful grave. Among thy youth,
 My Country ! if such warning be held dear,
 Then shall a Veteran's heart be thrilled with joy,
 One who would gather from eternal truth,
 For time and season, rules that work to cheer—
 Not scourge, to save the People—not destroy.

10

Published 1842

VIII

MEN of the Western World! in Fate's dark book
Whence these opprobrious leaves of dire
portent?

Think ye your British Ancestors forsook
Their native Land, for outrage provident;
From unsubmissive necks the bridle shook
To give, in their Descendants, freer vent
And wider range to passions turbulent,
To mutual tyranny a deadlier look?
Nay, said a voice, soft as the south wind's breath,
Dive through the stormy surface of the flood
To the great current flowing underneath;
Explore the countless springs of silent good;
So shall the truth be better understood,
And thy grieved Spirit brighten strong in faith.

1839

IX

TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS

DAYS undefiled by luxury or sloth,
Firm self-denial, manners grave and staid,
Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness obeyed,
Words that require no sanction from an oath,
And simple honesty a common growth—
This high repute, with bounteous Nature's aid,
Won confidence, now ruthlessly betrayed
At will, your power the measure of your troth!—
All who revere the memory of Penn
Grieve for the land on whose wild woods his name
Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,
Renounced, abandoned by degenerate Men
For state-dishonour black as ever came
To upper air from Mammon's loathsome den.

1845

X

AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE
INSURRECTIONS, 1837

I

AH why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit
Of sudden passion roused shall men attain
True freedom where for ages they have lain
Bound in a dark abominable pit,

With life's best sinews more and more unknit.
 Here, there, a banded few who loathe the chain
 May rise to break it : effort worse than vain
 For thee, O great Italian nation, split
 Into those jarring factions.—Let thy scope
 Be one fixed mind for all ; thy rights approve 10
 To thy own conscience gradually renewed ;
 Learn to make Time the father of wise Hope ;
 Then trust thy cause to the arm of Fortitude,
 The light of Knowledge, and the warmth of Love.

XI

CONTINUED

II

HARD task ! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean
 On Patience coupled with such slow endeavour,
 That long-lived servitude must last for ever.
 Perish the grovelling few, who, prest between
 Wrongs and the terror of redress, would wean
 Millions from glorious aims. Our chains to sever
 Let us break forth in tempest now or never !—
 What, is there then no space for golden mean
 And gradual progress ?—Twilight leads to day,
 And, even within the burning zones of earth, 10
 The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate ray ;
 The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives birth :
 Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes,
 She scans the future with the eye of gods.

XII

CONCLUDED

III

AS leaves are to the tree whereon they grow
 And wither, every human generation
 Is to the Being of a mighty nation,
 Locked in our world's embrace through weal and
 woe ;
 Thought that should teach the zealot to forego
 Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish agitation,
 And seek through noiseless pains and moderation
 The unblemished good they only can bestow.
 Alas ! with most, who weigh futurity

Against time present, passion holds the scales : 10
 Hence equal ignorance of both prevails,
 And nations sink ; or, struggling to be free,
 Are doomed to flounder on, like wounded whales
 Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea.

XIII

YOUNG ENGLAND—what is then become of
 Old,
 Of dear Old England ? Think they she is dead,
 Dead to the very name ? Presumption fed
 On empty air ! That name will keep its hold
 In the true filial bosom's inmost fold
 For ever.—The Spirit of Alfred, at the head
 Of all who for her rights watch'd, toil'd and bled,
 Knows that this prophecy is not too bold.
 What—how ! shall she submit in will and deed
 To Beardless Boys—an imitative race, 10
 The *servum pecus* of a Gallic breed ?
 Dear Mother ! if thou *must* thy steps retrace,
 Go where at least meek Innocency dwells ;
 Let Babes and Sucklings be thy oracles.
 1845

XIV

FEEL for the wrongs to universal ken
 Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies ;
 And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,
 Whether conducted to the spot by sighs
 And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren
 Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes
 In silence and the awful modesties
 Of sorrow ;—feel for all, as brother Men !
 Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw
 By casual boons and formal charities ; 10
 Learn to be just, just through impartial law ;
 Far as ye may, erect and equalise ;
 And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw
 Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice !

Published 1842

SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT
OF DEATH

IN SERIES

I

SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER CASTLE (ON THE
ROAD FROM THE SOUTH)

THIS Spot—at once unfolding sight so fair
Of sea and land, with yon grey towers that still
Rise up as if to lord it over air—
Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,
Or charm it out of memory ; yea, might fill
The heart with joy and gratitude to God
For all his bounties upon man bestowed :
Why bears it then the name of ' Weeping Hill ' ?
Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian Towers,
A prison's crown, along this way they past 10
For lingering durance or quick death with shame,
From this bare eminence thereon have cast
Their first look—blinded as tears fell in showers
Shed on their chains ; and hence that doleful name.

II

TENDERLY do we feel by Nature's law
For worst offenders : though the heart will heave
With indignation, deeply moved we grieve,
In after-thought, for Him who stood in awe
Neither of God nor man, and only saw,
Lost wretch, a horrible device enthroned
On proud temptations, till the victim groaned
Under the steel his hand had dared to draw.
But O, restrain compassion, if its course,
As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside 10
Judgments and aims and acts whose higher source
Is sympathy with the unforewarned, who died
Blameless—with them that shuddered o'er his grave,
And all who from the law firm safety crave.

III

THE Roman Consul doomed his sons to die
 Who had betrayed their country. The stern word
 Afforded (may it through all time afford)
 A theme for praise and admiration high.
 Upon the surface of humanity
 He rested not; its depths his mind explored;
 He felt; but his parental bosom's lord
 Was Duty,—Duty calmed his agony.
 And some, we know, when they by wilful act
 A single human life have wrongly taken, 10
 Pass sentence on themselves, confess the fact
 And, to atone for it, with soul unshaken
 Kneel at the feet of Justice, and, for faith
 Broken with all mankind, solicit death.

IV

IS *Death*, when evil against good has fought
 With such fell mastery that a man may dare
 By deeds the blackest purpose to lay bare—
 Is Death, for one to that condition brought,—
 For him, or any one,—the thing that ought
 To be *most* dreaded? Lawgivers, beware,
 Lest, capital pains remitting till ye spare
 The murderer, ye, by sanction to that thought
 Seemingly given, debase the general mind;
 Tempt the vague will tried standards to disown; 10
 Nor only palpable restraints unbind,
 But upon Honour's head disturb the crown,
 Whose absolute rule permits not to withstand
 In the weak love of life his least command.

V

NOT to the object specially designed,
 Howe'er momentous in itself it be,
 Good to promote or curb depravity,
 Is the wise Legislator's view confined.
 His Spirit, when most severe, is oft most kind;
 As all Authority in earth depends
 On Love and Fear, their several powers he blends,
 Copying with awe the one Paternal mind.

Uncaught by processes in show humane,
 He feels how far the act would derogate 10
 From even the humblest functions of the State,
 If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain
 That never more shall hang upon her breath
 The last alternative of Life or Death.

VI

YE brood of Conscience—Spectres! that frequent
 The bad man's restless walk, and haunt his bed—
 Fiends in your aspect, yet beneficent
 In act, as hovering Angels when they spread
 Their wings to guard the unconscious Innocent—
 Slow be the Statutes of the land to share
 A laxity that could not but impair
 Your power to punish crime, and so prevent.
 And ye, Beliefs! coiled serpent-like about
 The adage on all tongues, 'Murder will out,' 10
 How shall your ancient warnings work for good
 In the full might they hitherto have shown,
 If for deliberate shedder of man's blood
 Survive not Judgment that requires his own?

VII

BEFORE the world had past her time of youth
 While polity and discipline were weak,
 The precept eye for eye, and tooth for tooth,
 Came forth—a light, though but as of day-break,
 Strong as could then be borne. A Master meek
 Proscribed the spirit fostered by that rule,
 Patience *his* law, long-suffering *his* school,
 And love the end, which all through peace must seek.
 But lamentably do they err who strain
 His mandates, given rash impulse to controul 10
 And keep vindictive thirstings from the soul,
 So far that, if consistent in their scheme,
 They must forbid the State to inflict a pain,
 Making of social order a mere dream.

VIII

FIT retribution, by the moral code
 Determined, lies beyond the State's embrace,
 Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case
 She plants well-measured terrors in the road

Of wrongful acts. Downward it is and broad,
 And, the main fear once doomed to banishment,
 Far oftener then, bad ushering worse event,
 Blood would be spilt that in his dark abode
 Crime might lie better hid. And, should the change
 Take from the horror due to a foul deed, 10
 Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,
 And, guilt escaping, passion then might plead
 In angry spirits for her old free range,
 And the 'wild justice of revenge' prevail.

IX

THOUGH to give timely warning and deter
 Is one great aim of penalty, extend
 Thy mental vision further and ascend
 Far higher, else full surely shalt thou err.
 What is a State? The wise behold in her
 A creature born of time, that keeps one eye
 Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,
 To which her judgments reverently defer.
 Speaking through Law's dispassionate voice the State
 Endues her conscience with external life 10
 And being, to preclude or quell the strife
 Of individual will, to elevate
 The grovelling mind, the erring to recall,
 And fortify the moral sense of all.

X

OUR bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine
 Of an immortal spirit, is a gift
 So sacred, so informed with light divine,
 That no tribunal, though most wise to sift
 Deed and intent, should turn the Being adrift
 Into that world where penitential tear
 May not avail, nor prayer have for God's ear
 A voice—that world whose veil no hand can lift
 For earthly sight. 'Eternity and Time,'
 They urge, 'have interwoven claims and rights 10
 Not to be jeopardised through foulest crime:
 The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-born lights.'
 Even so; but measuring not by finite sense
 Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

XI

AH, think how one compelled for life to abide
 Locked in a dungeon needs must eat the heart
 Out of his own humanity, and part
 With every hope that mutual cares provide ;
 And, should a less unnatural doom confide
 In life-long exile on a savage coast,
 Soon the relapsing penitent may boast
 Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer pride.
 Hence thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage and pure,
 Sanctions the forfeiture that Law demands, 10
 Leaving the final issue in *His* hands
 Whose goodness knows no change, whose love is sure,
 Who sees, foresees ; who cannot judge amiss,
 And wafts at will the contrite soul to bliss.

XII

SEE the Condemned alone within his cell
 And prostrate at some moment when remorse
 Stings to the quick, and, with resistless force,
 Assaults the pride she strove in vain to quell.
 Then mark him, him who could so long rebel,
 The crime confessed, a kneeling Penitent
 Before the Altar, where the Sacrament
 Softens his heart, till from his eyes outwell
 Tears of salvation. Welcome death ! while Heaven 10
 Does in this change exceedingly rejoice ;
 While yet the solemn heed the State hath given
 Helps him to meet the last Tribunal's voice
 In faith, which fresh offences, were he cast
 On old temptations, might for ever blast.

XIII

CONCLUSION

YES, though He well may tremble at the sound
 Of his own voice, who from the judgment-seat
 Sends the pale Convict to his last retreat
 In death ; though Listeners shudder all around,
 They know the dread requital's source profound ;
 Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete—
 (Would that it were !) the sacrifice unmeet
 For Christian Faith. But hopeful signs abound ;

The social rights of man breathe purer air ;
 Religion deepens her preventive care ;
 Then, moved by needless fear of past abuse,
 Strike not from Law's firm hand that awful rod,
 But leave it thence to drop for lack of use :
 Oh, speed the blessed hour, Almighty God !

10

XIV

APOLOGY

THE formal World relaxes her cold chain
 For One who speaks in numbers ; ampler scope
 His utterance finds ; and, conscious of the gain,
 Imagination works with bolder hope
 The cause of grateful reason to sustain ;
 And, serving Truth, the heart more strongly beats
 Against all barriers which his labour meets
 In lofty place, or humble Life's domain.
 Enough ;—before us lay a painful road,
 And guidance have I sought in duteous love
 From Wisdom's heavenly Father. Hence hath flowed
 Patience, with trust that, whatsoe'er the way
 Each takes in this high matter, all may move
 Cheered with the prospect of a brighter day.

10

1840

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

I

EPISTLE

TO SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT, BART.

From the South-west Coast of Cumberland.—1811

FAR from our home by Grasmere's quiet Lake,
 From the Vale's peace which all her fields partake,
 Here on the bleakest point of Cumbria's shore
 We sojourn stunned by Ocean's ceaseless roar;
 While, day by day, grim neighbour! huge Black Comb
 Frowns deepening visibly his native gloom,
 Unless, perchance rejecting in despite
 What on the Plain *we* have of warmth and light,
 In his own storms he hides himself from sight.
 Rough is the time; and thoughts, that would be free 10
 From heaviness, oft fly, dear Friend, to thee;
 Turn from a spot where neither sheltered road
 Nor hedge-row screen invites my steps abroad;
 Where one poor Plane-tree, having as it might
 Attained a stature twice a tall man's height,
 Hopeless of further growth, and brown and sere
 Through half the summer, stands with top cut sheer,
 Like an unshifting weathercock which proves
 How cold the quarter that the wind best loves,
 Or like a Centinel that, evermore 20
 Darkening the window, ill defends the door
 Of this unfinished house—a Fortress bare,
 Where strength has been the Builder's only care;
 Whose rugged walls may still for years demand
 The final polish of the Plasterer's hand.
 —This Dwelling's Inmate more than three weeks' space
 And oft a Prisoner in the cheerless place,
 I—of whose touch the fiddle would complain,
 Whose breath would labour at the flute in vain,
 In music all unversed, nor blessed with skill 30
 A bridge to copy, or to paint a mill,

Tired of my books, a scanty company !
 And tired of listening to the boisterous sea—
 Pace between door and window muttering rhyme,
 An old resource to cheat a froward time !
 Though these dull hours (mine is it, or their shame ?)
 Would tempt me to renounce that humble aim.
 —But if there be a Muse who, free to take
 Her seat upon Olympus, doth forsake
 Those heights (like Phœbus when his golden locks 40
 He veiled, attendant on Thessalian flocks)
 And, in disguise, a Milkmaid with her pail,
 Trips down the pathways of some winding dale ;
 Or, like a Mermaid, warbles on the shores
 To fishers mending nets beside their doors ;
 Or, Pilgrim-like, on forest moss reclined,
 Gives plaintive ditties to the heedless wind,
 Or listens to its play among the boughs
 Above her head and so forgets her vows—
 If such a Visitant of Earth there be 50
 And she would deign this day to smile on me
 And aid my verse, content with local bounds
 Of natural beauty and life's daily rounds,
 Thoughts, chances, sights, or doings, which we tell
 Without reserve to those whom we love well—
 Then haply, Beaumont ! words in current clear
 Will flow, and on a welcome page appear
 Duly before thy sight, unless they perish here.

What shall I treat of ? News from Mona's Isle ?
 Such have we, but unvaried in its style ; 60
 No tales of Runagates fresh landed, whence
 And wherefore fugitive or on what pretence ;
 Of feasts, or scandal, eddying like the wind
 Most restlessly alive when most confined.
 Ask not of me, whose tongue can best appease
 The mighty tumults of the HOUSE OF KEYS ;
 The last year's cup whose Ram or Heifer gained,
 What slopes are planted, or what mosses drained :
 An eye of fancy only can I cast
 On that proud pageant now at hand or past, 70
 When full five hundred boats in trim array,
 With nets and sails outspread and streamers gay,
 And chanted hymns and stiller voice of prayer,
 For the old Manx-harvest to the Deep repair,
 Soon as the herring-shoals at distance shine
 Like beds of moonlight shifting on the brine

Mona from our Abode is daily seen,
 But with a wilderness of waves between ;
 And by conjecture only can we speak
 Of aught transacted there in bay or creek ; 80
 No tidings reach us thence from town or field,
 Only faint news her mountain-sunbeams yield,
 And some we gather from the misty air,
 And some the hovering clouds, our telegraph, declare.
 But these poetic mysteries I withhold ;
 For Fancy hath her fits both hot and cold,
 And should the colder fit with You be on
 When You might read, my credit would be gone.

Let more substantial themes the pen engage,
 And nearer interests culled from the opening stage 90
 Of our migration.—Ere the welcome dawn
 Had from the east her silver star withdrawn,
 The Wain stood ready, at our Cottage-door,
 Thoughtfully freighted with a various store ;
 And long or ere the uprising of the Sun
 O'er dew-damp'd dust our journey was begun,
 A needful journey, under favouring skies,
 Through peopled Vales ; yet something in the guise
 Of those old Patriarchs when from well to well
 They roamed through Wastes where now the tented
 Arabs dwell. 100

Say first, to whom did we the charge confide,
 Who promptly undertook the Wain to guide
 Up many a sharply-twining road and down,
 And over many a wide hill's craggy crown,
 Through the quick turns of many a hollow nook,
 And the rough bed of many an unbridged brook ?
 A blooming Lass—who in her better hand
 Bore a light switch, her sceptre of command
 When, yet a slender Girl, she often led,
 Skilful and bold, the horse and burthened *sled*¹ 110
 From the peat-yielding Moss on Gowdar's head.
 What could go wrong with such a Charioteer
 For goods and chattels, or those Infants dear,
 A Pair who smilingly sat side by side,
 Our hope confirming that the salt-sea tide,
 Whose free embraces we were bound to seek,
 Would their lost strength restore and freshen the
 pale cheek ?
 Such hope did either Parent entertain
 Pacing behind along the silent lane.

¹ A local word for *sledge*.

Blithe hopes and happy musings soon took flight, 120
 For lo ! an uncouth melancholy sight—
 On a green bank a creature stood forlorn
 Just half protruded to the light of morn,
 Its hinder part concealed by hedge-row thorn.
 The Figure called to mind a beast of prey
 Stript of its frightful powers by slow decay,
 And, though no longer upon rapine bent,
 Dim memory keeping of its old intent.
 We started, looked again with anxious eyes,
 And in that griesly object recognise 130
 The Curate's Dog—his long-tried friend, for they,
 As well we knew, together had grown grey.
 The Master died, his drooping servant's grief
 Found at the Widow's feet some sad relief;
 Yet still he lived in pining discontent,
 Sadness which no indulgence could prevent;
 Hence whole-day wanderings, broken nightly sleeps
 And lonesome watch that out of doors he keeps;
 Not oftentimes, I trust, as we, poor brute !
 Espied him on his legs sustained, blank, mute, 140
 And of all visible motion destitute,
 So that the very heaving of his breath
 Seemed stopt, though by some other power than
 death.
 Long as we gazed upon the form and face,
 A mild domestic pity kept its place,
 Unscared by thronging fancies of strange hue
 That haunted us in spite of what we knew.
 Even now I sometimes think of him as lost
 In second-sight appearances, or crost
 By spectral shapes of guilt, or to the ground, 150
 On which he stood, by spells unnatural bound,
 Like a gaunt shaggy Porter forced to wait
 In days of old romance at Archimago's gate.

Advancing Summer, Nature's law fulfilled,
 The choristers in every grove had stilled;
 But we, we lacked not music of our own,
 For lightsome Fanny had thus early thrown,
 Mid the gay prattle of those infant tongues,
 Some notes prelusive, from the round of songs
 With which, more zealous than the liveliest bird 160
 That in wild Arden's brakes was ever heard,
 Her work and her work's partners she can cheer,
 The whole day long, and all days of the year.

Thus gladdened from our own dear Vale we pass
 And soon approach Diana's Looking-glass !
 To Loughrigg-tarn, round clear and bright as heaven,
 Such name Italian fancy would have given,
 Ere on its banks the few grey cabins rose
 That yet disturb not its concealed repose
 More than the feeblest wind that idly blows. 170

Ah, Beaumont ! when an opening in the road
 Stopped me at once by charm of what it showed,
 The encircling region vividly exprest
 Within the mirror's depth, a world at rest—
 Sky streaked with purple, grove and craggy *bield*,¹
 And the smooth green of many a pendent field,
 And, quieted and soothed, a torrent small,
 A little daring would-be waterfall,
 One chimney smoking and its azure wreath,
 Associate all in the calm Pool beneath, 180
 With here and there a faint imperfect gleam
 Of water-lilies veiled in misty steam—
 What wonder at this hour of stillness deep,
 A shadowy link 'tween wakefulness and sleep,
 When Nature's self, amid such blending, seems
 To render visible her own soft dreams,
 If, mixed with what appeared of rock, lawn, wood,
 Fondly embosomed in the tranquil flood,
 A glimpse I caught of that Abode, by Thee
 Designed to rise in humble privacy, 190
 A lowly Dwelling, here to be outspread,
 Like a small Hamlet, with its bashful head
 Half hid in native trees. Alas 'tis not,
 Nor ever was ; I sighed, and left the spot
 Unconscious of its own untoward lot,
 And thought in silence, with regret too keen,
 Of unexperienced joys that might have been ;
 Of neighbourhood and intermingling arts,
 And golden summer days uniting cheerful hearts.
 But time, irrevocable time, is flown, 200
 And let us utter thanks for blessings sown
 And reaped—what hath been, and what is, our own.

Not far we travelled ere a shout of glee,
 Startling us all, dispersed my reverie ;
 Such shout as many a sportive echo meeting
 Oft-times from Alpine *chalets* sends a greeting.

¹ A word common in the country, signifying shelter, as in Scotland.

Whence the blithe hail? behold a Peasant stand
 On high, a kerchief waving in her hand!
 Not unexpectant that by early day
 Our little Band would thrid this mountain-way, 210
 Before her cottage on the bright hill-side
 She hath advanced with hope to be descried.
 Right gladly answering signals we displayed,
 Moving along a tract of morning shade,
 And vocal wishes sent of like good-will
 To our kind Friend high on the sunny hill—
 Luminous region, fair as if the prime
 Were tempting all astir to look aloft or climb;
 Only the centre of the shining cot
 With door left open makes a gloomy spot, 220
 Emblem of those dark corners sometimes found
 Within the happiest breast on earthly ground.

Rich prospect left behind of stream and vale,
 And mountain-tops, a barren ridge we scale;
 Descend and reach, in Yewdale's depths, a plain
 With haycocks studded, striped with yellowing grain—
 An area level as a Lake and spread
 Under a rock too steep for man to tread,
 Where sheltered from the north and bleak north-west
 Aloft the Raven hangs a visible nest, 230
 Fearless of all assaults that would her brood molest.
 Hot sunbeams fill the steaming vale; but hark,
 At our approach, a jealous watch-dog's bark,
 Noise that brings forth no liveried Page of state,
 But the whole household, that our coming wait.
 With Young and Old warm greetings we exchange,
 And jocund smiles, and toward the lowly Grange
 Press forward by the teasing dogs unscared.
 Entering, we find the morning meal prepared:
 So down we sit, though not till each had cast 240
 Pleased looks around the delicate repast—
 Rich cream, and snow-white eggs fresh from the nest,
 With amber honey from the mountain's breast;
 Strawberries from lane or woodland, offering wild
 Of children's industry, in hillocks piled;
 Cakes for the nonce, and butter fit to lie
 Upon a lordly dish; frank hospitality
 Where simple art with bounteous nature vied,
 And cottage comfort shunned not seemly pride.

Kind Hostess! Handmaid also of the feast, 250
 If thou be lovelier than the kindling East,

Words by thy presence unrestrained may speak
 Of a perpetual dawn from brow and cheek
 Instinct with light whose sweetest promise lies,
 Never retiring, in thy large dark eyes,
 Dark but to every gentle feeling true,
 As if their lustre flowed from ether's purest blue.

Let me not ask what tears may have been wept
 By those bright eyes, what weary vigils kept,
 Beside that hearth what sighs may have been heaved 260
 For wounds inflicted, nor what toil relieved
 By fortitude and patience, and the grace
 Of heaven in pity visiting the place.
 Not unadvisedly those secret springs
 I leave unsearched : enough that memory clings,
 Here as elsewhere, to notices that make
 Their own significance for hearts awake,
 To rural incidents, whose genial powers
 Filled with delight three summer morning hours.

More could my pen report of grave or gay 270
 That through our gipsy travel cheered the way ;
 But, bursting forth above the waves, the Sun
 Laughs at my pains, and seems to say, ' Be done.'
 Yet, Beaumont, thou wilt not, I trust, reprove
 This humble offering made by Truth to Love,
 Nor chide the Muse that stooped to break a spell
 Which might have else been on me yet :—FAREWELL.
 1811

UPON PERUSING THE FOREGOING EPISTLE THIRTY YEARS AFTER ITS COMPOSITION

SOON did the Almighty Giver of all rest
 Take those dear young Ones to a fearless nest ;
 And in Death's arms has long reposed the Friend
 For whom this simple Register was penned.
 Thanks to the moth that spared it for our eyes ;
 And Strangers even the slighted Scroll may prize,
 Moved by the touch of kindred sympathies.
 For—save the calm, repentance sheds o'er strife
 Raised by remembrances of misused life,
 The light from past endeavours purely willed 10
 And by Heaven's favour happily fulfilled ;
 Save hope that we, yet bound to Earth, may share
 The joys of the Departed—what so fair

As blameless pleasure, not without some tears,
Reviewed through Love's transparent veil of years?

1841

Note.—LOUGHBRIGG TARN, alluded to in the foregoing Epistle, resembles, though much smaller in compass, the Lake Nemi, or *Speculum Dianæ* as it is often called, not only in its clear waters and circular form, and the beauty immediately surrounding it, but also as being overlooked by the eminence of Langdale Pikes as Lake Nemi is by that of Monte Calvo. Since this Epistle was written Loughrigg Tarn has lost much of its beauty by the felling of many natural clumps of wood, relics of the old forest, particularly upon the farm called 'The Oaks,' from the abundance of that tree which grew there.

It is to be regretted, upon public grounds, that Sir George Beaumont did not carry into effect his intention of constructing here a Summer Retreat in the style I have described; as his taste would have set an example how buildings, with all the accommodations modern society requires, might be introduced even into the most secluded parts of this country without injuring their native character. The design was not abandoned from failure of inclination on his part, but in consequence of local untowardness which need not be particularised.

II

GOLD AND SILVER FISHES IN A VASE

THE soaring lark is blest as proud
When at heaven's gate she sings;
The roving bee proclaims aloud
Her flight by vocal wings;
While Ye, in lasting durance pent,
Your silent lives employ
For something more than dull content,
Though haply less than joy.

Yet might your glassy prison seem
A place where joy is known,
Where golden flash and silver gleam
Have meanings of their own;
While, high and low, and all about,
Your motions, glittering Elves!
Ye weave—no danger from without,
And peace among yourselves.

10

Type of a sunny human breast
Is your transparent cell;
Where Fear is but a transient guest,
No sullen Humours dwell;
Where, sensitive of every ray
That smites this tiny sea,
Your scaly panoplies repay
The loan with usury.

20

How beautiful !—Yet none knows why
 This ever-graceful change,
 Renewed—renewed incessantly—
 Within your quiet range.
 Is it that ye with conscious skill
 For mutual pleasure glide ;
 And sometimes, not without your will,
 Are dwarfed, or magnified ?

30

Fays, Genii of gigantic size !
 And now, in twilight dim,
 Clustering like constellated eyes
 In wings of Cherubim
 When the fierce orbs abate their glare ;—
 Whate'er your forms express,
 Whate'er ye seem, whate'er ye are—
 All leads to gentleness.

40

Cold though your nature be, 'tis pure ;
 Your birthright is a fence
 From all that haughtier kinds endure
 Through tyranny of sense.
 Ah ! not alone by colours bright
 Are Ye to heaven allied,
 When, like essential Forms of light,
 Ye mingle, or divide.

For day-dreams soft as e'er beguiled
 Day-thoughts while limbs repose ;
 For moonlight fascinations mild,
 Your gift, ere shutters close—
 Accept, mute Captives ! thanks and praise ;
 And may this tribute prove
 That gentle admirations raise
 Delight resembling love.

50

1829

III

LIBERTY

(SEQUEL TO THE PRECEDING)

ADDRESSED to a friend ; the gold and silver fishes having been removed to a pool in the pleasure-ground of Rydal Mount.

'The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made for themselves, under whatever form it be of government. The

liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. Of this latter we are here to discourse.'—COWLEY [*Essays: of Liberty: init.*].

THOSE breathing Tokens of your kind regard,
 (Suspect not, Anna, that their fate is hard ;
 Not soon does aught to which mild fancies cling
 In lonely spots, become a slighted thing ;)
 Those silent Inmates now no longer share,
 Nor do they need, our hospitable care,
 Removed in kindness from their glassy Cell
 To the fresh waters of a living Well—
 An elfin pool so sheltered that its rest
 No winds disturb ; the mirror of whose breast 10
 Is smooth as clear, save where with dimples small
 A fly may settle, or a blossom fall.
 —There swims, of blazing sun and beating shower
 Fearless (but how obscured !) the golden Power,
 That from his bauble prison used to cast
 Gleams by the richest jewel unsurpast ;
 And near him, darkling like a sullen Gnome,
 The silver Tenant of the crystal dome ;
 Dissevered both from all the mysteries
 Of hue and altering shape that charmed all eyes. 20
 Alas ! they pined, they languished while they shone ;
 And, if not so, what matters beauty gone
 And admiration lost, by change of place
 That brings to the inward creature no disgrace ?
 But if the change restore his birthright, then,
 Whate'er the difference, boundless is the gain.
 Who can divine what impulses from God
 Reach the caged lark, within a town-abode,
 From his poor inch or two of daisied sod ?
 O yield him back his privilege !—No sea 30
 Swells like the bosom of a man set free ;
 A wilderness is rich with liberty.
 Roll on, ye spouting whales, who die or keep
 Your independence in the fathomless Deep !
 Spread, tiny nautilus, the living sail ;
 Dive, at thy choice, or brave the freshening gale !
 If unproved the ambitious eagle mount
 Sunward to seek the daylight in its fount,
 Bays, gulfs, and ocean's Indian width, shall be,
 Till the world perishes, a field for thee ! 40

While musing here I sit in shadow cool,
 And watch these mute Companions, in the pool,

(Among reflected boughs of leafy trees)
 By glimpses caught—disporting at their ease,
 Enlivened, braced, by hardy luxuries,
 I ask what warrant fixed them (like a spell
 Of witchcraft fixed them) in the crystal cell;
 To wheel with languid motion round and round,
 Beautiful, yet in mournful durance bound.
 Their peace, perhaps, our lightest footfall marred; 50
 On their quick sense our sweetest music jarred;
 And whither could they dart, if seized with fear?
 No sheltering stone, no tangled root was near.
 When fire or taper ceased to cheer the room,
 They wore away the night in starless gloom;
 And, when the sun first dawned upon the streams,
 How faint their portion of his vital beams!
 Thus, and unable to complain, they fared,
 While not one joy of ours by them was shared.

Is there a cherished bird (I venture now 60
 To snatch a sprig from Chaucer's reverend brow)—
 Is there a brilliant fondling of the cage,
 Though sure of plaudits on his costly stage,
 Though fed with dainties from the snow-white hand
 Of a kind mistress, fairest of the land,
 But gladly would escape; and, if need were,
 Scatter the colours from the plumes that bear
 The emancipated captive through blithe air
 Into strange woods, where he at large may live
 On best or worst which they and Nature give? 70
 The beetle loves his unpretending track,
 The snail the house he carries on his back;
 The far-fetched worm with pleasure would disown
 The bed we give him, though of softest down;
 A noble instinct; in all kinds the same,
 All ranks! What Sovereign, worthy of the name,
 If doomed to breathe against his lawful will
 An element that flatters him—to kill,
 But would rejoice to barter outward show
 For the least boon that freedom can bestow? 80

But most the Bard is true to inborn right,
 Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of night,
 Exults in freedom, can with rapture vouch
 For the dear blessings of a lowly couch,
 A natural meal—days, months, from Nature's hand;
 Time, place, and business, all at his command!—
 Who bends to happier duties, who more wise
 Than the industrious Poet, taught to prize,

Above all grandeur, a pure life uncrossed
 By cares in which simplicity is lost ? 90
 That life—the flowery path that winds by stealth—
 Which Horace needed for his spirit's health ;
 Sighed for, in heart and genius, overcome
 By noise and strife and questions wearisome,
 And the vain splendours of Imperial Rome ?—
 Let easy mirth his social hours inspire,
 And fiction animate his sportive lyre,
 Attuned to verse that, crowning light Distress
 With garlands, cheats her into happiness ;
 Give *me* the humblest note of those sad strains 100
 Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded chains,
 As a chance-sunbeam from his memory fell
 Upon the Sabine farm he loved so well ;
 Or when the prattle of Bandusia's spring
 Haunted his ear—he only listening—
 He proud to please, above all rivals, fit
 To win the palm of gaiety and wit ;
 He, doubt not, with involuntary dread,
 Shrinking from each new favour to be shed,
 By the world's Ruler, on his honoured head ! 110

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
 Such earnest longings and regrets as keen
 Depressed the melancholy Cowley, laid
 Under a fancied yew-tree's luckless shade ;
 A doleful bower for penitential song,
 Where Man and Muse complained of mutual wrong ;
 While Cam's ideal current glided by,
 And antique towers nodded their foreheads high,
 Citadels dear to studious privacy.
 But Fortune, who had long been used to sport 120
 With this tried Servant of a thankless Court,
 Relenting met his wishes ; and to you
 The remnant of his days at least was true ;
 You, whom, though long deserted, he loved best ;
 You, Muses, books, fields, liberty, and rest !

Far happier they who, fixing hope and aim
 On the humanities of peaceful fame,
 Enter betimes with more than martial fire
 The generous course, aspire, and still aspire ;
 Upheld by warnings heeded not too late 130
 Stifle the contradictions of their fate,
 And to one purpose cleave, their Being's godlike mate !

Thus, gifted Friend, but with the placid brow
 That woman ne'er should forfeit, keep *thy* vow ;
 With modest scorn reject whate'er would blind
 The ethereal eyesight, cramp the wingèd mind !
 Then, with a blessing granted from above
 To every act, word, thought, and look of love,
 Life's book for Thee may lie unclosed, till age
 Shall with a thankful tear bedrop its latest page.¹ 140
 1829

IV

POOR ROBIN ²

NOW when the primrose makes a splendid show,
 And lilies face the March-winds in full blow,
 And humbler growths as moved with one desire
 Put on, to welcome spring, their best attire,
 Poor Robin is yet flowerless ; but how gay
 With his red stalks upon this sunny day !
 And, as his tufts of leaves he spreads, content
 With a hard bed and scanty nourishment,
 Mixed with the green, some shine not lacking power
 To rival summer's brightest scarlet flower ; 10
 And flowers they well might seem to passers-by
 If looked at only with a careless eye ;
 Flowers—or a richer produce (did it suit
 The season) sprinklings of ripe strawberry fruit.

But while a thousand pleasures come unsought,
 Why fix upon his wealth or want a thought ?
 Is the string touched in prelude to a lay
 Of pretty fancies that would round him play
 When all the world acknowledged elfin sway ?

¹ There is now, alas ! no possibility of the anticipation, with which the above Epistle concludes, being realised : nor were the verses ever seen, by the Individual for whom they were intended. She accompanied her husband, the Rev. Wm. Fletcher, to India, and died of cholera, at the age of thirty-two or thirty-three years, on her way from Shalapore to Bombay, deeply lamented by all who knew her.

Her enthusiasm was ardent, her piety steadfast ; and her great talents would have enabled her to be eminently useful in the difficult path of life to which she had been called. The opinion she entertained of her own performances, given to the world under her maiden name, Jewsbury, was modest and humble, and, indeed, far below their merits ; as is often the case with those who are making trial of their powers, with a hope to discover what they are best fitted for. In one quality, viz., quickness in the motions of her mind, she had, within the range of the Author's acquaintance, no equal.

² The small wild Geranium known by that name.

Or does it suit our humour to commend 20
 Poor Robin as a sure and crafty friend,
 Whose practice teaches, spite of names, to show
 Bright colours, whether they deceive or no?—
 Nay, we would simply praise the free good-will
 With which, though slighted, he, on naked hill
 Or in warm valley, seeks his part to fill;
 Cheerful alike if bare of flowers as now,
 Or when his tiny gems shall deck his brow:
 Yet more, we wish that men by men despised,
 And such as lift their foreheads overprized, 30
 Should sometimes think, where'er they chance to spy
 This child of Nature's own humility,
 What recompense is kept in store or left
 For all that seem neglected or bereft;
 With what nice care equivalents are given,
 How just, how bountiful, the hand of Heaven.

March 1840

V

THE GLEANER

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE)

THAT happy gleam of vernal eyes,
 Those locks from summer's golden skies,
 That o'er thy brow are shed;
 That cheek—a kindling of the morn,
 That lip—a rose-bud from the thorn,
 I saw; and Fancy sped
 To scenes Arcadian, whispering, through soft air,
 Of bliss that grows without a care,
 And happiness that never flies—
 (How can it where love never dies?) 10
 Whispering of promise, where no blight
 Can reach the innocent delight;
 Where pity, to the mind conveyed
 In pleasure, is the darkest shade
 That Time, unwrinkled grandsire, flings
 From his smoothly gliding wings.

What mortal form, what earthly face
 Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,
 And mingle colours, that should breed
 Such rapture, nor want power to feed? 20
 For had thy charge been idle flowers,
 Fair Damsel! o'er my captive mind,
 To truth and sober reason blind,

'Mid that soft air, those long-lost bowers,
The sweet illusion might have hung, for hours.

Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of corn,
That touchingly bespeaks thee born
Life's daily tasks with them to share
Who, whether from their lowly bed
They rise, or rest the weary head,
Ponder the blessing they entreat
From Heaven, and *feel* what they repeat,
While they give utterance to the prayer
That asks for daily bread.

30

1828

VI

TO-A REDBREAST

(IN SICKNESS)

STAY, little cheerful Robin! stay,
And at my casement sing,
Though it should prove a farewell lay
And this our parting spring.

Though I, alas! may ne'er enjoy
The promise in thy song;
A charm, *that* thought can not destroy,
Doth to thy strain belong.

Methinks that in my dying hour
Thy song would still be dear,
And with a more than earthly power
My passing Spirit cheer.

10

Then, little Bird, this boon confer,
Come, and my requiem sing,
Nor fail to be the harbinger
Of everlasting Spring.

S. H.

Published 1842.

VII

I KNOW an aged Man constrained to dwell
In a large house of public charity,
Where he abides, as in a Prisoner's cell,
With numbers near, alas! no company.

When he could creep about, at will, though poor
 And forced to live on alms, this old Man fed
 A Redbreast, one that to his cottage door
 Came not, but in a lane partook his bread.

There, at the root of one particular tree,
 An easy seat this worn-out Labourer found 10
 While Robin pecked the crumbs upon his knee
 Laid one by one, or scattered on the ground.

Dear intercourse was theirs, day after day ;
 What signs of mutual gladness when they met !
 Think of their common peace, their simple play,
 The parting moment and its fond regret.

Months passed in love that failed not to fulfil,
 In spite of season's change, its own demand,
 By fluttering pinions here and busy bill ;
 There by caresses from a tremulous hand. 20

Thus in the chosen spot a tie so strong
 Was formed between the solitary pair,
 That when his fate had housed him 'mid a throng
 The Captive shunned all converse proffered there.

Wife, children, kindred, they were dead and gone ;
 But, if no evil hap his wishes crossed,
 One living Stay was left, and on that one
 Some recompense for all that he had lost.

O that the good old Man had power to prove,
 By message sent through air or visible token, 30
 That still he loves the Bird, and still must love ;
 That friendship lasts though fellowship is broken !
 1846

VIII

SONNET

TO AN OCTOGENARIAN

AFFECTIONS lose their object ; Time brings forth
 No successors ; and, lodged in memory,
 If love exist no longer, it must die,—
 Wanting accustomed food, must pass from earth,
 Or never hope to reach a second birth.

This sad belief, the happiest that is left
 To thousands, share not Thou ; howe'er bereft,
 Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a dearth.
 Though poor and destitute of friends thou art,
 Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race, 10
 One to whom Heaven assigns that mournful part
 The utmost solitude of age to face,
 Still shall be left some corner of the heart
 Where Love for living Thing can find a place. 1846

IX

FLOATING ISLAND

THESE lines are by the Author of the Address to the Wind, etc., published heretofore along with my poems. Those to a Redbreast are by a deceased female Relative.

HARMONIOUS Powers with Nature work
 On sky, earth, river, lake and sea;
 Sunshine and cloud, whirlwind and breeze,
 All in one duteous task agree.

Once did I see a slip of earth
 (By throbbing waves long undermined)
 Loosed from its hold ; how, no one knew,
 But all might see it float, obedient to the wind ;

Might see it, from the mossy shore
 Dissevered, float upon the Lake, 10
 Float with its crest of trees adorned
 On which the warbling birds their pastime take.

Food, shelter, safety, there they find ;
 There berries ripen, flowerets bloom ;
 There insects live their lives, and die ;
 A peopled world it is ; in size a tiny room.

And thus through many seasons' space
 This little Island may survive ;
 But Nature, though we mark her not,
 Will take away, may cease to give. 20

Perchance when you are wandering forth
 Upon some vacant sunny day,
 Without an object, hope, or fear,
 Thither your eyes may turn—the Isle is passed away ;

Buried beneath the glittering Lake,
 Its place no longer to be found ;
 Yet the lost fragments shall remain
 To fertilise some other ground.

D. W.

Published 1842

X

HOW beautiful the Queen of Night, on high
 Her way pursuing among scattered clouds,
 Where, ever and anon, her head she shrouds
 Hidden from view in dense obscurity.
 But look, and to the watchful eye
 A brightening edge will indicate that soon
 We shall behold the struggling Moon
 Break forth,—again to walk the clear blue sky.

Published 1850

XI

'Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone
 Wi' the auld moone in hir arme.'

*Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
 Percy's Reliques.*

ONCE I could hail (howe'er serene the sky)
 The Moon re-entering her monthly round,
 No faculty yet given me to espy
 The dusky Shape within her arms imbound,
 That thin memento of effulgence lost
 Which some have named her Predecessor's ghost.

Young, like the Crescent that above me shone,
 Nought I perceived within it dull or dim ;
 All that appeared was suitable to One
 Whose fancy had a thousand fields to skim ;
 To expectations spreading with wild growth,
 And hope that kept with me her plighted troth.

10

I saw (ambition quickening at the view)
 A silver boat launched on a boundless flood ;
 A pearly crest, like Dian's when it threw
 Its brightest splendour round a leafy wood ;
 But not a hint from under-ground, no sign
 Fit for the glimmering brow of Proserpine.

Or was it Dian's self that seemed to move
 Before me?—nothing blemished the fair sight ; 20
 On her I looked whom jocund Fairies love,
 Cynthia, who puts the *little* stars to flight,
 And by that thinning magnifies the great,
 For exaltation of her sovereign state.

And when I learned to mark the spectral Shape
 As each new Moon obeyed the call of Time,
 If gloom fell on me, swift was my escape ;
 Such happy privilege hath life's gay Prime,
 To see or not to see, as best may please
 A buoyant Spirit, and a heart at ease. 30

Now, dazzling Stranger! when thou meet'st my
 glance,
 Thy dark Associate ever I discern ;
 Emblem of thoughts too eager to advance
 While I salute my joys, thoughts sad or stern ;
 Shades of past bliss, or phantoms that, to gain
 Their fill of promised lustre, wait in vain.

So changes mortal Life with fleeting years ;
 A mournful change, should Reason fail to bring
 The timely insight that can temper fears,
 And from vicissitude remove its sting ; 40
 While Faith aspires to seats in that domain
 Where joys are perfect—neither wax nor wane.
 1826

XII

TO THE LADY FLEMING

ON SEEING THE FOUNDATION PREPARING FOR THE ERECTION
 OF RYDAL CHAPEL, WESTMORELAND

I

BLEST is this Isle—our native Land ;
 Where battlement and moated gate
 Are objects only for the hand
 Of hoary Time to decorate ;
 Where shady hamlet, town that breathes
 Its busy smoke in social wreaths,
 No rampart's stern defence require,
 Nought but the heaven-directed spire,
 And steeple tower (with pealing bells
 Far-heard)—our only citadels. 10

II

O Lady ! from a noble line
 Of chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore
 The spear, yet gave to works divine
 A bounteous help in days of yore,
 (As records mouldering in the Dell
 Of Nightshade¹ haply yet may tell ;)
 Thee kindred aspirations moved
 To build, within a vale beloved,
 For Him upon whose high behests
 All peace depends, all safety rests.

20

III

How fondly will the woods embrace
 This daughter of thy pious care,
 Lifting her front with modest grace
 To make a fair recess more fair ;
 And to exalt the passing hour ;
 Or soothe it with a healing power
 Drawn from the Sacrifice fulfilled,
 Before this rugged soil was tilled,
 Or human habitation rose
 To interrupt the deep repose !

30

IV

Well may the villagers rejoice !
 Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,
 Will be a hindrance to the voice
 That would unite in prayer and praise ;
 More duly shall wild wandering Youth
 Receive the curb of sacred truth,
 Shall tottering Age, bent earthward, hear
 The Promise, with uplifted ear ;
 And all shall welcome the new ray
 Imparted to their sabbath-day.

40

V

Nor deem the Poet's hope misplaced,
 His fancy cheated—that can see
 A shade upon the future cast,
 Of time's pathetic sanctity ;
 Can hear the monitory clock
 Sound o'er the lake with gentle shock
 At evening, when the ground beneath
 Is ruffled o'er with cells of death ;

¹ Bekangs Ghyll—or the dell of Nightshade—in which stands St. Mary's Abbey in Low Furness.

Where happy generations lie,
Here tutored for eternity.

50

VI

Lives there a man whose sole delights
Are trivial pomp and city noise,
Hardening a heart that loathes or slights
What every natural heart enjoys?
Who never caught a noon-tide dream
From murmur of a running stream;
Could strip, for aught the prospect yields
To him, their verdure from the fields;
And take the radiance from the clouds
In which the sun his setting shrouds.

60

VII

A soul so pitiably forlorn,
If such do on this earth abide,
May season apathy with scorn,
May turn indifference to pride;
And still be not unblest—compared
With him who grovels, self-debarred
From all that lies within the scope
Of holy faith and christian hope;
Or, shipwreck'd, kindles on the coast
False fires, that others may be lost.

70

VIII

Alas! that such perverted zeal
Should spread on Britain's favoured ground!
That public order, private weal,
Should e'er have felt or feared a wound
From champions of the desperate law
Which from their own blind hearts they draw;
Who tempt their reason to deny
God, whom their passions dare defy,
And boast that they alone are free
Who reach this dire extremity!

80

IX

But turn we from these 'bold bad' men;
The way, mild Lady! that hath led
Down to their 'dark opprobrious den,'
Is all too rough for Thee to tread.
Softly as morning vapours glide
Down Rydal-cove from Fairfield's side,

Should move the tenor of *his* song
 Who means to charity no wrong ;
 Whose offering gladly would accord
 With this day's work, in thought and word. 90

X

Heaven prosper it ! may peace, and love,
 And hope, and consolation, fall,
 Through its meek influence, from above,
 And penetrate the hearts of all ;
 All who, around the hallowed Fane,
 Shall sojourn in this fair domain ;
 Grateful to Thee, while service pure,
 And ancient ordinance, shall endure,
 For opportunity bestowed
 To kneel together, and adore their God ! 100
 1822-23

XIII

ON THE SAME OCCASION

Oh ! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may
 The help which slackening Piety requires ;
 Nor deem that he perforce must go astray
 Who treads upon the footmarks of his sires.

OUR churches, invariably perhaps, stand east and west, but *why* is by few persons *exactly* known ; nor, that the degree of deviation from *due* east often noticeable in the ancient ones was determined, in each particular case, by the point in the horizon, at which the sun rose upon the day of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. These observances of our ancestors, and the causes of them, are the subject of the following stanzas.

WHEN in the antique age of bow and spear
 And feudal rapine clothed with iron mail,
 Came ministers of peace, intent to rear
 The Mother Church in yon sequestered vale ;

Then, to her Patron Saint a previous rite
 Resounded with deep swell and solemn close,
 Through unremitting vigils of the night,
 Till from his couch the wished-for Sun uprose.

He rose, and straight—as by divine command,
 They, who had waited for that sign to trace 10
 Their work's foundation, gave with careful hand
 To the high altar its determined place ;

THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE 419

Mindful of Him who in the Orient born
There lived, and on the cross his life resigned,
And who, from out the regions of the morn,
Issuing in pomp, shall come to judge mankind.

So taught *their* creed ;—nor failed the eastern sky,
'Mid these more awful feelings, to infuse
The sweet and natural hopes that shall not die,
Long as the sun his gladsome course renews. 20

For us hath such prelusive vigil ceased ;
Yet still we plant, like men of elder days
Our christian altar faithful to the east,
Whence the tall window drinks the morning rays ;

That obvious emblem giving to the eye
Of meek devotion, which erewhile it gave,
That symbol of the day-spring from on high,
Triumphant o'er the darkness of the grave. 1823

XIV

THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE

ERE the Brothers through the gateway
Issued forth with old and young,
To the Horn Sir Eustace pointed
Which for ages there had hung.
Horn it was which none could sound,
No one upon living ground,
Save He who came as rightful Heir
To Egremont's Domains and Castle fair.

Heirs from times of earliest record
Had the House of Lucie born, 10
Who of right had held the Lordship
Claimed by proof upon the Horn :
Each at the appointed hour
Tried the Horn,—it owned his power ;
He was acknowledged : and the blast,
Which good Sir Eustace sounded, was the last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed,
And to Hubert thus said he,
' What I speak this Horn shall witness
For thy better memory. 20

Hear, then, and neglect me not !
 At this time, and on this spot,
 The words are uttered from my heart,
 As my last earnest prayer ere we depart.

‘ On good service we are going
 Life to risk by sea and land,
 In which course if Christ our Saviour
 Do my sinful soul demand,
 Hither come thou back straightway,
 Hubert, if alive that day ;
 Return, and sound the Horn, that we
 May have a living House still left in thee ! ’

30

‘ Fear not,’ quickly answered Hubert ;
 ‘ As I am thy Father’s son,
 What thou askest, noble Brother,
 With God’s favour shall be done.’
 So were both right well content :
 Forth they from the Castle went,
 And at the head of their Array
 To Palestine the Brothers took their way.

40

Side by side they fought (the Lucies
 Were a line for valour famed)
 And where’er their strokes alighted,
 There the Saracens were tamed.
 Whence, then, could it come—the thought—
 By what evil spirit brought ?
 Oh ! can a brave Man wish to take
 His Brother’s life, for Lands’ and Castle’s sake ?

‘ Sir ! ’ the Ruffians said to Hubert,
 ‘ Deep he lies in Jordan flood.’
 Stricken by this ill assurance,
 Pale and trembling Hubert stood.
 ‘ Take your earnings.’—Oh ! that I
 Could have *seen* my Brother die !
 It was a pang that vexed him then ;
 And oft returned, again, and yet again.

50

Months passed on, and no Sir Eustace !
 Nor of him were tidings heard ;
 Wherefore, bold as day, the Murderer
 Back again to England steered.
 To his Castle Hubert sped ;
 Nothing has he now to dread.

60

But silent and by stealth he came,
And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time,
Night or day, at even or morn ;
No one's eye had seen him enter,
No one's ear had heard the Horn.
But bold Hubert lives in glee :
Months and years went smilingly ;
With plenty was his table spread ;
And bright the Lady is who shares his bed.

70

Likewise he had sons and daughters ;
And, as good men do, he sate
At his board by these surrounded,
Flourishing in fair estate.
And while thus in open day
Once he sate, as old books say,
A blast was uttered from the Horn,
Where by the Castle-gate it hung forlorn.

80

'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace !
He is come to claim his right :
Ancient castle, woods, and mountains
Hear the challenge with delight.
Hubert ! though the blast be blown
He is helpless and alone :
Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word !
And there he may be lodged, and thou be Lord.

Speak !—astounded Hubert cannot ;
And, if power to speak he had,
All are daunted, all the household
Smitten to the heart, and sad.

90

'Tis Sir Eustace ; if it be
Living man, it must be he !
Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,
And by a postern-gate he slunk away.

Long, and long was he unheard of :
To his Brother then he came,
Made confession, asked forgiveness,
Asked it by a brother's name,
And by all the saints in heaven ;
And of Eustace was forgiven :
Then in a convent went to hide
His melancholy head, and there he died.

100

But Sir Eustace, whom good angels
 Had preserved from murderers' hands,
 And from Pagan chains had rescued,
 Lived with honour on his lands.
 Sons he had, saw sons of theirs :
 And through ages, heirs of heirs, 110
 A long posterity renowned,
 Sounded the Horn which they alone could sound.
1806

XV

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL

A TRUE STORY

O H ! what's the matter ? what's the matter ?
 What is 't that ails young Harry Gill ?
 That evermore his teeth they chatter,
 Chatter, chatter, chatter still !
 Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
 Good duffle grey, and flannel fine ;
 He has a blanket on his back,
 And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ; 10
 The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
 At night, at morning, and at noon,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;
 Beneath the sun, beneath the moon.
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still !

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
 And who so stout of limb as he ?
 His cheeks were red as ruddy clover ;
 His voice was like the voice of three. 20
 Old Goody Blake was old and poor ;
 Ill fed she was, and thinly clad ;
 And any man who passed her door
 Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling :
 And then her three hours' work at night,
 Alas ! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
 It would not pay for candle-light.

Remote from sheltered village-green,
 On a hill's northern side she dwelt, 30
 Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean,
 And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
 Two poor old Dames, as I have known,
 Will often live in one small cottage ;
 But she, poor Woman ! housed alone.
 'Twas well enough, when summer came,
 The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,
 Then at her door the *canty* Dame
 Would sit, as any linnet, gay. 40

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
 Oh then how her old bones would shake !
 You would have said, if you had met her,
 'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
 Her evenings then were dull and dead :
 Sad case it was, as you may think,
 For very cold to go to bed ;
 And then for cold not sleep a wink.

O joy for her ! whene'er in winter
 The winds at night had made a rout ; 50
 And scattered many a lusty splinter
 And many a rotten bough about.
 Yet never had she, well or sick,
 As every man who knew her says,
 A pile beforehand, turf or stick,
 Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
 And made her poor old bones to ache,
 Could any thing be more alluring
 Than an old hedge to Goody Blake ? 60
 And, now and then, it must be said,
 When her old bones were cold and chill,
 She left her fire, or left her bed,
 To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
 This trespass of old Goody Blake ;
 And vowed that she should be detected—
 That he on her would vengeance take.

And oft from his warm fire he 'd go,
And to the fields his road would take ;
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

70

And once, behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand :
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
—He hears a noise—he 's all awake—
Again?—on tip-toe down the hill
He softly creeps—'tis Goody Blake ;
She 's at the hedge of Harry Gill !

80

Right glad was he when he beheld her :
Stick after stick did Goody pull :
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The by-way back again to take ;
He started forward, with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, ' I 've caught you then at last ! '
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall ;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God that is the judge of all.

90

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
' God ! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm ! '
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray ;
Young Harry heard what she had said :
And icy cold he turned away.

100

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill :
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas ! that day for Harry Gill !

That day he wore a riding-coat,
 But not a whit the warmer he : 110
 Another was on Thursday brought,
 And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
 And blankets were about him pinned ;
 Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
 Like a loose casement in the wind.
 And Harry's flesh it fell away ;
 And all who see him say, 'tis plain,
 That, live as long as live he may,
 He never will be warm again. 120

No word to any man he utters,
 A-bed or up, to young or old ;
 But ever to himself he mutters,
 ' Poor Harry Gill is very cold.'
 A-bed or up, by night or day,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
 Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
 Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill !

1798

XVI

PRELUDE

PREFIXED TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED ' POEMS CHIEFLY
 OF EARLY AND LATE YEARS '

IN desultory walk through orchard grounds,
 Or some deep chestnut grove, oft have I paused
 The while a Thrush, urged rather than restrained
 By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his song
 To his own genial instincts ; and was heard
 (Though not without some plaintive tones between)
 To utter, above showers of blossom swept
 From tossing boughs, the promise of a calm,
 Which the unsheltered traveller might receive
 With thankful spirit. The descant, and the wind 10
 That seemed to play with it in love or scorn,
 Encouraged and endeared the strain of words
 That haply flowed from me, by fits of silence
 Impelled to livelier pace. But now, my Book !
 Charged with those lays, and others of like mood,
 Or loftier pitch if higher rose the theme,
 Go, single—yet aspiring to be joined
 With thy Forerunners that through many a year

Have faithfully prepared each other's way—
 Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled 20
 When and wherever, in this changeful world,
 Power hath been given to please for higher ends
 Than pleasure only ; gladdening to prepare
 For wholesome sadness, troubling to refine,
 Calming to raise ; and, by a sapient Art
 Diffused through all the mysteries of our Being,
 Softening the toils and pains that have not ceased
 To cast their shadows on our mother Earth
 Since the primeval doom. Such is the grace
 Which, though unsued for, fails not to descend 30
 With heavenly inspiration ; such the aim
 That Reason dictates ; and, as even the wish
 Has virtue in it, why should hope to me
 Be wanting that sometimes, where fancied ills
 Harass the mind and strip from off the bowers
 Of private life their natural pleasantness,
 A Voice—devoted to the love whose seeds
 Are sown in every human breast, to beauty
 Lodged within compass of the humblest sight,
 To cheerful intercourse with wood and field, 40
 And sympathy with man's substantial griefs—
 Will not be heard in vain ? And in those days
 When unforeseen distress spreads far and wide
 Among a People mournfully cast down,
 Or into anger roused by venal words
 In recklessness flung out to overturn
 The judgment, and divert the general heart
 From mutual good—some strain of thine, my Book !
 Caught at propitious intervals, may win
 Listeners who not unwillingly admit 50
 Kindly emotion tending to console
 And reconcile ; and both with young and old
 Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude
 For benefits that still survive, by faith
 In progress, under laws divine, maintained.

RYDAL MOUNT, *March 26, 1842*

XVII

TO A CHILD

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM

SMALL service is true service while it lasts :
 Of humblest Friends, bright Creature ! scorn not one :
 The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.

1834

XVIII

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE COUNTESS OF LONSDALE

(Nov. 5, 1834)

LADY ! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard,
 Among the Favoured, favoured not the least)
 Left, 'mid the Records of this Book inscribed,
 Deliberate traces, registers of thought
 And feeling, suited to the place and time
 That gave them birth :—months passed, and still this
 hand,

That had not been too timid to imprint
 Words which the virtues of thy Lord inspired,
 Was yet not bold enough to write of Thee.
 And why that scrupulous reserve? In sooth 10
 The blameless cause lay in the Theme itself.
 Flowers are there many that delight to strive
 With the sharp wind, and seem to court the shower,
 Yet are by nature careless of the sun
 Whether he shine on them or not; and some,
 Where'er he moves along the unclouded sky,
 Turn a broad front full on his flattering beams :
 Others do rather from their notice shrink,
 Loving the dewy shade,—a humble band,
 Modest and sweet, a progeny of earth, 20
 Congenial with thy mind and character,
 High-born Augusta !

Witness, Towers and Groves !

And Thou, wild Stream, that giv'st the honoured name
 Of Lowther to this ancient Line, bear witness
 From thy most secret haunts; and ye Parterres,
 Which She is pleased and proud to call her own,
 Witness how oft upon my noble Friend
 Mute offerings, tribute from an inward sense
 Of admiration and respectful love,
 Have waited—till the affections could no more 30
 Endure that silence, and broke out in song,
 Snatches of music taken up and dropt
 Like those self-solacing, those under, notes
 Trilled by the redbreast, when autumnal leaves
 Are thin upon the bough. Mine, only mine,
 The pleasure was, and no one heard the praise,
 Checked, in the moment of its issue, checked
 And reprehended, by a fancied blush
 From the pure qualities that called it forth.

Thus Virtue lives debarred from Virtue's meed ; 40
 Thus, Lady, is retiredness a veil
 That, while it only spreads a softening charm
 O'er features looked at by discerning eyes,
 Hides half their beauty from the common gaze ;
 And thus, even on the exposed and breezy hill
 Of lofty station, female goodness walks,
 When side by side with lunar gentleness,
 As in a cloister. Yet the grateful Poor
 (Such the immunities of low estate,
 Plain Nature's enviable privilege, 50
 Her sacred recompense for many wants)
 Open their hearts before Thee, pouring out
 All that they think and feel, with tears of joy ;
 And benedictions not unheard in heaven :
 And friend in the ear of friend, where speech is free
 To follow truth, is eloquent as they.

Then let the Brook receive in these prompt lines
 A just memorial ; and thine eyes consent
 To read that they, who mark thy course, behold 60
 A life declining with the golden light
 Of summer, in the season of sere leaves ;
 See cheerfulness undamped by stealing Time ;
 See studied kindness flow with easy stream,
 Illustrated with inborn courtesy ;
 And an habitual disregard of self
 Balanced by vigilance for others' weal.

And shall the Verse not tell of lighter gifts
 With these ennobling attributes conjoined
 And blended, in peculiar harmony,
 By Youth's surviving spirit ? What agile grace ! 70
 A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like form,
 Beheld with wonder ; whether floor or path
 Thou tread ; or sweep—borne on the managed steed—
 Fleet as the shadows, over down or field,
 Driven by strong winds at play among the clouds.

Yet one word more—one farewell word—a wish
 Which came, but it has passed into a prayer—
 That, as thy sun in brightness is declining,
 So—at an hour yet distant for *their* sakes
 Whose tender love, here faltering on the way 80
 Of a diviner love, will be forgiven—
 So may it set in peace, to rise again
 For everlasting glory won by faith.

XIX

GRACE DARLING

AMONG the dwellers in the silent fields
 The natural heart is touched, and public way
 And crowded street resound with ballad strains,
 Inspired by ONE whose very name bespeaks
 Favour divine, exalting human love ;
 Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,
 Known unto few but prized as far as known,
 A single Act endears to high and low
 Through the whole land—to Manhood, moved in spite
 Of the world's freezing cares—to generous Youth— 10
 To Infancy, that lisps her praise—to Age
 Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear
 Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame
 Awaits her *now* ; but, verily, good deeds
 Do no imperishable record find
 Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may live
 A theme for angels, when they celebrate
 The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth
 Has witnessed. Oh ! that winds and waves could
 speak
 Of things which their united power called forth 20
 From the pure depths of her humanity !
 A Maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
 Firm and unflinching, as the Lighthouse reared
 On the Island-rock, her lonely dwelling-place ;
 Or like the invincible Rock itself that braves,
 Age after age, the hostile elements,
 As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor
 paused,
 When, as day broke, the Maid, through misty air,
 Espies far off a Wreck, amid the surf, 30
 Beating on one of those disastrous isles—
 Half of a Vessel, half—no more ; the rest
 Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there
 Had for the common safety striven in vain,
 Or thither thronged for refuge. With quick glance
 Daughter and Sire through optic-glass discern,
 Clinging about the remnant of this Ship,
 Creatures—how precious in the Maiden's sight !
 For whom, belike, the old Man grieves still more
 Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed 40

Where every parting agony is hushed,
 And hope and fear mix not in further strife.
 'But courage, Father! let us out to sea—
 A few may yet be saved.' The Daughter's words,
 Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,
 Dispel the Father's doubts: nor do they lack
 The noble-minded Mother's helping hand
 To launch the boat; and with her blessing cheered,
 And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,
 Together they put forth, Father and Child! 50
 Each grasps an oar, and struggling on they go—
 Rivals in effort; and, alike intent
 Here to elude and there surmount, they watch
 The billows lengthening, mutually crossed
 And shattered, and re-gathering their might;
 As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will
 Were, in the conscious sea, roused and prolonged
 That woman's fortitude—so tried, so proved—
 May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,
 They stem the current of that perilous gorge, 60
 Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening
 heart,
 Though danger, as the Wreck is near'd, becomes
 More imminent. Not unseen do they approach;
 And rapture, with varieties of fear
 Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames
 Of those who, in that dauntless energy,
 Foretaste deliverance; but the least perturbed
 Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives
 That of the pair—tossed on the waves to bring
 Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life— 70
 One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister,
 Or, be the Visitant other than she seems,
 A guardian Spirit sent from pitying Heaven,
 In woman's shape. But why prolong the tale,
 Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts
 Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced
 And difficulty mastered, with resolve
 That no one breathing should be left to perish,
 This last remainder of the crew are all
 Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep 80
 Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,
 And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged
 Within the sheltering Lighthouse.—Shout, ye Waves!
 Send forth a song of triumph. Waves and Winds,

Exult in this deliverance wrought through faith
 In Him whose Providence your rage hath served !
 Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the concert join !
 And would that some immortal Voice—a Voice
 Fitly attuned to all that gratitude
 Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips 90
 Of the survivors—to the clouds might bear—
 Blended with praise of that parental love,
 Beneath whose watchful eye the Maiden grew
 Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
 Though young so wise, though meek so resolute—
 Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,
 Yea, to celestial Choirs, GRACE DARLING's name !

1842

XX

THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE

PART I

ENOUGH of rose-bud lips, and eyes
 Like harebells bathed in dew,
 Of cheek that with carnation vies,
 And veins of violet hue ;
 Earth wants not beauty that may scorn
 A likening to frail flowers ;
 Yea, to the stars, if they were born
 For seasons and for hours.

Through Moscow's gates, with gold unbarred,
 Stepped One at dead of night, 10
 Whom such high beauty could not guard
 From meditated blight ;
 By stealth she passed, and fled as fast
 As doth the hunted fawn,
 Nor stopped, till in the dappling east
 Appeared unwelcome dawn.

Seven days she lurked in brake and field,
 Seven nights her course renewed,
 Sustained by what her scrip might yield,
 Or berries of the wood ; 20
 At length, in darkness travelling on,
 When lowly doors were shut,
 The haven of her hope she won,
 Her Foster-mother's hut.

'To put your love to dangerous proof
 I come,' said she, 'from far ;
 For I have left my Father's roof,
 In terror of the Czar.'
 No answer did the Matron give,
 No second look she cast,
 But hung upon the Fugitive,
 Embracing and embraced.

30

She led the Lady to a seat
 Beside the glimmering fire,
 Bathed duteously her wayworn feet,
 Prevented each desire :—
 The cricket chirped, the house-dog dosed,
 And on that simple bed,
 Where she in childhood had reposed,
 Now rests her weary head.

40

When she, whose couch had been the sod,
 Whose curtain pine or thorn,
 Had breathed a sigh of thanks to God,
 Who comforts the forlorn ;
 While over her the Matron bent
 Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole
 Feeling from limbs with travel spent,
 And trouble from the soul.

Refreshed, the Wanderer rose at morn,
 And soon again was dight
 In those unworthy vestments worn
 Through long and perilous flight ;
 And 'O beloved Nurse,' she said,
 'My thanks with silent tears
 Have unto Heaven and You been paid :
 Now listen to my fears !

50

'Have you forgot'—and here she smiled—
 'The babbling flatteries
 You lavished on me when a child
 Disporting round your knees ?
 I was your lambkin, and your bird,
 Your star, your gem, your flower ;
 Light words, that were more lightly heard
 In many a cloudless hour !

60

'The blossom you so fondly praised
 Is come to bitter fruit;
 A mighty One upon me gazed;
 I spurned his lawless suit,
 And must be hidden from his wrath:
 You, Foster-father dear, ' 70
 Will guide me in my forward path;
 I may not tarry here!

'I cannot bring to utter woe
 Your proved fidelity.'—
 'Dear Child, sweet Mistress, say not so!
 For you we both would die.'
 'Nay, nay, I come with semblance feigned
 And cheek embrowned by art;
 Yet, being inwardly unstained,
 With courage will depart.' 80

'But whither would you, could you, flee?
 A poor Man's counsel take;
 The Holy Virgin gives to me
 A thought for your dear sake;
 Rest, shielded by our Lady's grace,
 And soon shall you be led
 Forth to a safe abiding-place,
 Where never foot doth tread.'

PART II

THE dwelling of this faithful pair
 In a straggling village stood, 90
 For One who breathed unquiet air
 A dangerous neighbourhood;
 But wide around lay forest ground
 With thickets rough and blind;
 And pine-trees made a heavy shade
 Impervious to the wind.

And there, sequestered from the sight,
 Was spread a treacherous swamp,
 On which the noonday sun shed light
 As from a lonely lamp; 100
 And midway in the unsafe morass,
 A single Island rose
 Of firm dry ground, with healthful grass
 Adorned, and shady boughs.

The Woodman knew, for such the craft
 This Russian vassal plied,
 That never fowler's gun, nor shaft
 Of archer, there was tried ;
 A sanctuary seemed the spot
 From all intrusion free ;
 And there he planned an artful Cot
 For perfect secrecy.

110

With earnest pains unchecked by dread
 Of Power's far-stretching hand,
 The bold good Man his labour sped
 At nature's pure command ;
 Heart-soothed, and busy as a wren,
 While, in a hollow nook,
 She moulds her sight-eluding den
 Above a murmuring brook.

120

His task accomplished to his mind,
 The twain ere break of day
 Creep forth, and through the forest wind
 Their solitary way ;
 Few words they speak, nor dare to slack
 Their pace from mile to mile,
 Till they have crossed the quaking marsh,
 And reached the lonely Isle.

The sun above the pine-trees showed
 A bright and cheerful face ;
 And Ina looked for her abode,
 The promised hiding-place ;
 She sought in vain, the Woodman smiled ;
 No threshold could be seen,
 Nor roof, nor window ;—all seemed wild
 As it had ever been.

130

Advancing, you might guess an hour,
 The front with such nice care
 Is masked, 'if house it be or bower,'
 But in they entered are ;
 As shaggy as were wall and roof
 With branches intertwined,
 So smooth was all within, air-proof,
 And delicately lined :

140

And hearth was there, and maple dish,
And cups in seemly rows,
And couch—all ready to a wish
For nurture or repose ;
And Heaven doth to her virtue grant
That there she may abide
In solitude, with every want
By cautious love supplied. 150

No queen before a shouting crowd
Led on in bridal state,
E'er struggled with a heart so proud,
Entering her palace gate ;
Rejoiced to bid the world farewell,
No saintly anchoress
E'er took possession of her cell
With deeper thankfulness. 160

' Father of all, upon thy care
And mercy am I thrown ;
Be thou my safeguard ! '—such her prayer
When she was left alone,
Kneeling amid the wilderness
When joy had passed away,
And smiles, fond efforts of distress
To hide what they betray !

The prayer is heard, the Saints have seen,
Diffused through form and face,
Resolves devotedly serene ;
That monumental grace
Of Faith, which doth all passions tame
That Reason *should* control ;
And shows in the untrembling frame
A statue of the soul. 170

PART III

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
That Phœbus wont to wear
The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair ;
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transformed, took root,
A laurel in the grove. 180

Then did the Penitent adorn
 His brow with laurel green ;
 And 'mid his bright locks never shorn
 No meaner leaf was seen ;
 And poets sage, through every age,
 About their temples wound
 The bay ; and conquerors thanked the Gods,
 With laurel chaplets crowned.

190

Into the mists of fabling Time
 So far runs back the praise
 Of Beauty, that disdains to climb
 Along forbidden ways ;
 That scorns temptation ; power defies
 Where mutual love is not ;
 And to the tomb for rescue flies
 When life would be a blot.

200

To this fair Votaress a fate
 More mild doth Heaven ordain
 Upon her Island desolate ;
 And words, not breathed in vain,
 Might tell what intercourse she found,
 Her silence to endear ;
 What birds she tamed, what flowers the ground
 Sent forth her peace to cheer.

To one mute Presence, above all,
 Her soothed affections clung,
 A picture on the cabin wall
 By Russian usage hung—
 The Mother-maid, whose countenance bright
 With love abridged the day ;
 And, communed with by taper-light,
 Chased spectral fears away.

210

And oft, as either Guardian came,
 The joy in that retreat
 Might any common friendship shame,
 So high their hearts would beat ;
 And to the lone Recluse, whate'er
 They brought, each visiting
 Was like the crowding of the year
 With a new burst of spring.

220

But when she of her Parents thought,
The pang was hard to bear ;
And, if with all things not enwrought,
That trouble still is near.
Before her flight she had not dared
Their constancy to prove,
Too much the heroic Daughter feared
The weakness of their love.

230

Dark is the past to them, and dark
The future still must be,
Till pitying Saints conduct her bark
Into a safer sea—
Or gentle Nature close her eyes,
And set her Spirit free
From the altar of this sacrifice,
In vestal purity.

240

Yet, when above the forest-glooms
The white swans southward passed,
High as the pitch of their swift plumes
Her fancy rode the blast ;
And bore her toward the fields of France,
Her Father's native land,
To mingle in the rustic dance,
The happiest of the band !

Of those beloved fields she oft
Had heard her Father tell
In phrase that now with echoes soft
Haunted her lonely cell ;
She saw the hereditary bowers,
She heard the ancestral stream ;
The Kremlin and its haughty towers
Forgotten like a dream !

250

PART IV

THE ever-changing Moon had traced
Twelve times her monthly round,
When through the unfrequented Waste
Was heard a startling sound ;
A shout thrice sent from one who chased
At speed a wounded deer,
Bounding through branches interlaced,
And where the wood was clear.

260

The fainting creature took the marsh,
 And toward the Island fled,
 While plovers screamed with tumult harsh
 Above his antlered head ;
 This, Ina saw ; and, pale with fear,
 Shrunk to her citadel ;
 The desperate deer rushed on, and near
 The tangled covert fell.

270

Across the marsh, the game in view,
 The Hunter followed fast,
 Nor paused, till o'er the stag he blew
 A death-proclaiming blast ;
 Then, resting on her upright mind,
 Came forth the Maid—' In me
 Behold,' she said, ' a stricken Hind
 Pursued by destiny !

280

' From your deportment, Sir ! I deem
 That you have worn a sword,
 And will not hold in light esteem
 A suffering woman's word ;
 There is my covert, there perchance
 I might have lain concealed,
 My fortunes hid, my countenance
 Not even to you revealed.

' Tears might be shed, and I might pray,
 Crouching and terrified,
 That what has been unveiled to-day,
 You would in mystery hide ;
 But I will not defile with dust
 The knee that bends to adore
 The God in heaven ;—attend, be just ;
 This ask I, and no more !

290

' I speak not of the winter's cold
 For summer's heat exchanged,
 While I have lodged in this rough hold,
 From social life estranged ;
 Nor yet of trouble and alarms :
 High Heaven is my defence ;
 And every season has soft arms
 For injured Innocence.

300

'From Moscow to the Wilderness
It was my choice to come,
Lest virtue should be harbourless,
And honour want a home ;
And happy were I, if the Czar
Retain his lawless will, 310
To end life here like this poor deer,
Or a lamb on a green hill.'

'Are you the Maid,' the Stranger cried,
'From Gallic parents sprung,
Whose vanishing was rumoured wide,
Sad theme for every tongue ;
Who foiled an Emperor's eager quest ?
You, Lady, forced to wear
These rude habiliments, and rest
Your head in this dark lair !' 320

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled ;
And in her face and mien
The soul's pure brightness he beheld
Without a veil between :
He loved, he hoped,—a holy flame
Kindled 'mid rapturous tears ;
The passion of a moment came
As on the wings of years.

'Such bounty is no gift of chance,'
Exclaimed he : 'righteous Heaven, 330
Preparing your deliverance,
To me the charge hath given.
The Czar full oft in words and deeds
Is stormy and self-willed ;
But, when the Lady Catherine pleads,
His violence is stilled.

'Leave open to my wish the course,
And I to her will go ;
From that humane and heavenly source
Good, only good, can flow.' 340
Faint sanction given, the Cavalier
Was eager to depart,
Though question followed question, dear
To the Maiden's filial heart.

Light was his step,—his hopes, more light,
Kept pace with his desires ;
And the fifth morning gave him sight
Of Moscow's glittering spires.
He sued :—heart-smitten by the wrong,
To the lorn Fugitive
The Emperor sent a pledge as strong
As sovereign power could give.

350

O more than mighty change ! If e'er
Amazement rose to pain,
And joy's excess produced a fear
Of something void and vain ;
'Twas when the Parents, who had mourned
So long the lost as dead,
Beheld their only Child returned
The household floor to tread.

360

Soon gratitude gave way to love
Within the Maiden's breast ;
Delivered and Deliverer move
In bridal garments drest ;
Meek Catherine had her own reward ;
The Czar bestowed a dower ;
And universal Moscow shared
The triumph of that hour.

Flowers strewed the ground ; the nuptial feast
Was held with costly state ;
And there, 'mid many a noble guest,
The Foster-parents sate ;
Encouraged by the imperial eye,
They shrank not into shade ;
Great was their bliss, the honour high
To them and nature paid !

370

1830

INSCRIPTIONS

I

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON, THE SEAT OF SIR GEORGE
BEAUMONT, BART., LEICESTERSHIRE

1808

THE embowering rose, the acacia, and the pine,
Will not unwillingly their place resign ;
If but the Cedar thrive that near them stands,
Planted by Beaumont's and by Wordsworth's hands.
One wooed the silent Art with studious pains :
These groves have heard the Other's pensive strains ;
Devoted thus, their spirits did unite
By interchange of knowledge and delight.
May Nature's kindest powers sustain the Tree,
And Love protect it from all injury !
And when its potent branches, wide out-thrown,
Darken the brow of this memorial Stone,
Here may some Painter sit in future days,
Some future Poet meditate his lays ;
Not mindless of that distant age renowned
When Inspiration hovered o'er this ground,
The haunt of him who sang how spear and shield
In civil conflict met on Bosworth-field ;
And of that famous Youth, full soon removed
From earth, perhaps by Shakespeare's self approved, 20
Fletcher's Associate, Jonson's Friend beloved.

10

1808-1811

II

IN A GARDEN OF THE SAME

OFT is the medal faithful to its trust
When temples, columns, towers, are laid in dust ;
And 'tis a common ordinance of fate
That things obscure and small outlive the great :
Hence, when yon mansion and the flowery trim
Of this fair garden, and its alleys dim,

And all its stately trees, are passed away,
 This little Niche, unconscious of decay,
 Perchance may still survive. And be it known
 That it was scooped within the living stone,— 10
 Not by the sluggish and ungrateful pains
 Of labourer plodding for his daily gains,
 But by an industry that wrought in love;
 With help from female hands, that proudly strove
 To aid the work, what time these walks and bowers
 Were shaped to cheer dark winter's lonely hours.
 Probably 1811

III

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART., AND
 IN HIS NAME, FOR AN URN, PLACED BY HIM AT THE TERMINA-
 TION OF A NEWLY-PLANTED AVENUE, IN THE SAME GROUNDS

Y^E Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed Urn,
 Shoot forth with lively power at Spring's return;
 And be not slow a stately growth to rear
 Of pillars, branching off from year to year,
 Till they have learned to frame a darksome aisle;—
 That may recall to mind that awful Pile
 Where Reynolds, 'mid our country's noblest dead,
 In the last sanctity of fame is laid.
 —There, though by right the excelling Painter sleep
 Where Death and Glory a joint sabbath keep, 10
 Yet not the less his Spirit would hold dear
 Self-hidden praise, and Friendship's private tear:
 Hence, on my patrimonial grounds, have I
 Raised this frail tribute to his memory;
 From youth a zealous follower of the Art
 That he professed; attached to him in heart;
 Admiring, loving, and with grief and pride
 Feeling what England lost when Reynolds died.
 1811

IV

FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES OF COLEORTON

B^ENEATH yon eastern ridge, the craggy bound,
 Rugged and high, of Charnwood's forest ground,
 Stand yet, but, Stranger! hidden from thy view,
 The ivied Ruins of forlorn GRACE DIEU;
 Erst a religious House, which day and night
 With hymns resounded, and the chanted rite:

And when those rites had ceased, the Spot gave birth
 To honourable Men of various worth :
 There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,
 Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager child ; 10
 There, under shadow of the neighbouring rocks,
 Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks ;
 Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,
 Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy dreams
 Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,
 With which his genius shook the buskined stage.
 Communities are lost, and Empires die,
 And things of holy use unhallowed lie ;
 They perish ;—but the Intellect can raise,
 From airy words alone, a Pile that ne'er decays. 20
Nov. 19, 1811

V

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UPON A STONE IN THE WALL OF THE
 HOUSE (AN OUT-HOUSE), ON THE ISLAND AT GRASMERE

RUDE is this Edifice, and Thou hast seen
 Buildings, albeit rude, that have maintained
 Proportions more harmonious, and approached
 To closer fellowship with ideal grace.
 But take it in good part :—alas ! the poor
 Vitruvius of our village had no help
 From the great City ; never, upon leaves
 Of red Morocco folio, saw displayed,
 In long succession, pre-existing ghosts
 Of Beauties yet unborn—the rustic Lodge 10
 Antique, and Cottage with verandah graced,
 Nor lacking, for fit company, alcove,
 Green-house, shell-grot, and moss-lined hermitage.
 Thou see'st a homely Pile, yet to these walls
 The heifer comes in the snow-storm, and here
 The new-dropped lamb finds shelter from the wind.
 And hither does one Poet sometimes row
 His pinnace, a small vagrant barge, up-piled
 With plenteous store of heath and withered fern,
 (A lading which he with his sickle cuts, 20
 Among the mountains) and beneath this roof
 He makes his summer couch, and here at noon
 Spreads out his limbs, while, yet unshorn, the Sheep,
 Panting beneath the burthen of their wool,
 Lie round him, even as if they were a part
 Of his own Household : nor, while from his bed
 He looks, through the open door-place, toward the lake

And to the stirring breezes, does he want
 Creations lovely as the work of sleep—
 Fair sights, and visions of romantic joy !

1800

30

VI

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL ON A STONE, ON THE SIDE OF
 THE MOUNTAIN OF BLACK COMB

STAY, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs
 On this commodious Seat! for much remains
 Of hard ascent before thou reach the top
 Of this huge Eminence,—from blackness named,
 And, to far-travelled storms of sea and land,
 A favourite spot of tournament and war!
 But thee may no such boisterous visitants
 Molest; may gentle breezes fan thy brow;
 And neither cloud conceal, nor misty air
 Bedim, the grand terraqueous spectacle,
 From centre to circumference, unveiled!
 Know, if thou grudge not to prolong thy rest,
 That on the summit whither thou art bound,
 A geographic Labourer pitched his tent,
 With books supplied and instruments of art,
 To measure height and distance; lonely task,
 Week after week pursued!—To him was given
 Full many a glimpse (but sparingly bestowed
 On timid man) of Nature's processes
 Upon the exalted hills. He made report
 That once, while there he plied his studious work
 Within that canvass Dwelling, colours, lines,
 And the whole surface of the out-spread map,
 Became invisible: for all around
 Had darkness fallen—unthreatened, unproclaimed—
 As if the golden day itself had been
 Extinguished in a moment; total gloom,
 In which he sate alone, with unclosed eyes,
 Upon the blinded mountain's silent top!

10

20

1813

VII

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL UPON A STONE, THE LARGEST OF A
 HEAP LYING NEAR A DESERTED QUARRY, UPON ONE OF THE
 ISLANDS AT RYDAL

STRANGER! this hillock of mis-shapen stones
 Is not a Ruin spared or made by time,
 Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st, the Cairn

Of some old British Chief: 'tis nothing more
 Than the rude embryo of a little Dome
 Or Pleasure-house, once destined to be built
 Among the birch-trees of this rocky isle.
 But, as it chanced, Sir William having learned
 That from the shore a full-grown man might wade,
 And make himself a freeman of this spot 10
 At any hour he chose, the prudent Knight
 Desisted, and the quarry and the mound
 Are monuments of his unfinished task.
 The block on which these lines are traced, perhaps,
 Was once selected as the corner-stone
 Of that intended Pile, which would have been
 Some quaint odd plaything of elaborate skill,
 So that, I guess, the linnet and the thrush,
 And other little builders who dwell here,
 Had wondered at the work. But blame him not, 20
 For old Sir William was a gentle Knight,
 Bred in this vale, to which he appertained
 With all his ancestry. Then peace to him,
 And for the outrage which he had devised
 Entire forgiveness!—But if thou art one
 On fire with thy impatience to become
 An inmate of these mountains,—if, disturbed
 By beautiful conceptions, thou hast hewn
 Out of the quiet rock the elements
 Of thy trim Mansion destined soon to blaze 30
 In snow-white splendour,—think again; and, taught
 By old Sir William and his quarry, leave
 Thy fragments to the bramble and the rose;
 There let the vernal slow-worm sun himself,
 And let the redbreast hop from stone to stone.

1800

VIII

IN these fair vales hath many a Tree
 At Wordsworth's suit been spared;
 And from the builder's hand this Stone,
 For some rude beauty of its own,
 Was rescued by the Bard:
 So let it rest; and time will come
 When here the tender-hearted
 May heave a gentle sigh for him,
 As one of the departed.

1830

IX

THE massy Ways, carried across these heights
 By Roman perseverance, are destroyed,
 Or hidden under ground, like sleeping worms.
 How venture then to hope that Time will spare
 This humble Walk? Yet on the mountain's side
 A POET's hand first shaped it; and the steps
 Of that same Bard—repeated to and fro
 At morn, at noon, and under moonlight skies
 Through the vicissitudes of many a year—
 Forbade the weeds to creep o'er its grey line. 10
 No longer, scattering to the heedless winds
 The vocal raptures of fresh poesy,
 Shall he frequent these precincts; locked no more
 In earnest converse with beloved Friends,
 Here will he gather stores of ready bliss,
 As from the beds and borders of a garden
 Choice flowers are gathered! But, if Power may spring
 Out of a farewell yearning—favoured more
 Than kindred wishes mated suitably
 With vain regrets—the Exile would consign 20
 This Walk, his loved possession, to the care
 Of those pure Minds that reverence the Muse.

1826

X

INSCRIPTIONS SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND IN AND NEAR A
 HERMIT'S CELL

1818

I

HOPES what are they?—Beads of morning
 Strung on slender blades of grass;
 Or a spider's web adorning
 In a strait and treacherous pass.

What are fears but voices airy?
 Whispering harm where harm is not;
 And deluding the unwary
 Till the fatal bolt is shot!

What is glory?—in the socket
 See how dying tapers fare!
 What is pride?—a whizzing rocket
 That would emulate a star.

10

What is friendship?—do not trust her,
Nor the vows which she has made;
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre
From a palsy-shaken head.

What is truth?—a staff rejected;
Duty?—an unwelcome clog;
Joy?—a moon by fits reflected
In a swamp or watery bog;

20

Bright, as if through ether steering,
To the Traveller's eye it shone:
He hath hailed it re-appearing—
And as quickly it is gone;

Such is Joy—as quickly hidden,
Or mis-shapen to the sight,
And by sullen weeds forbidden
To resume its native light.

What is youth?—a dancing billow,
(Winds behind, and rocks before !)
Age?—a drooping, tottering willow
On a flat and lazy shore.

30

What is peace?—when pain is over,
And love ceases to rebel,
Let the last faint sigh discover
That precedes the passing-knell!

XI

INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK

II

PAUSE, Traveller! whosoe'er thou be
Whom chance may lead to this retreat,
Where silence yields reluctantly
Even to the fleecy straggler's bleat;

Give voice to what my hand shall trace,
And fear not lest an idle sound
Of words unsuited to the place
Disturb its solitude profound.

I saw this Rock, while vernal air
Blew softly o'er the russet heath,
Uphold a Monument as fair
As church or abbey furnisheth.

10

Unsullied did it meet the day,
Like marble, white, like ether, pure ;
As if, beneath, some hero lay,
Honoured with costliest sepulture.

My fancy kindled as I gazed ;
And, ever as the sun shone forth,
The flattered structure glistened, blazed,
And seemed the proudest thing on earth.

20

But frost had reared the gorgeous Pile
Unsound as those which Fortune builds—
To undermine with secret guile,
Sapped by the very beam that gilds.

And, while I gazed, with sudden shock
Fell the whole Fabric to the ground ;
And naked left this dripping Rock,
With shapeless ruin spread around !

XII

III

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,
Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth and evanescent,
No one knows by what device ?

Such are thoughts !—A wind-swept meadow
Mimicking a troubled sea,
Such is life ; and death a shadow
From the rock eternity !

XIII

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE

IV

TROUBLED long with warring notions
Long impatient of thy rod,
I resign my soul's emotions
Unto Thee, mysterious God !

What avails the kindly shelter
Yielded by this craggy rent,
If my spirit toss and welter
On the waves of discontent ?

Parching Summer hath no warrant
 To consume this crystal Well; 10
 Rains, that make each rill a torrent,
 Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonouring not her station,
 Would my Life present to Thee,
 Gracious God, the pure oblation
 Of divine tranquillity!

XIV

v

NOT seldom, clad in radiant vest,
 Deceitfully goes forth the Morn;
 Not seldom Evening in the west
 Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
 To the confiding Bark, untrue;
 And, if she trust the stars above,
 They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread,
 Full oft, when storms the welkin rend, 10
 Draws lightning down upon the head
 It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,
 Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
 Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
 No change can falsify!

I bent before thy gracious throne,
 And asked for peace on suppliant knee;
 And peace was given,—nor peace alone,
 But faith sublimed to ecstasy! 20

1818

XV

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE STOOD ON ST. HERBERT'S
 ISLAND, DERWENT-WATER

IF thou in the dear love of some one Friend
 Hast been so happy that thou know'st what
 thoughts
 Will sometimes in the happiness of love

Make the heart sink, then wilt thou reverence
 This quiet spot; and, Stranger! not unmoved
 Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap of stones,
 The desolate ruins of St. Herbert's Cell.
 Here stood his threshold; here was spread the roof
 That sheltered him, a self-secluded Man,
 After long exercise in social cares 10
 And offices humane, intent to adore
 The Deity, with undistracted mind,
 And meditate on everlasting things,
 In utter solitude.—But he had left
 A Fellow-labourer, whom the good Man loved
 As his own soul. And, when with eye upraised
 To heaven he knelt before the crucifix,
 While o'er the lake the cataract of Lodore
 Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced
 Along the beach of this small isle and thought 20
 Of his Companion, he would pray that both
 (Now that their earthly duties were fulfilled)
 Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain
 So prayed he:—as our chronicles report,
 Though here the Hermit numbered his last day
 Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved Friend,
 Those holy Men both died in the same hour.

1800

XVI

ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM

BEHOLD an emblem of our human mind
 Crowded with thoughts that need a settled
 home,
 Yet, like to eddying balls of foam
 Within this whirlpool, they each other chase
 Round and round, and neither find
 An outlet nor a resting-place!
 Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,
 Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.

Published 1850

SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER

MODERNISED

I

THE PRIORESS' TALE

'Call up him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold.'

In the following Poem no further deviation from the original has been made than was necessary for the fluent reading and instant understanding of the Author: so much, however, is the language altered since Chaucer's time, especially in pronunciation, that much was to be removed, and its place supplied with as little incongruity as possible. The ancient accent has been retained in a few conjunctions, as *also* and *always*, from a conviction that such sprinklings of antiquity would be admitted, by persons of taste, to have a graceful accordance with the subject. The fierce bigotry of the Prioress forms a fine background for her tender-hearted sympathies with the Mother and Child; and the mode in which the story is told amply atones for the extravagance of the miracle.

I

'O LORD, our Lord! how wondrously,' (quoth she)
'Thy name in this large world is spread abroad!
For not alone by men of dignity
Thy worship is performed and precious laud;
But by the mouths of children, gracious God!
Thy goodness is set forth; they when they lie
Upon the breast thy name do glorify.

II

'Wherefore in praise, the worthiest that I may,
Jesu! of thee, and the white Lily-flower
Which did thee bear, and is a Maid for aye, 10
To tell a story I will use my power;
Not that I may increase her honour's dower,
For she herself is honour, and the root
Of goodness, next her Son, our soul's best boot.

III

'O Mother Maid! O Maid and Mother free!
O bush unburnt! burning in Moses' sight!
That down didst ravish from the Deity,
Through humbleness, the spirit that did alight
Upon thy heart, whence, through that glory's might,

Conceivèd was the Father's sapience,
Help me to tell it in thy reverence !

20

IV

' Lady ! thy goodness, thy magnificence,
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,
Surpass all science and all utterance ;
For sometimes, Lady ! ere men pray to thee
Thou goest before in thy benignity,
The light to us vouchsafing of thy prayer,
To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

V

' My knowledge is so weak, O blissful Queen !
To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,
That I the weight of it may not sustain ;
But as a child of twelvemonths old or less,
That laboureth his language to express,
Even so fare I ; and therefore, I thee pray,
Guide thou my song which I of thee shall say.

30

VI

' There was in Asia, in a mighty town,
'Mong Christian folk, a street where Jews might be,
Assigned to them and given them for their own
By a great Lord, for gain and usury,
Hateful to Christ and to his company ;
And through this street who list might ride and wend ;
Free was it, and unbarred at either end.

40

VII

' A little school of Christian people stood
Down at the farther end, in which there were
A nest of children come of Christian blood,
That learnèd in that school from year to year
Such sort of doctrine as men usèd there,
That is to say, to sing and read alsò,
As little children in their childhood do.

VIII

' Among these children was a Widow's son,
A little scholar, scarcely seven years old,
Who day by day unto this school hath gone,
And eke, when he the image did behold
Of Jesu's Mother, as he had been told,
This Child was wont to kneel adown and say
Ave Marie, as he goeth by the way.

50

IX

'This Widow thus her little Son hath taught
Our blissful Lady, Jesu's Mother dear,
To worship aye, and he forgat it not ;
For simple infant hath a ready ear. 60
Sweet is the holiness of youth : and hence,
Calling to mind this matter when I may,
Saint Nicholas in my presence standeth aye,
For he so young to Christ did reverence.

X

'This little Child, while in the school he sate
His Primer conning with an earnest cheer,
The whilst the rest their anthem-book repeat
The *Alma Redemptoris* did he hear ;
And as he durst he drew him near and near,
And hearkened to the words and to the note, 70
Till the first verse he learned it all by rote.

XI

'This Latin knew he nothing what it said,
For he too tender was of age to know ;
But to his comrade he repaired, and prayed
That he the meaning of this song would show,
And unto him declare why men sing so ;
This oftentimes, that he might be at ease,
This child did him beseech on his bare knees.

XII

'His Schoolfellow, who elder was than he,
Answered him thus :—" This song, I have heard say, 80
Was fashioned for our blissful Lady free ;
Her to salute, and also her to pray
To be our help upon our dying day :
If there is more in this, I know it not ;
Song do I learn,—small grammar I have got."

XIII

" And is this song fashioned in reverence
Of Jesu's Mother ? " said this Innocent ;
" Now, certès, I will use my diligence
To con it all ere Christmas-tide be spent ;
Although I for my Primer shall be shent, 90
And shall be beaten three times in an hour,
Our Lady I will praise with all my power."

XIV

‘His Schoolfellow, whom he had so besought,
 As they went homeward taught him privily
 And then he sang it well and fearlessly,
 From word to word according to the note :
 Twice in a day it passèd through his throat ;
 Homeward and schoolward whensoe’er he went,
 On Jesu’s Mother fixed was his intent.

XV

‘Through all the Jewry (this before said I) 100
 This little Child, as he came to and fro,
 Full merrily then would he sing and cry,
O Alma Redemptoris ! high and low :
 The sweetness of Christ’s Mother piercèd so
 His heart, that her to praise, to her to pray,
 He cannot stop his singing by the way.

XVI

‘The Serpent, Satan, our first foe, that hath
 His wasp’s nest in Jew’s heart, upswelled—“O woe,
 O Hebrew people !” said he in his wrath,
 “Is it an honest thing ? Shall this be so ? 110
 That such a Boy where’er he lists shall go
 In your despite, and sings his hymns and saws,
 Which is against the reverence of our laws !”

XVII

‘From that day forward have the Jews conspired
 Out of the world this Innocent to chase ;
 And to this end a Homicide they hired,
 That in an alley had a privy place,
 And, as the Child ’gan to the school to pace,
 This cruel Jew him seized, and held him fast
 And cut his throat, and in a pit him cast. 120

XVIII

‘I say that him into a pit they threw,
 A loathsome pit, whence noisome scents exhale ;
 O cursed folk ! away, ye Herods new !
 What may your ill intentions you avail ?
 Murder will out ; certès it will not fail ;
 Know, that the honour of high God may spread,
 The blood cries out on your accursèd deed.

XIX

'O Martyr 'stablished in virginity!
Now may'st thou sing for aye before the throne,
Following the Lamb celestial,' quoth she, 130
'Of which the great Evangelist, Saint John,
In Patmos wrote, who saith of them that go
Before the Lamb singing continually,
That never fleshly woman they did know.

XX

'Now this poor widow waiteth all that night
After her little Child, and he came not;
For which, by earliest glimpse of morning light,
With face all pale with dread and busy thought,
She at the School and elsewhere him hath sought,
Until thus far she learned, that he had been 140
In the Jew's street, and there he last was seen.

XXI

'With Mother's pity in her breast enclosed
She goeth, as she were half out of her mind,
To every place wherein she hath supposed
By likelihood her little Son to find;
And ever on Christ's Mother meek and kind
She cried, till to the Jewry she was brought,
And him among the accursèd Jews she sought.

XXII

'She asketh, and she piteously doth pray
To every Jew that dwelleth in that place 150
To tell her if her child had passed that way;
They all said—Nay; but Jesu of his grace
Gave to her thought, that in a little space
She for her Son in that same spot did cry
Where he was cast into a pit hard by.

XXIII

'O thou great God that dost perform thy laud
By mouths of Innocents, lo! here thy might;
This gem of chastity, this emerald,
And eke of martyrdom this ruby bright,
There, where with mangled throat he lay upright, 160
The *Alma Redemptoris* 'gan to sing
So loud, that with his voice the place did ring.

XXIV

‘The Christian folk that through the Jewry went
 Come to the spot in wonder at the thing ;
 And hastily they for the Provost sent ;
 Immediately he came, not tarrying,
 And praiseth Christ that is our heavenly King,
 And eke his Mother, honour of Mankind :
 Which done, he bade that they the Jews should bind.

XXV

‘This Child with piteous lamentation then 170
 Was taken up, singing his song alway ;
 And with procession great and pomp of men
 To the next Abbey him they bare away ;
 His Mother swooning by the body lay :
 And scarcely could the people that were near
 Remove this second Rachel from the bier.

XXVI

‘Torment and shameful death to every one
 This Provost doth for those bad Jews prepare
 That of this murder wist, and that anon :
 Such wickedness his judgments cannot spare ; 180
 Who will do evil, evil shall he bear ;
 Them therefore with wild horses did he draw,
 And after that he hung them by the law.

XXVII

‘Upon his bier this Innocent doth lie
 Before the altar while the Mass doth last :
 The Abbot with his convent’s company
 Then sped themselves to bury him full fast ;
 And, when they holy water on him cast,
 Yet spake this Child when sprinkled was the water ;
 And sang, O *Alma Redemptoris Mater* ! 190

XXVIII

‘This Abbot, for he was a holy man,
 As all Monks are, or surely ought to be,
 In supplication to the Child began
 Thus saying, “ O dear Child ! I summon thee
 In virtue of the holy Trinity
 Tell me the cause why thou dost sing this hymn,
 Since that thy throat is cut, as it doth seem.”

XXIX

“My throat is cut unto the bone, I trow,”
Said this young Child, “and by the law of kind
I should have died, yea many hours ago ; 200
But Jesus Christ, as in the books ye find,
Will that his glory last, and be in mind ;
And, for the worship of his Mother dear,
Yet may I sing, O *Alma* ! loud and clear.

XXX

“This well of mercy, Jesu’s Mother sweet,
After my knowledge I have loved alway ;
And in the hour when I my death did meet
To me she came, and thus to me did say,
‘Thou in thy dying sing this holy lay,’
As ye have heard ; and soon as I had sung 210
Methought she laid a grain upon my tongue.

XXXI

“Wherefore I sing, nor can from song refrain,
In honour of that blissful Maiden free,
Till from my tongue off-taken is the grain ;
And after that thus said she unto me ;
‘My little Child, then will I come for thee
Soon as the grain from off thy tongue they take :
Be not dismayed, I will not thee forsake !’”

XXXII

‘This holy Monk, this Abbot—him mean I,
Touched then his tongue, and took away the grain ; 220
And he gave up the ghost full peacefully ;
And, when the Abbot had this wonder seen,
His salt tears trickled down like showers of rain ;
And on his face he dropped upon the ground,
And still he lay as if he had been bound.

XXXIII

‘Eke the whole Convent on the pavement lay,
Weeping and praising Jesu’s Mother dear ;
And after that they rose, and took their way,
And lifted up this Martyr from the bier,
And in a tomb of precious marble clear 230
Enclosed his uncorrupted body sweet.—
Where’er he be, God grant us him to meet !

XXXIV

'Young Hew of Lincoln! in like sort laid low
 By cursèd Jews—thing well and widely known,
 For it was done a little while ago—
 Pray also thou for us, while here we tarry
 Weak sinful folk, that God, with pitying eye,
 In mercy would his mercy multiply
 On us, for reverence of his Mother Mary!'

1801

II

THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE

I

THE God of Love—*ah, benedicite!*
 How mighty and how great a Lord is he!
 For he of low hearts can make high, of high
 He can make low, and unto death bring nigh;
 And hard hearts he can make them kind and free.

II

Within a little time, as hath been found,
 He can make sick folk whole and fresh and sound:
 Them who are whole in body and in mind,
 He can make sick,—bind can he and unbind
 All that he will have bound, or have unbound.

10

III

To tell his might my wit may not suffice;
 Foolish men he can make them out of wise;—
 For he may do all that he will devise;
 Loose livers he can make abate their vice,
 And proud hearts can make tremble in a trice.

IV

In brief, the whole of what he will, he may;
 Against him dare not any wight say nay;
 To humble or afflict whome'er he will,
 To gladden or to grieve, he hath like skill;
 But most his might he sheds on the eve of May.

20

V

For every true heart, gentle heart and free,
 That with him is, or thinketh so to be,
 Now against May shall have some stirring—whether
 To joy, or be it to some mourning ; never !
 At other time, methinks, in like degree.

VI

For now when they may hear the small birds' song,
 And see the budding leaves the branches throng,
 This unto their remembrance doth bring
 All kinds of pleasure mix'd with sorrowing ;
 And longing of sweet thoughts that ever long. 30

VII

And of that longing heaviness doth come,
 Whence oft great sickness grows of heart and home ;
 Sick are they all for lack of their desire ;
 And thus in May their hearts are set on fire,
 So that they burn forth in great martyrdom.

VIII

In sooth, I speak from feeling, what though now
 Old am I, and to genial pleasure slow ;
 Yet have I felt of sickness through the May,
 Both hot and cold, and heart-aches every day,—
 How hard, alas ! to bear, I only know. 40

IX

Such shaking doth the fever in me keep
 Through all this May that I have little sleep ;
 And also 'tis not likely unto me,
 That any living heart should sleepy be
 In which Love's dart its fiery point doth steep.

X

But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,
 I of a token thought which Lovers heed ;
 How among them it was a common tale,
 That it was good to hear the Nightingale,
 Ere the vile Cuckoo's note be utterèd. 50

XI

And then I thought anon as it was day,
I gladly would go somewhere to essay
If I perchance a Nightingale might hear,
For yet had I heard none, of all that year,
And it was then the third night of the May.

XII

And soon as I a glimpse of day espied,
No longer would I in my bed abide,
But straightway to a wood that was hard by,
Forth did I go, alone and fearlessly,
And held the pathway down by a brook-side ; 60

XIII

Till to a lawn I came all white and green,
I in so fair a one had never been.
The ground was green, with daisy powdered over ;
Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty cover,
All green and white ; and nothing else was seen.

XIV

There sate I down among the fair fresh flowers,
And saw the birds come tripping from their bowers,
Where they had rested them all night ; and they,
Who were so joyful at the light of day,
Began to honour May with all their powers. 70

XV

Well did they know that service all by rote,
And there was many and many a lovely note,
Some, singing loud, as if they had complained ;
Some with their notes another manner feigned ;
And some did sing all out with the full throat.

XVI

They pruned themselves, and made themselves right
gay,
Dancing and leaping light upon the spray ;
And ever two and two together were,
The same as they had chosen for the year,
Upon Saint Valentine's returning day. 80

XVII

Meanwhile the stream, whose bank I sate upon,
 Was making such a noise as it ran on
 Accordant to the sweet Birds' harmony;
 Methought that it was the best melody
 Which ever to man's ear a passage won.

XVIII

And for delight, but how I never wot,
 I in a slumber and a swoon was caught,
 Not all asleep and yet not waking wholly;
 And as I lay, the Cuckoo, bird unholy,
 Broke silence, or I heard him in my thought. 90

XIX

And that was right upon a tree fast by,
 And who was then ill satisfied but I?
 Now, God, quoth I, that died upon the rood,
 From thee and thy base throat, keep all that's good,
 Full little joy have I now of thy cry.

XX

And, as I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan chide,
 In the next bush that was me fast beside,
 I heard the lusty Nightingale so sing,
 That her clear voice made a loud rioting,
 Echoing thorough all the green wood wide. 100

XXI

Ah! good sweet Nightingale! for my heart's cheer,
 Hence hast thou stayed a little while too long;
 For we have had the sorry Cuckoo here,
 And she hath been before thee with her song;
 Evil light on her! she hath done me wrong.

XXII

But hear you now a wondrous thing, I pray;
 As long as in that swooning-fit I lay,
 Methought I wist right well what these birds meant,
 And had good knowing both of their intent,
 And of their speech, and all that they would say. 110

XXIII

The Nightingale thus in my hearing spake :—
Good Cuckoo, seek some other bush or brake,
And, prithee, let us that can sing dwell here ;
For every wight eschews thy song to hear,
Such uncouth singing verily dost thou make.

XXIV

What ! quoth she then, what is 't that ails thee now ?
It seems to me I sing as well as thou ;
For mine 's a song that is both true and plain,—
Although I cannot quaver so in vain
As thou dost in thy throat, I wot not how.

120

XXV

All men may understanding have of me,
But, Nightingale, so may they not of thee ;
For thou hast many a foolish and quaint cry :—
Thou say'st OSEE, OSEE, then how may I
Have knowledge, I thee pray, what this may be ?

XXVI

Ah, fool ! quoth she, wist thou not what it is ?
Oft as I say OSEE, OSEE, I wis,
Then mean I, that I should be wondrous fain
That shamefully they one and all were slain,
Whoever against Love mean aught amiss.

130

XXVII

And also would I that they all were dead,
Who do not think in love their life to lead ;
For who is loth the God of Love to obey,
Is only fit to die, I dare well say,
And for that cause OSEE I cry ; take heed !

XXVIII

Ay, quoth the Cuckoo, that is a quaint law,
That all must love or die ; but I withdraw,
And take my leave of all such company,
For mine intent it neither is to die,
Nor ever while I live Love's yoke to draw.

140

XXIX

For lovers, of all folk that be alive,
 The most disquiet have and least do thrive;
 Most feeling have of sorrow, woe and care,
 And the least welfare cometh to their share;
 What need is there against the truth to strive?

XXX

What! quoth she, thou art all out of thy mind,
 That in thy churlishness a cause canst find
 To speak of Love's true Servants in this mood;
 For in this world no service is so good
 To every wight that gentle is of kind. 150

XXXI

For thereof comes all goodness and all worth;
 All gentleness and honour thence come forth;
 Thence worship comes, content and true heart's
 pleasure,
 And full-assured trust, joy without measure,
 And jollity, fresh cheerfulness, and mirth;

XXXII

And bounty, lowliness, and courtesy,
 And seemliness, and faithful company,
 And dread of shame that will not do amiss;
 For he that faithfully Love's servant is,
 Rather than be disgraced, would chuse to die. 160

XXXIII

And that the very truth it is which I
 Now say—in such belief I'll live and die;
 And Cuckoo, do thou so, by my advice.
 Then, quoth she, let me never hope for bliss,
 If with that counsel I do e'er comply.

XXXIV

Good Nightingale! thou speakest wondrous fair,
 Yet for all that, the truth is found elsewhere;
 For Love in young folk is but rage, I wis;
 And Love in old folk a great dotage is;
 Who most it useth, him 'twill most impair. 170

XXXV

For thereof come all contraries to gladness;
 Thence sickness comes, and overwhelming sadness,
 Mistrust and jealousy, despite, debate,
 Dishonour, shame, envy importunate,
 Pride, anger, mischief, poverty, and madness.

XXXVI

Loving is aye an office of despair,
 And one thing is therein which is not fair;
 For whoso gets of love a little bliss,
 Unless it alway stay with him, I wis
 He may full soon go with an old man's hair.

180

XXXVII

And, therefore, Nightingale! do thou keep nigh,
 For trust me well, in spite of thy quaint cry,
 If long time from thy mate thou be, or far,
 Thou'lt be as others that forsaken are;
 Then shalt thou raise a clamour as do I.

XXXVIII

Fie, quoth she, on thy name, Bird ill beseen!
 The God of Love afflict thee with all teen,
 For thou art worse than mad a thousand fold;
 For many a one hath virtues manifold,
 Who had been nought, if Love had never been.

190

XXXIX

For evermore his servants Love amendeth,
 And he from every blemish them defendeth;
 And maketh them to burn, as in a fire,
 In loyalty, and worshipful desire,
 And, when it likes him, joy enough them sendeth.

XL

Thou Nightingale! the Cuckoo said, be still,
 For Love no reason hath but his own will;—
 For to th' untrue he oft gives ease and joy;
 True lovers doth so bitterly annoy,
 He lets them perish through that grievous ill.

200

XLI

With such a master would I never be ;¹
 For he, in sooth, is blind, and may not see,
 And knows not when he hurts and when he heals ;
 Within this court full seldom Truth avails,
 So diverse in his wilfulness is he.

XLII

Then of the Nightingale did I take note,
 How from her inmost heart a sigh she brought,
 And said, Alas ! that ever I was born,
 Not one word have I now, I am so forlorn,—
 And with that word, she into tears burst out. 210

XLIII

Alas, alas ! my very heart will break,
 Quoth she, to hear this churlish bird thus speak
 Of Love, and of his holy services ;
 Now, God of Love ! thou help me in some wise,
 That vengeance on this Cuckoo I may wreak.

XLIV

And so methought I started up anon,
 And to the brook I ran and got a stone,
 Which at the Cuckoo hardily I cast,
 And he for dread did fly away full fast ;
 And glad, in sooth, was I when he was gone. 220

XLV

And as he flew, the Cuckoo, ever and aye,
 Kept crying, ' Farewell !—farewell, Popinjay !'
 As if in scornful mockery of me ;
 And on I hunted him from tree to tree,
 Till he was far, all out of sight, away.

XLVI

Then straightway came the Nightingale to me,
 And said, Forsooth, my friend, do I thank thee,
 That thou wert near to rescue me ; and now,
 Unto the God of Love I make a vow,
 That all this May I will thy songstress be. 230

¹ From a manuscript in the Bodleian, as are also stanzas 44 and 45, which are necessary to complete the sense.

XLVII

Well satisfied, I thanked her, and she said,
 By this mishap no longer be dismayed,
 Though thou the Cuckoo heard, ere thou heard'st me ;
 Yet if I live it shall amended be,
 When next May comes, if I am not afraid.

XLVIII

And one thing will I counsel thee also,
 The Cuckoo trust not thou, nor his Love's saw ;
 All that she said is an outrageous lie.
 Nay, nothing shall me bring thereto, quoth I,
 For Love, and it hath done me mighty woe.

240

XLIX

Yea, hath it ? use, quoth she, this medicine ;
 This May-time, every day before thou dine,
 Go look on the fresh daisy ; then say I,
 Although for pain thou may'st be like to die,
 Thou wilt be eased, and less wilt droop and pine.

L

And mind always that thou be good and true,
 And I will sing one song, of many new,
 For love of thee, as loud as I may cry ;
 And then did she begin this song full high,
 ' Beshrew all them that are in love untrue.'

250

LI

And soon as she had sung it to the end,
 Now farewell, quoth she, for I hence must wend ;
 And God of Love, that can right well and may,
 Send unto thee as mickle joy this day,
 As ever he to Lover yet did send.

LII

Thus takes the Nightingale her leave of me ;
 I pray to God with her always to be,
 And joy of love to send her evermore ;
 And shield us from the Cuckoo and her lore,
 For there is not so false a bird as she.

260

LIII

Forth then she flew, the gentle Nightingale,
 To all the Birds that lodged within that dale,
 And gathered each and all into one place;
 And them besought to hear her doleful case,
 And thus it was that she began her tale.

LIV

The Cuckoo—'tis not well that I should hide
 How she and I did each the other chide,
 And without ceasing, since it was daylight;
 And now I pray you all to do me right
 Of that false Bird whom Love can not abide.

270

LV

Then spake one Bird, and full assent all gave;
 This matter asketh counsel good as grave,
 For birds we are—all here together brought;
 And, in good sooth, the Cuckoo here is not;
 And therefore we a Parliament will have.

LVI

And thereat shall the Eagle be our Lord,
 And other Peers whose names are on record;
 A summons to the Cuckoo shall be sent,
 And judgment there be given; or that intent
 Failing, we finally shall make accord.

280

LVII

And all this shall be done, without a nay,
 The morrow after Saint Valentine's day,
 Under a maple that is well beseen,
 Before the chamber-window of the Queen,
 At Woodstock, on the meadow green and gay.

LVIII

She thankèd them; and then her leave she took,
 And flew into a hawthorn by that brook;
 And there she sate and sung—upon that tree—
 'For term of life Love shall have hold of me'—
 So loudly, that I with that song awoke.

290

Unlearned Book and rude, as well I know,
 For beauty thou hast none, nor eloquence,
 Who did on thee the hardness bestow
 To appear before my Lady? but a sense
 Thou surely hast of her benevolence,
 Whereof her hourly bearing proof doth give;
 For of all good she is the best alive.

Alas, poor Book! for thy unworthiness,
 To show to her some pleasant meanings writ
 In winning words, since through her gentleness, 300
 Thee she accepts as for her service fit!
 Oh! it repents me I have neither wit
 Nor leisure unto thee more worth to give;
 For of all good she is the best alive.

Beseech her meekly with all lowliness,
 Though I be far from her I reverence,
 To think upon my truth and steadfastness,
 And to abridge my sorrow's violence,
 Caused by the wish, as knows your sapience,
 She of her liking proof to me would give; 310
 For of all good she is the best alive.

L'ENVOY

Pleasure's Aurora, Day of gladness!
 Luna by night, with heavenly influence
 Illumined! root of beauty and goodness,
 Write, and allay, by your beneficence,
 My sighs breathed forth in silence,—comfort give!
 Since of all good you are the best alive.

EXPLICIT

III

TROILUS AND CRESIDA

NEXT morning Troilus began to clear
 His eyes from sleep, at the first break of day,
 And unto Pandarus, his own Brother dear,
 For love of God, full piteously did say,
 We must the Palace see of Cresida;
 For since we yet may have no other feast,
 Let us behold her Palace at the least!

And therewithal to cover his intent
A cause he found into the Town to go,
And they right forth to Cresid's Palace went ; 10
But, Lord, this simple Troilus was woe,
Him thought his sorrowful heart would break in two ;
For when he saw her doors fast bolted all,
Well nigh for sorrow down he 'gan to fall.

Therewith when this true Lover 'gan behold,
How shut was every window of the place,
Like frost he thought his heart was icy cold ;
For which, with changèd, pale, and deadly face,
Without word uttered, forth he 'gan to pace ;
And on his purpose bent so fast to ride, 20
That no wight his continuance espied.

Then said he thus,—O Palace desolate !
O house of houses, once so richly dight !
O Palace empty and disconsolate !
Thou lamp of which extinguished is the light ;
O Palace, whilom day, that now art night,
Thou ought'st to fall and I to die ; since she
Is gone who held us both in sovereignty.

O, of all houses once the crownèd boast !
Palace illumined with the sun of bliss ; 30
O ring of which the ruby now is lost,
O cause of woe, that cause has been of bliss :
Yet, since I may no better, would I kiss
Thy cold doors ; but I dare not for this rout ;
Farewell, thou shrine of which the Saint is out !

Therewith he cast on Pandarus an eye,
With changèd face, and piteous to behold ;
And when he might his time aright espy,
Aye as he rode, to Pandarus he told
Both his new sorrow and his joys of old, 40
So piteously, and with so dead a hue,
That every wight might on his sorrow rue.

Forth from the spot he rideth up and down,
And everything to his remembrance
Came as he rode by places of the town
Where he had felt such perfect pleasure once.
Lo, yonder saw I mine own Lady dance,
And in that Temple she with her bright eyes,
My Lady dear, first bound me captive-wise.

And yonder with joy-smitten heart have I
Heard my own Cresid's laugh ; and once at play
I yonder saw her eke full blissfully ;
And yonder once she unto me 'gan say—
Now, my sweet Troilus, love me well, I pray !
And there so graciously did me behold,
That hers unto the death my heart I hold.

50

And at the corner of that self-same house
Heard I my most belovèd Lady dear,
So womanly, with voice melodious
Singing so well, so goodly, and so clear,
That in my soul methinks I yet do hear
The blissful sound ; and in that very place
My Lady first me took unto her grace.

60

O blissful God of Love ! then thus he cried,
When I the process have in memory,
How thou hast wearied me on every side,
Men thence a book might make, a history ;
What need to seek a conquest over me,
Since I am wholly at thy will ? what joy
Hast thou thy own liege subjects to destroy ?

70

Dread Lord ! so fearful when provoked, thine ire
Well hast thou wreaked on me by pain and grief ;
Now mercy, Lord ! thou know'st well I desire
Thy grace above all pleasures first and chief ;
And live and die I will in thy belief ;
For which I ask for guerdon but one boon,
That Cresida again thou send me soon.

Constrain her heart as quickly to return,
As thou dost mine with longing her to see,
Then know I well that she would not sojourn.
Now, blissful Lord, so cruel do not be
Unto the blood of Troy, I pray of thee,
As Juno was unto the Theban blood,
From whence to Thebes came griefs in multitude.

80

And after this he to the gate did go
Whence Cresid rode, as if in haste she was ;
And up and down there went, and to and fro,
And to himself full oft he said, alas !
From hence my hope and solace forth did pass.
O would the blissful God now for his joy,
I might her see again coming to Troy !

90

And up to yonder hill was I her guide ;
Alas, and there I took of her my leave ;
Yonder I saw her to her Father ride,
For very grief of which my heart shall cleave ;—
And hither home I came when it was eve ;
And here I dwell an outcast from all joy,
And shall, unless I see her soon in Troy.

And of himself did he imagine oft,
That he was blighted, pale, and waxen less 100
Than he was wont ; and that in whispers soft
Men said, what may it be, can no one guess
Why Troilus hath all this heaviness ?
All which he of himself conceited wholly
Out of his weakness and his melancholy.

Another time he took into his head,
That every wight, who in the way passed by,
Had of him ruth, and fancied that they said,
I am right sorry Troilus will die :
And thus a day or two drove wearily ; 110
As ye have heard ; such life 'gan he to lead
As one that standeth betwixt hope and dread.

For which it pleased him in his songs to show
The occasion of his woe, as best he might ;
And made a fitting song, of words but few,
Somewhat his woeful heart to make more light ;
And when he was removed from all men's sight,
With a soft voice, he of his Lady dear,
That absent was, 'gan sing as ye may hear.

O star, of which I lost have all the light, 120
With a sore heart well ought I to bewail,
That ever dark in torment, night by night,
Toward my death with wind I steer and sail ;
For which upon the tenth night if thou fail
With thy bright beams to guide me but one hour,
My ship and me Charybdis will devour.

As soon as he this song had thus sung through,
He fell again into his sorrows old ;
And every night, as was his wont to do,
Troilus stood the bright moon to behold ; 130
And all his trouble to the moon he told,
And said : I wis, when thou art horn'd anew,
I shall be glad if all the world be true.

Thy horns were old as now upon that morrow,
When hence did journey my bright Lady dear,
That cause is of my torment and my sorrow ;
For which, oh, gentle Luna, bright and clear,
For love of God, run fast above thy sphere ;
For when thy horns begin once more to spring,
Then shall she come, that with her bliss may bring. 140

The day is more, and longer every night
Than they were wont to be—for he thought so ;
And that the sun did take his course not right,
By longer way than he was wont to go ;
And said, I am in constant dread I trow,
That Phæton his son is yet alive,
His too fond father's car amiss to drive.

Upon the walls fast also would he walk,
To the end that he the Grecian host might see ;
And ever thus he to himself would talk :— 150
Lo! yonder is my own bright Lady free ;
Or yonder is it that the tents must be ;
And thence does come this air which is so sweet,
That in my soul I feel the joy of it.

And certainly this wind, that more and more
By moments thus increaseth in my face,
Is of my Lady's sighs heavy and sore ;
I prove it thus ; for in no other space
Of all this town, save only in this place,
Feel I a wind, that soundeth so like pain ; 160
It saith, Alas, why severed are we twain ?

A weary while in pain he tosseth thus,
Till fully passed and gone was the ninth night ;
And ever at his side stood Pandarus,
Who busily made use of all his might
To comfort him, and make his heart more light ;
Giving him always hope, that she the morrow
Of the tenth day will come, and end his sorrow. 1801

POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD
OF OLD AGE

I

THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR

THE class of Beggars, to which the Old Man here described belongs, will probably soon be extinct. It consisted of poor, and, mostly, old and infirm persons, who confined themselves to a stated round in their neighbourhood, and had certain fixed days, on which, at different houses, they regularly received alms, sometimes in money, but mostly in provisions.

I SAW an aged Beggar in my walk ;
 And he was seated, by the highway side,
 On a low structure of rude masonry
 Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they
 Who lead their horses down the steep rough road
 May thence remount at ease. The aged Man
 Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone
 That overlays the pile ; and, from a bag
 All white with flour, the dole of village dames,
 He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one ; 10
 And scanned them with a fixed and serious look
 Of idle computation. In the sun,
 Upon the second step of that small pile,
 Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,
 He sat, and ate his food in solitude :
 And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,
 That, still attempting to prevent the waste,
 Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers
 Fell on the ground ; and the small mountain birds,
 Not venturing yet to peck their destined meal, 20
 Approached within the length of half his staff.

Him from my childhood have I known ; and then
 He was so old, he seems not older now ;
 He travels on, a solitary Man,
 So helpless in appearance, that for him
 The sauntering Horseman throws not with a slack
 And careless hand his alms upon the ground,
 But stops,—that he may safely lodge the coin
 Within the old Man's hat ; nor quits him so,

But still, when he has given his horse the rein, 30
 Watches the aged Beggar with a look
 Sidelong, and half-reverted. She who tends
 The toll-gate, when in summer at her door
 She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees
 The aged Beggar coming, quits her work,
 And lifts the latch for him that he may pass.
 The post-boy, when his rattling wheels o'ertake
 The aged Beggar in the woody lane,
 Shouts to him from behind; and, if thus warned
 The old man does not change his course, the boy 40
 Turns with less noisy wheels to the roadside,
 And passes gently by, without a curse
 Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.

He travels on, a solitary Man;
 His age has no companion. On the ground
 His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,
They move along the ground; and, evermore,
 Instead of common and habitual sight
 Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,
 And the blue sky, one little span of earth 50
 Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,
 Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,
 He plies his weary journey; seeing still,
 And seldom knowing that he sees, some straw,
 Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track,
 The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left
 Impressed on the white road,—in the same line,
 At distance still the same. Poor Traveller!
 His staff trails with him; scarcely do his feet
 Disturb the summer dust; he is so still 60
 In look and motion, that the cottage curs,
 Ere he has passed the door, will turn away,
 Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,
 The vacant and the busy, maids and youths,
 And urchins newly breeched—all pass him by:
 Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves behind.

But deem not this Man useless.—Statesmen! ye
 Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye
 Who have a broom still ready in your hands
 To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,
 Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye contemplate 70
 Your talents, power, or wisdom, deem him not
 A burthen of the earth! 'Tis nature's law
 That none, the meanest of created things,

Of forms created the most vile and brute,
 The dullest or most noxious, should exist
 Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,
 A life and soul, to every mode of being
 Inseparably linked. Then be assured
 That least of all can aught—that ever owned 80
 The heaven-regarding eye and front sublime
 Which man is born to—sink, howe'er depressed,
 So low as to be scorned without a sin;
 Without offence to God cast out of view;
 Like the dry remnant of a garden-flower
 Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement
 Worn out and worthless. While from door to door,
 This old Man creeps, the villagers in him
 Behold a record which together binds
 Past deeds and offices of charity, 90
 Else unremembered, and so keeps alive
 The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,
 And that half-wisdom half-experience gives,
 Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign
 To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.
 Among the farms and solitary huts,
 Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,
 Where'er the aged Beggar takes his rounds,
 The mild necessity of use compels
 To acts of love; and habit does the work 100
 Of reason; yet prepares that after-joy
 Which reason cherishes. And thus the soul,
 By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,
 Doth find herself insensibly disposed
 To virtue and true goodness.

Some there are,
 By their good works exalted, lofty minds
 And meditative, authors of delight
 And happiness, which to the end of time
 Will live, and spread, and kindle: even such minds
 In childhood, from this solitary Being, 110
 Or from like wanderer, haply have received
 (A thing more precious far than all that books
 Or the solitudes of love can do!)
 That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,
 In which they found their kindred with a world
 Where want and sorrow were. The easy man
 Who sits at his own door,—and, like the pear
 That overhangs his head from the green wall,
 Feeds in the sunshine; the robust and young,
 The prosperous and unthinking, they who live 120

Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove
 Of their own kindred ;—all behold in him
 A silent monitor, which on their minds
 Must needs impress a transitory thought
 Of self-congratulation, to the heart
 Of each recalling his peculiar boons,
 His charters and exemptions ; and, perchance,
 Though he to no one give the fortitude
 And circumspection needful to preserve
 His present blessings, and to husband up 130
 The respite of the season, he, at least,
 And 'tis no vulgar service, makes them felt.

Yet further.—Many, I believe, there are
 Who live a life of virtuous decency,
 Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel
 No self-reproach ; who of the moral law
 Established in the land where they abide
 Are strict observers ; and not negligent
 In acts of love to those with whom they dwell,
 Their kindred, and the children of their blood. 140
 Praise be to such, and to their slumbers peace !
 —But of the poor man ask, the abject poor ;
 Go, and demand of him, if there be here
 In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,
 And these inevitable charities,
 Wherewith to satisfy the human soul ?
 No—man is dear to man ; the poorest poor
 Long for some moments in a weary life
 When they can know and feel that they have been,
 Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-out 150
 Of some small blessings ; have been kind to such
 As needed kindness, for this single cause,
 That we have all of us one human heart.
 —Such pleasure is to one kind Being known,
 My neighbour, when with punctual care, each week,
 Duly as Friday comes, though pressed herself
 By her own wants, she from her store of meal
 Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip
 Of this old Mendicant, and, from her door
 Returning with exhilarated heart, 160
 Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in heaven.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !
 And while in that vast solitude to which
 The tide of things has borne him, he appears
 To breathe and live but for himself alone,

Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about
 The good which the benignant law of Heaven
 Has hung around him : and, while life is his,
 Still let him prompt the unlettered villagers
 To tender offices and pensive thoughts. 170
 —Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !
 And, long as he can wander, let him breathe
 The freshness of the valleys ; let his blood
 Struggle with frosty air and winter snows ;
 And let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath
 Beat his grey locks against his withered face.
 Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness
 Gives the last human interest to his heart.
 May never HOUSE, misnamed of INDUSTRY,
 Make him a captive !—for that pent-up din, 180
 Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air,
 Be his the natural silence of old age !
 Let him be free of mountain solitudes ;
 And have around him, whether heard or not,
 The pleasant melody of woodland birds.
 Few are his pleasures : if his eyes have now
 Been doomed so long to settle upon earth
 That not without some effort they behold
 The countenance of the horizontal sun,
 Rising or setting, let the light at least 190
 Find a free entrance to their languid orbs.
 And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit down
 Beneath the trees, or on a grassy bank
 Of highway side, and with the little birds
 Share his chance-gathered meal ; and, finally,
 As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
 So in the eye of Nature let him die !

1797-1798

II

THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE

'TIS not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined,
 The squeamish in taste, and the narrow of mind,
 And the small critic wielding his delicate pen,
 That I sing of old Adam, the pride of old men.

He dwells in the centre of London's wide Town ;
 His staff is a sceptre—his grey hairs a crown ;
 And his bright eyes look brighter, set off by the streak
 Of the unfaded rose that still blooms on his cheek.

'Mid the dews, in the sunshine of morn,—'mid the joy
Of the fields, he collected that bloom, when a boy ; 10
That countenance there fashioned, which, spite of a
stain

That his life hath received, to the last will remain.

A Farmer he was ; and his house far and near
Was the boast of the country for excellent cheer ;
How oft have I heard in sweet Tilsbury Vale
Of the silver-rimmed horn whence he dealt his mild ale !

Yet Adam was far as the farthest from ruin,
His fields seemed to know what their Master was
doing ;

And turnips, and corn-land, and meadow, and lea,
All caught the infection—as generous as he. 20

Yet Adam prized little the feast and the bowl,—
The fields better suited the ease of his soul :
He strayed through the fields like an indolent wight,
The quiet of nature was Adam's delight.

For Adam was simple in thought ; and the poor,
Familiar with him, made an inn of his door :
He gave them the best that he had ; or, to say
What less may mislead you, they took it away.

Thus thirty smooth years did he thrive on his farm :
The Genius of plenty preserved him from harm : 30
At length, what to most is a season of sorrow,
His means are run out,—he must beg, or must borrow.

To the neighbours he went,—all were free with their
money ;

For his hive had so long been replenished with honey,
That they dreamt not of dearth ;—He continued his
rounds,

Knocked here—and knocked there, pounds still adding
to pounds.

He paid what he could with his ill-gotten pelf,
And something, it might be, reserved for himself :
Then (what is too true) without hinting a word,
Turned his back on the country—and off like a bird. 40

You lift up your eyes !—but I guess that you frame
A judgment too harsh of the sin and the shame ;
In him it was scarcely a business of art,
For this he did all in the *ease* of his heart.

To London—a sad emigration I ween—
 With his grey hairs he went from the brook and the
 green;
 And there, with small wealth but his legs and his
 hands,
 As lonely he stood as a crow on the sands.

All trades, as need was, did old Adam assume,—
 Served as stable-boy, errand-boy, porter, and groom; 50
 But nature is gracious, necessity kind,
 And, in spite of the shame that may lurk in his mind,

He seems ten birthdays younger, is green and is stout;
 Twice as fast as before does his blood run about;
 You would say that each hair of his beard was alive,
 And his fingers as busy as bees in a hive.

For he's not like an Old Man that leisurely goes
 About work that he knows, in a track that he knows;
 But often his mind is compelled to demur,
 And you guess that the more then his body must stir.

In the throng of the town like a stranger is he, 61
 Like one whose own country's far over the sea;
 And Nature, while through the great city he hies,
 Full ten times a day takes his heart by surprise.

This gives him the fancy of one that is young,
 More of soul in his face than of words on his tongue,
 Like a maiden of twenty he trembles and sighs,
 And tears of fifteen will come into his eyes.

What's a tempest to him, or the dry parching heats?
 Yet he watches the clouds that pass over the streets;
 With a look of such earnestness often will stand, 71
 You might think he'd twelve reapers at work in the
 Strand.

Where proud Covent-garden, in desolate hours
 Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads her fruits and her
 flowers,
 Old Adam will smile at the pains that have made
 Poor winter look fine in such strange masquerade.

'Mid coaches and chariots, a waggon of straw,
 Like a magnet, the heart of old Adam can draw;
 With a thousand soft pictures his memory will teem,
 And his hearing is touched with the sounds of a dream.

Up the Haymarket hill he oft whistles his way, 81
 Thrusts his hands in a waggon, and smells at the hay ;
 He thinks of the fields he so often hath mown,
 And is happy as if the rich freight were his own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair,—
 If you pass by at morning, you'll meet with him there.
 The breath of the cows you may see him inhale,
 And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury Vale.

Now farewell, old Adam ! when low thou art laid,
 May one blade of grass spring up over thy head ; 90
 And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever it be,
 Will hear the wind sigh through the leaves of a tree.
 1800

III

THE SMALL CELANDINE

THERE is a flower, the lesser Celandine,
 That shrinks, like many more, from cold and
 rain ;

And, the first moment that the sun may shine,
 Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again !

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,
 Or blasts the green field and the trees distrest,
 Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,
 In close self-shelter, like a Thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I passed
 And recognised it, though an altered form, 10
 Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
 And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered voice,
 ' It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold :
 This neither is its courage nor its choice,
 But its necessity in being old.

' The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew ;
 It cannot help itself in its decay ;
 Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue.'
 And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey. 20

To be a Prodigal's Favourite—then, worse truth,
 A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot!
 O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth
 Age might but take the things Youth needed not!

1804

IV

THE TWO THIEVES

OR, THE LAST STAGE OF AVARICE

O NOW that the genius of Bewick were mine,
 And the skill which he learned on the banks of
 the Tyne,

Then the Muses might deal with me just as they chose,
 For I'd take my last leave both of verse and of prose.

What feats would I work with my magical hand!
 Book-learning and books should be banished the land:
 And, for hunger and thirst and such troublesome calls,
 Every ale-house should then have a feast on its walls.

The traveller would hang his wet clothes on a chair;
 Let them smoke, let them burn, not a straw would he
 care!

10

For the Prodigal Son, Joseph's Dream and his sheaves,
 Oh, what would they be to my tale of two Thieves?

The One, yet unbreeched, is not three birthdays old,
 His Grandsire that age more than thirty times told;
 There are ninety good seasons of fair and foul weather
 Between them, and both go a-pilfering together.

With chips is the carpenter strewing his floor?
 Is a cart-load of turf at an old woman's door?
 Old Daniel his hand to the treasure will slide!
 And his Grandson's as busy at work by his side.

20

Old Daniel begins; he stops short—and his eye,
 Through the lost look of dotage, is cunning and sly:
 'Tis a look which at this time is hardly his own,
 But tells a plain tale of the days that are flown.

He once had a heart which was moved by the wires
 Of manifold pleasures and many desires:
 And what if he cherished his purse? 'Twas no more
 Than treading a path trod by thousands before.

'Twas a path trod by thousands ; but Daniel is one
 Who went something farther than others have gone ; 30
 And now with old Daniel you see how it fares ;
 You see to what end he has brought his grey hairs.

The pair sally forth hand in hand : ere the sun
 Has peered o'er the beeches, their work is begun :
 And yet, into whatever sin they may fall,
 This child but half knows it, and that not at all.

They hunt through the streets with deliberate tread,
 And each, in his turn, becomes leader or led ;
 And, wherever they carry their plots and their wiles,
 Every face in the village is dimpled with smiles. 40

Neither checked by the rich nor the needy they roam ;
 For the grey-headed Sire has a daughter at home,
 Who will gladly repair all the damage that 's done ;
 And three, were it asked, would be rendered for one.

Old Man ! whom so oft I with pity have eyed,
 I love thee, and love the sweet Boy at thy side :
 Long yet may'st thou live ! for a teacher we see
 That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee.

Published 1800

V

ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY

THE little hedgerow birds,
 That peck along the road, regard him not.
 He travels on, and in his face, his step,
 His gait, is one expression : every limb,
 His look and bending figure, all bespeak
 A man who does not move with pain, but moves
 With thought.—He is insensibly subdued
 To settled quiet : he is one by whom
 All effort seems forgotten ; one to whom
 Long patience hath such mild composure given, 10
 That patience now doth seem a thing of which
 He hath no need. He is by nature led
 To peace so perfect that the young behold
 With envy, what the Old Man hardly feels.

1793

NOTES

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1803

P. 1. I. DEPARTURE. *From the Vale of Grasmere. August, 1803.*
1811:—The verses that stand foremost among these memorials were not actually written for the occasion, but transplanted from my *Epistle to Sir George Beaumont*.—I. F.

P. 2. II. AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS, 1803 :—At Dumfries.

L. 20. ‘*Glinted*’ :—Cp. Burns, *To a Mountain Daisy*, l. 15 :

Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth !

P. 39, l. 3. *Criffel* :—In Kirkcudbright. Dorothy Wordsworth in her account of this visit to Dumfries (*Journal*, Thursday, Aug. 18, 1803) says : ‘Drayton has prettily described the connection which this neighbourhood has with ours when he makes Skiddaw say :

Scarfell [*Criffel*] from the sky,

That Anadale [*Annandale*] doth crown with a most amorous eye,

Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,

Oft threatening me with clouds, as I oft threatening him !’

[The quotation has been corrected by Prof. Knight.]

L. 50. ‘*Poor Inhabitant below*’ :—Cp. Burns, *A Bard’s Epitaph*, ll. 19-20.

The poor inhabitant below

Was quick to learn and wise to know.

P. 4. *Published* 1842 :—Written according to Wordsworth in 1803, but probably not completed then.

P. 5. III. THOUGHTS. *Suggested the day following, on the banks of Nith, near the poet’s residence. Finished 1839* :—Wordsworth told Miss Fenwick this poem was *felt* at the time of his visit to the grave of Burns, but not composed till many years after. In 1839, in a letter to Henry Reed, he said that he had lately added the concluding stanza.

P. 7. IV. TO THE SONS OF BURNS, *after visiting the grave of their father*, l. 31. ‘*Lonely heights and haws*’ :—Burns, *Epistle to James Smith*, stanza ix.

Ll. 41-42. ‘*Light which leads astray, is light from Heaven*’ :—Burns, *The Vision*, Duan Second, stanza xviii.

L. 48. Written partly in 1803. Stanzas 2, 3, 4, 8 were published in 1807 ; 1, 5, 6, 7 in 1827. In 1820 stanza 3 was omitted ; it was replaced in 1827.

P. 8. V. ELLEN IRWIN: *or, the Braes of Kirtle*. Published 1800:—Written probably after the first edition of *Lyrical Ballads* (1798).

P. 10. VII. GLEN ALMAIN; *or, The Narrow Glen*:—Glenalmond, sometimes spelt Glen Almen, in Perthshire. Cp. *Written in a blank leaf of Macpherson's Ossian*, above, p. 312.

P. 13. IX. THE SOLITARY REAPER, l. 32. The last line of this poem was taken *verbatim* (as Wordsworth stated in a note to the edition of 1807) from a MS. *Tour in Scotland* by his friend Wilkinson, the whole poem being suggested by a description in that MS. (published 1824). The variants in different editions of the poem are interesting. L. 10 was originally 'So sweetly to reposing bands'; l. 13, 'No sweeter voice was ever heard.' Wordsworth altered these lines—the second for the better, the former surely for the worse—from a consciousness of the too great frequency of his use of the epithet 'sweet.' 'Anyhow,' says Mr. Hutchinson (in his edition [1897] of the *Poems in Two Volumes* of 1807) 'in 1827 Wordsworth removed this word from ten places in his poems; in 1832 he removed it from one place; in 1836-37 from ten; in 1840 from one; and in 1845 from three.' L. 29 was altered, in an access of false elegance, from the expressive line, 'I listen'd till I had my fill.'

P. 14. X. ADDRESS TO KILCHURN CASTLE, UPON LOCH AWE. Published 1827:—The first three lines were thrown off at the moment I first caught sight of the Ruin, from a small eminence by the wayside; the rest was added many years after.—I. F.

P. 14. XI. ROB ROY'S GRAVE. INTRODUCTORY NOTE. *Loch Ketterine*:—I have since been told that I was misinformed as to the burial-place of Rob Roy.—I. F. It is in the Kirkton of Balquhiddier, at the lower end of Loch Voil, in Perthshire.

P. 17, l. 95. 'Her present Boast':—Napoleon.

L. 119. A good example of 'second thoughts are best.' In edition 1807 the line is, 'And kindle, like a fire new stirr'd.'

P. 17. XII. SONNET. *Composed at — Castle*:—Neidpath, near Peebles. The 'degenerate Douglas' was the 4th Duke of Queensberry. He 'stripped the wooded demesnes of Neidpath and Drumlanrig (Scott's *Journal*, Aug. 24, 1826; *Letters*, i. pp. 304, 434; ii. 24) in order to furnish a dowry for Maria Fagniani (whom he supposed to be his daughter) on her marriage with the Earl of Yarmouth. Cp. the *Verses on the Destruction of the Woods near Drumlanrig* of Burns, and his *Stanzas on the Duke of Queensberry*. . . . Wordsworth sent to Sir G. Beaumont and Walter Scott respectively copies of this sonnet, beginning:

Now, as I live, I pity that great Lord
Whom pure despite . . .

'In this original shape Scott always recited it, and few lines in the language were more frequently in his mouth (Lockhart, *Life of Sir*

Walter Scott, xii.).'—From Mr. Hutchinson's note in his ed. of *Poems in Two Volumes*, vol. II. p. 179.

P. 18. XIII. YARROW UNVISITED. See *Yarrow Visited*, above, p. 37, and *Yarrow Revisited*, p. 166. Wordsworth's companion was really his sister.

L. 20. *Lintwhites*:—Linnets.

P. 19, l. 35. Cp. in William Hamilton of Bangour's ballad, referred to in the headnote to the poem:

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? As sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

L. 42. Burn-mill meadow was an imaginary name. Cp. *Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott*, vol. I. pp. 28-29.—Prof. Knight.

P. 24. XVII. THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY, l. 59. *Pretty*:—Prof. Knight suggests that Wordsworth 'may have written or meant to write "petty" (a much better word).' But 'petty' would be less appropriate to the style of this narrative, addressed, as it is supposed to be, to a little boy.

L. 67. *Safely*:—Originally 'sweetly.' See note on *The Solitary Reaper*, above, p. 484.

P. 25, l. 91. *Loch Leven*:—The sea-loch of this name, between Argyllshire and Inverness, opening into Loch Linnhe.

LL. 106-110. This and the next eight stanzas replaced (in 1815) the following:

Strong is the current; but be mild,
Ye waves, and spare the helpless Child!
If ye in anger fret or chafe,
A bee-hive would be ship as safe
As that in which he sails.

But say what was it? Thought of fear!
Well may ye tremble when ye hear!
—A Household Tub, like one of those,
Which women use to wash their clothes,
This carried the blind Boy.

Close to the water he had found
This Vessel, push'd it from dry ground,
Went into it; and, without dread,
Following the fancies in his head,
He paddled up and down.

The washing-tub drove the critics to desperation. On Coleridge's suggestion Wordsworth substituted the turtle-shell. (See note at the end of the poem.) Charles Lamb objected to the change. *Letters*, ed. Ainger, i. 283.

P. 26, l. 119. *Amphitrite*:—Wife of Poseidon and goddess of the sea.

L. 122. *Vaga*:—The Latin name for the Wye, the 'wandering' (i.e. winding) river. Cp. Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song vii. :—

Meander, who is said so intricate to bee,

Hath not so many turnes and cranking nookes as shee.

P. 29. *Probably* 1806:—From a letter of Wordsworth to Scott of Jan. 20, 1807, we find that Wordsworth was at that time finishing this poem for publication in the *Poems in Two Volumes*. He asks Scott: 'Could you furnish me, by application to any of your Gaelic friends, a phrase in that language which would take its place in the following verse of eight syllables, and have the following meaning?—

Lega, lega, thus did he cry,

Lega, lega, most eagerly

Thus did he cry, and thus did pray ;

And what he meant was, "Keep away,

And leave me to myself." . . .'

(Quoted in Knight's *Life*, II. (x) p. 107). 'The poem is not given by Dorothy in her *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland*, so that it probably belongs to some date later than 1804.'—Mr. Hutchinson.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1814

P. 31. I. *THE BROWNIE'S CELL*, l. 31. *Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race*:—I.e. as in a MS. version of this line, 'Last of an else extinguished Highland clan,'—the clan of Macfarlane, as Wordsworth mentions in a note to *The Brownie*, a sequel to this poem. Cp. above, p. 177.

P. 32, l. 92. *Nysa's isle*:—Cp. Diodorus Siculus III. 68 (not Bk. III. ch. 4 as Prof. Knight) where, in the course of a long disquisition on the different accounts of the myth of the infancy of Dionysus, this story is given at length. So far as I know, that passage is the only place where Nysa is spoken of as an island, or rather 'a city lying on an island surrounded by the river Triton.' Nysa is usually spoken of as a mountain, as in this same book of Diodorus. The passage in Diod. describes the 'bud and bloom and fruitage' of the place at length; and Wordsworth's description is probably founded on it.

Published 1820:—This and the three following poems were probably composed at about the time of the tour in Scotland in 1814, but only the *Yarrow Visited*, apparently, was ripe for publication in ed. 1815.

The Brownie's Cell and *Composed at Cora Linn* were included in the vol. of 1820; the *Effusion* in ed. 1827. A slight difficulty is connected with the dating of the latter by the Fenwick note, in which Wordsworth says that he 'had seen this celebrated waterfall twice before,' whereas he had only visited Scotland once before 1814. However, as he did not visit Scotland again till long after the poem in question was published, the date of its composition is not affected.

P. 37. III. EFFUSION in the pleasure-ground on the banks of the Bran, near Dunkeld, l. 113. 'The everlasting youth':—Originally 'the eternal youth'; altered in ed. 1837.

P. 37. IV. YARROW VISITED. September 1814:—Cp. *Yarrow Unvisited*, above, p. 18; *Yarrow Revisited*, p. 166.

P. 39, ll. 55-56. 'Newark's Towers' are the scene of Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

POEMS DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY

P. 41. PART I. III. COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS ON THE ROAD LEADING TO ARDRES, AUGUST 7, 1802, l. 1. *Jones*:—This excellent Person, one of my earliest and dearest friends, died in the year 1835. We were undergraduates together of the same year, at the same college; and companions in many a delightful ramble through his own romantic country of North Wales. Much of the latter part of his life he passed in comparative solitude; which I know was often cheered by remembrance of our youthful adventures, and of the beautiful regions which, at home and abroad, we had visited together. Our long friendship was never subject to a moment's interruption,—and while reviewing these volumes for the last time, I have been so often reminded of my loss, with a not unpleasing sadness, that I trust the Reader will excuse this passing mention of a man who well deserves from me something more than so brief a notice. Let me only add, that during the middle part of his life he resided many years (as Incumbent of the Living) at a Parsonage in Oxfordshire, which is the subject of the 7th of the *Miscellaneous Sonnets*, part III.—W.

Footnote to l. 3:—The first anniversary of the capture of the Bastille, and the day of the great meeting in the Champ-de-Mars, at which Louis XVI. and the National Assembly swore fidelity to the constitution.

Ll. 12-14. The sonnet originally ended:

Yet despair

I feel not: happy am I as a Bird:

Fair Seasons yet will come, and hopes as fair.

In ed. 1820, in l. 13, Wordsworth, substituted 'jocund as a warbling bird.' The final reading appeared in ed. 1827, and while being poetically

an improvement, is an indication of Wordsworth's decreasing faith in political progress.

P. 41. IV. 1801. l. 8:—Mr. Hutchinson notes that 'Irregular octaves rarely occur in Wordsworth's earlier sonnets; out of 296 sonnets (1801-1821) there are but eleven instances. After 1821 degenerate forms of octave crowd in'—*Poems in Two Volumes* (ed. 1897, vol. i. p. 202).

P. 42. VI. ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC. Napoleon entered Venice, unresisted, on May 16, 1797, and proclaimed the end of the Republic. In October, by the Treaty of Campo Formio, he handed Venice over to Austria.

P. 42. VII. THE KING OF SWEDEN:—Gustavus IV. Cp. p. 60, No. xx. of the Second Part of these *Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty*.

P. 43. VIII. TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE:—Toussaint L'Ouverture (1746-1803) was a well-educated negro, son of a slave in Hayti. He took a prominent part in the insurrection of the slaves and the free mulattos against the whites, which arose out of the French Revolution and particularly out of the decree of the National Convention (1791), which gave the mulattos the rights of French citizens. This decree was opposed by the whites, who had previously been the ruling class. In 1793 the French Government went further, and enfranchised the slaves. In 1796 Toussaint became commander-in-chief of the army in Hayti, which had in the previous year been entirely ceded to France by Spain, the name St. Domingue being extended from the French colony to the whole island. In 1798 he repelled an English invasion. In 1801 he framed a constitution, intending to govern the island on the model and more or less under the authority of the Napoleonic government; but Napoleon resolved to reduce the island in order to have a free hand in settling both the French and the Spanish parts of it on the conclusion of a general peace. General Leclerc with 25,000 men landed, and after some guerilla warfare captured Toussaint by treachery. He was sent to France and died in prison in April 1803, in the Jura mountains, being allowed neither fire nor doctor.

Ll. 2-4. The changes made in these lines are interesting. Originally:

Whether the rural Milk-maid by her Cow

Sing in thy hearing, or thou liest now

Alone in some deep dungeon's earless den.

The 'rural Milk-maid by her Cow' was no doubt felt to lie open to the scoffs of the critics; for in 1815 Wordsworth published:

Whether the all-cheering Sun be free to shed

His beams around thee, or thou rest thy head

Pillowed in some dark dungeon's noisome den.

In 1820 he returns to the less hackneyed image, with a difference, which substitutes life for something like sentimentality :

Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thou liest now
Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den.

The final text dates from 1827.

P. 44. XII. THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND. Prof. Dowden quotes from a letter of Wordsworth of Sept. 27, 1808: 'The sonnet beginning "Two voices are there," you will remember, is the one which I mentioned to you as being the best I had written.'

P. 45. XIII. WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802, l. 1. *O Friend!*—Coleridge.

P. 45. XV. l. 3. *I.e.* Algernon Sidney (cp. *Eccl. Sonnets*, Part III., No. x. above, p. 268), Andrew Marvell the poet, Harrington the author of *The Commonwealth of Oceana*, etc., Sir Henry Vane the younger, to whom Milton addressed the sonnet 'Vane, young in yeares,' etc.

P. 46. *Published* 1807 :—Very probably written about the same time as the preceding—a note which applies to the two following sonnets also.

P. 46. XVI. l. 4. '*With pomp of waters, unwithstood*':—Daniel, *The Civile Wars*, bk. II. stanza 7 :

And looke, how *Thames*, inricht with many a Flood,
And goodly Rivers (that have made their Graves,
And buried both their names and all their good
Within his greatnes, to augment his waves)
Glides on with pompe of Waters, unwithstood,
Unto the *Ocean* (which his tribute craves)
And lays up all his wealth, within that powre,
Which in it selfe all greatnes doth devowre.

In the original ed. ll. 5-6 ran :

Road by which all might come and go that would,
And bear out freights of worth to foreign lands.

The alteration, far from being an improvement, was made in ed. 1827, and probably was due to Wordsworth's growing timidity of political reform.

P. 47. XIX. *Published* 1807 :—Written probably in Oct. 1803, and probably intended to be covered by the date of the preceding sonnet, which in the original ed. of 1807 was on the opposite page to it, so that both were visible at one glance. The same remarks apply to the two following sonnets.

P. 48. XXIII. TO THE MEN OF KENT. OCTOBER, 1803, l. 11. The 'men of Kent,' *i.e.* the inhabitants of Kent east of the Medway, were

not conquered by the Normans, but, on capitulation, received the confirmation of their charters from the invader. Such at least is the legend; brushed aside, however, by modern scepticism. See Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, vol. III. p. 538.

P. 50. XXVII. NOVEMBER, 1806, l. 2. Prussia was overthrown by the battle of Jena, Oct. 14, 1806.

Ll. 13-14. Wordsworth refers us to Lord Brooke (Fulke Greville), *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*; cp. ch. viii. *ad init.*: 'The stirring spirits sent abroad as fewell, to keep the flame far off: and the effeminate made judges of danger which they fear, and honor which they understand not.' Cp. note on *Ode*, p. 80, l. 122.

P. 52. XXVIII. ODE, l. 62. The creed is apparently that which is summed up in the saying that God helps those who help themselves.

P. 52. PART II. I. ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY. T. Quintius Flamininus defeated Philip v. of Macedon at Cynoscephalæ in Thessaly in B.C. 197; and at the Isthmian Games in 196 proclaimed the independence of Greece.

P. 53. IV. A PROPHECY. FEBRUARY, 1807, l. 4. The German hero (B.C. 18-A.D. 19) who overthrew the Roman army under Varus in A.D. 9, and successfully resisted the efforts of Germanicus (A.D. 14-17) to subdue Germany between the Rhine and the Elbe.

P. 54, l. 10. *Those new-born Kings*:—Twelve German sovereigns who in 1806, by treaty with Napoleon, formed the Confederation of the Rhine under the Protectorate of the Emperor of the French. The Bavarian was Frederick Augustus, Elector of Saxony.

P. 55. IX. HOFER. In Wordsworth's text erroneously spelt Hoffer. Andreas Hofer was an Innkeeper, who led a company of Tyrolese mountaineers against the French in the war of 1796. In 1809 Austria went to war with France and Bavaria, and Hofer's mountaineers did good service. In July the Austrians evacuated the Tyrol. Hofer for a time succeeded in keeping the enemy off, but the Archduke John having ordered the Tyrolese to submit, Hofer's force melted away. He offered his submission, but then, misled by false news of a change in the situation, took up arms again, without success. A price was set on his head, and after a time his hiding-place in the mountains was betrayed. He was taken to Mantua and executed in Jan. 1810. This and the following sonnets (ix.-xv.) were first published in Coleridge's periodical *The Friend*.

P. 57. XIII. l. 8. For the reference to Saragossa and Palafox cp. Sonnets xvi. and xxiii. below.

P. 57. XIV. ll. 1-4. Wordsworth was thinking, as a note in *The Friend* informs us, of Milton [*Paradise Lost*, iv. 266]:

Universal Pan,
Knit with the graces and the hours in dance,
Led on the eternal spring.

P. 58. XVI. In this sonnet I am under some obligations to one of an Italian author, to which I cannot refer.—W.

Zaragoza (in English usually Saragossa) was invested by the French on June 15, 1808, and heroically defended under Palafox (cp. Sonnet xxiii. below). After raising the siege on Aug. 14, the French again invested the town on Dec. 20. It capitulated on Feb. 20, 1809.

P. 59. XVIII. 1810:—This sonnet was presumably written after the death of Andreas Hofer. The reference in ll. 5 foll. is to the battle of the Marchfeld (or of Essling), in which Napoleon was, with great slaughter, prevented by the Archduke Charles from crossing the Danube (May 21-22, 1809). This check was, however, soon removed by the battle of Wagram (July); and Austria accepted ignominious terms by the Treaty of Schönbrunn (Oct. 20). Napoleon married the Arch-Duchess Marie Louise, by proxy, on March 11, 1810.

P. 59. XIX. l. 1. *Brave Schill*:—Ferdinand von Schill (1773-1809), after distinguished service in the Prussian Army before the peace of Tilsit, came forward on the outbreak of the war between Austria and France in 1809 and attempted to raise the Germans against Napoleon. His attempt was a failure, and he was overpowered and killed at Stralsund in trying to retreat with a small force to the Baltic in order to embark for England. (May 31, 1809.)

P. 60. XX. l. 1. *The royal Swede*:—Gustavus iv., who abdicated the throne in 1809. Cp. above, p. 42, No. vii. of Part i. of these *Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty*.

P. 61. XXII. *Probably 1809*:—Prof. Knight thinks, and it seems very probable, that this sonnet refers to the captivity of Palafox, though apparently from the next sonnet Wordsworth did not know in 1810 that Palafox was still in prison. Cp. Sonnet xvi. above, and next note.

P. 61. XXIII. 1810. l. 1. *Palafox*:—‘Don Joseph Palafox-y-Melzi (1780-1847), famed for his stubborn defence of Saragossa, on the surrender of that fortress by the general to whom, owing to illness, he had been compelled to resign the command, was taken prisoner (February 1809) and sent to Vincennes, where he was detained for nearly five years. On the restoration of Ferdinand vii. he was sent back to Madrid, and in 1814 was appointed Captain-General of Arragon; but soon after retired into private life, from which he never again emerged.’—Mr. Hutchinson.

P. 64. XXXI. SPANISH GUERRILLAS. 1811, l. 4. *Paradise Lost*, vi. 233-36:
expert

When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war.

The expression is derived from the Homeric ἀνὰ πολέμοιο γέφυρας, a phrase of much-disputed meaning.

P. 65, l. 10. *Viriathus*:—The celebrated leader of the Lusitanians who waged a guerilla warfare with many successive Roman generals (circa 150-140 B.C.) until he was murdered by some of his own followers for the sake of a reward.

L. 11. *Mina*:—Don Esprey y Mina, leader of the Guerillas of Navarre, had been educated as an ecclesiastic.

Footnote to l. 12. Cp. *The Prelude*, i. 190 foll.

P. 65. XXXII. 1811, l. 7. 'To a fatal place':—I.e. to a place appointed for its doom or annihilation. Unlike the power of an army, which is 'circumscribed in time and place,' the spirit of a nation is limited by no such bounds. The artificiality of the diction 'a fatal place' is well indicated by the fact that from ed. 1815 to ed. 1843 Wordsworth thought it advisable to make the meaning clearer by italicising the word '*fatal*.' Similarly, though for a less unfortunate reason, the word '*accursed*' in the next sonnet, l. 8, was italicised in edd. 1815-1843.

P. 67. XXXVI. *Perhaps* 1822:—The first that we hear of this sonnet is in a letter of Dorothy Wordsworth to Crabb Robinson (Dec. 21, 1822), quoted in Knight's Edinburgh ed., vol. vi. p. 366. By a strange oversight the sonnet is omitted from Knight's Eversley edition.

P. 67. XXXVII. THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCHHEIM. The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day. 'When the Austrians took Hochheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted—not a gun was fired—not a voice heard; they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop; they then gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water.'—W.

P. 68. XXXVIII. NOVEMBER, 1813, l. 5. *Twofold night*:—George III. was blind as well as out of his mind.

L. 14. *The triumphs of this hour*:—Napoleon was defeated by the allies at Leipzig, Oct. 16-19, 1813.

P. 68. XXXIX. ODE. 1814:—Originally entitled *Ode, composed in January*, 1816. 1814 is a mistake of the edition of 1845: it cannot even be the 'dramatic' date, since the Ode implies the battle of Waterloo.

P. 71, l. 111. *Pierian sisters*:—The muses were fabled (among other

accounts) to be daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne (Memory), born in Pieria, by which name was usually meant a district at the foot of Mt. Olympus, north of Thessaly, but sometimes a district on the Thracian coast. Their worship, like that connected with Orpheus, was especially connected with Thrace.

Ll. 120-122. This passage was obscured by alteration in ed. 1845. Formerly it stood :

Ye live and move,

And exercise unblamed a generous [ed. 1837 god-like] sway.

Mr. Hutchinson is probably right in adding a comma at 'love.' The sense will then be, 'Spared in order to be worshipped by men's perpetual love, and redeemed to exercise the privilege of godlike sway.'

P. 72. XL. FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST, ON THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN. The Duc d'Enghien, son of the Duc de Bourbon, was kidnapped by the orders of Napoleon at Ettenheim in Baden, and taken to Vincennes near Paris. Here he was illegally tried on the charge of complicity in a plot to overthrow Napoleon, and was shot and buried in the fosse of the Castle, March 21st, 1804. In 1814 Louis XVIII. had his remains transferred to the chapel of the Castle.

P. 73. XLII. SIEGE OF VIENNA RAISED BY JOHN SOBIESKI. FEBRUARY, 1816. John Sobieski, King of Poland, joined the Austrians and the German troops and drove the Turks from the siege of Vienna in complete rout, Sept. 12th, 1683. The deed was celebrated in six odes by the Italian poet Filicaja, which, according to Wordsworth (1816 ed.) 'are superior perhaps to any lyrical pieces that contemporary events have ever given birth to, those of the Hebrew Scriptures only excepted.'

P. 74. XLIV. *Probably Feb.* 1816 :—Both the title and the date assigned to the previous sonnet were probably intended by Wordsworth to cover this one.

P. 74. XLV. ODE. 1815. This ode was originally published as part of the *Thanksgiving Ode* which follows. It was detached in ed. 1845. It is not impossible, however, that it was originally composed before the *Thanksgiving Ode*.

P. 77, ll. 106-107. Originally :

But Thy most dreaded instrument,
In working out a pure intent,
Is Man—arrayed for mutual slaughter,
—Yea, carnage is thy daughter !

The last statement, 'at which,' says Mr. Hutchinson, 'many had stumbled' was cancelled in ed. 1845.

The first six lines of stanza v. were added in 1837 : as the events of the war became more remote, the poet's feelings became more quiet.

Ll. 125-128. The last four lines first appeared in ed. 1845.

P. 78. XLVI. ODE. *The morning of the day appointed for a general thanksgiving.* January 18, 1816, l. 22. *Yon ethereal summits*:—Wansfell and Loughrigg. 'The first stanza of this *Ode* was composed almost extempore in front of Rydal Mount, before church-time, and on such a morning and precisely with such objects before my eyes as are here described.'—I. F.

P. 79, l. 70. *One*:—Not surely, as Prof. Knight would have it, 'Wellington,' but 'Britain.' Stanzas iv. and v. show that the praises bestowed by the poet 'in concert with an earthly string' are regarded as exaggerated or one-sided.

P. 80, l. 122.

Discipline the rule whereof is passion.—Lord Brooke. W.

See *A Treatie* [i.e. Treatise] of *Warres*, stanza 7. Coleridge adapted another stanza of this poem as a motto for his *Lay Sermon* of 1817. Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, was a favourite author with Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Lamb; and in spite of his crabbed obscurity he has some of the best qualities of the Elizabethans. Cf. above, note on p. 50, November 1806, ll. 13-14.

P. 81. STANZA VIII. Some lines were cancelled at the beginning of this stanza, which in ed. 1837 stood:

Land of our fathers! loved by me
Since the first joys of thinking infancy;
Loved with a passion since I caught thy praise
A Listener, at or on some patient knee,
With an ear fastened to rude ballad lays—
Or of thy gallant chivalry I read,
And hugged the volume on a sleepless bed!

P. 82, ll. 181-182. Cp. the preceding *Ode*, ll. 123-124.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT, 1820

Wordsworth wrote most of these *Memorials* in 1821, after his return home (the tour lasted from July to Nov. 1820), using, as his custom was, the *Journals* of his sister and of his wife to revive his impressions, and often borrowing their actual words. The *Memorials* were originally published separately in 1822, Nos. iv., xvi., and xxxvii. being added subsequently.

P. 84. DEDICATION, l. 1. Wordsworth's fellow-travellers on this tour were Mrs. Wordsworth, Dorothy Wordsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Monkhouse, Miss Horrocks, and Henry Crabb Robinson. Accounts of the tour are contained in Dorothy Wordsworth's and Mrs. Wordsworth's *Journals* and H. C. Robinson's *Diary, Correspondence, etc.*, vol. II. pp. 167-191 (the latter passage printed in Knight's Eversley ed. vol. VI.).

L. 14. '*Meeting soul to pierce*':—*L'Allegro*, l. 138.

P. 85. II. BRUGÈS. Wordsworth in a note refers to Southey's lines on Brugès in *The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo*, stanzas xvi.-xviii.

P. 86. IV. INCIDENT AT BRUGÈS, l. 36. *The Maiden at my side*:—Dora, the poet's daughter, who accompanied her father and Coleridge on a tour in 1828.

P. 87. VII. AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, l. 11. *The Pyrenean Breach*:—‘Let a wall of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred feet in height, and rising between France and Spain, so as physically to separate the two kingdoms—let us fancy this wall curved like a crescent, with its convexity towards France. Lastly, let us suppose, that in the very middle of the wall, a breach of three hundred feet wide has been beaten down by the famous *Roland*, and we may have a good idea of what the mountaineers call the “BRECHE DE ROLAND.”’—Raymond's *Pyrenees*. W. The reference is to the notes of L. F. E. Ramond de Carbonnières, appended to his translation of Coxe's well-known *Travels in Switzerland*. These notes, translated into English, were added to the ed. of Coxe published in 1802.

L. 12. ‘*With huge two-handed sway*’:—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vi. 251.

P. 88. IX. IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE, l. 3. *Thespian*:—Thespis of Icaria in Attica, in the latter part of the sixth century B.C., was the person who developed the tragic chorus or dance and song in honour of Dionysus into a real, though primitive, form of drama.

P. 89. X. HYMN, for the boatmen, as they approach the rapids under the Castle of Heidelberg, l. 24. Wordsworth refers to ‘the beautiful song’ in Coleridge's tragedy *Remorse*, Act III. Sc. i., ‘Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,’ etc.

P. 89. XI. THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE, ll. 1-2. . . . The spring appears in a capacious stone Basin in front of a Ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite; then, passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over it. . . . W.

L. 8. *That gloomy sea*:—The Black Sea, traversed by the Argonauts on their voyage to Colchis, Orpheus being one of them.

P. 91. XV. COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC CANTONS. *Probably 1820*:—These three stanzas (the 1st and 3rd very different in detail) were originally published as the 5th, 4th, and 9th stanzas of *The Church of San Salvador* (cp. p. 97). It is probable enough, however, that the three stanzas, in some form or other, were originally composed, in Switzerland, before the composition of the longer poem; were fitted into that poem; and subsequently, to the advantage of both, removed from it.

P. 92. XVI. AFTER-THOUGHT. *Published 1837*:—The first stanza was first published in 1832 as the 1st stanza of the poem *Composed in one of the Catholic Cantons*. The 2nd stanza was first published in 1837 as in the text.

P. 92. XVII. SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ, ll. 1-2. Waller, song, *While I listen to thy voice*:

For all we know
Of what the Blessed do above
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

P. 95. XXI. THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ, l. 13. As so often Wordsworth borrows material from his sister, in whose diary this comparison occurs. Cp. Prof. Knight, Eversley ed., vi. 325. Prof. Knight does not print the passage in his edition of Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journals*.

P. 96. XXIII. FORT FUENTES. *Introductory Note*:—A compilation from the *Journals* of his wife and sister, first prefixed to the poem in 1827.

P. 97. XXIV. THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR, SEEN FROM THE LAKE OF LUGANO, ll. 20-21. '*Spot which men call Earth*':—Milton's *Comus*, l. 5.

Ll. 19-24. This somewhat tortured sentence appears to mean,—'Glory, etc., have yearned to seek, in company with the meek, religion in the sainted grove,' etc.

P. 98. XXV. THE ITALIAN ITINERANT, AND THE SWISS GOATHERD, l. 8. *Images*:—Originally 'plaster-craft.' Altered 1827.

L. 10. *Bird that soared with Ganymede*:—Ganymede was borne to heaven by the eagle of Zeus to be his cup-bearer.

L. 16. *Him who bore the world*:—Atlas.

Ll. 22-24. *Scale, whose sentient tube*, etc.:—*I.e.* the weather-glass.

P. 100. ll. 67-68. '*Prepared the treasures they enjoy to guard*':—Smollett, *Ode to Leven Water*. See *Descriptive Sketches*, l. 448, above, vol. i. p. 24 and note.

L. 78. *Astræa*, the 'starry one,' daughter of Zeus and Themis, the last divine relic of the golden age, who was at last forced to leave the earth owing to the degeneracy of the human race. She was regarded as the goddess of justice.

P. 100. XXVI. THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE REFECTORY OF THE CONVENT OF MARIA DELLA GRAZIA—MILAN. This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or painted over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs,—I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Morghen, are both admirable;

but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.—W.

P. 101. ll. 11-12.

The hand

Sang with the voice, and this the argument.

Milton.—W. [*Paradise Regained*, i. 171.]

P. 101. XXVII. THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1820. Sept. 7, 1820.

P. 102, l. 40. The Statues ranged round the spire and along the roof of the Cathedral of Milan have been found fault with by persons whose exclusive taste is unfortunate for themselves. It is true that the same expense and labour, judiciously directed to purposes more strictly architectural, might have much heightened the general effect of the building; for, seen from the ground, the Statues appear diminutive. But the *coup d'œil*, from the best point of view, which is half way up the spire, must strike an unprejudiced person with admiration; and surely the selection and arrangement of the Figures is exquisitely fitted to support the religion of the country in the imaginations and feelings of the spectator. It was with great pleasure that I saw, during the two ascents which we made, several children, of different ages, tripping up and down the slender spire, and pausing to look around them, with feelings much more animated than could have been derived from these or the finest works of art, if placed within easy reach. Remember also that you have the Alps on one side, and on the other the Apennines, with the plain of Lombardy between!—W. There are 3000 statues on the roof and spire of Milan Cathedral.

P. 104. XXVIII. THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS, ll. 53-54. Cp. *To a Highland Girl*, above, p. 9.

P. 107. XXXI. ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI, l. 5. *Her sleeping Lover*:—Endymion.

L. 7. The moon-goddess (Cynthia, Artemis, Diana) was also the huntress.

P. 108. XXXII. PROCESSIONS, l. 26. *Paradise Lost*, xi. 745:

The floating vessel swam

Uplifted, and secure with beakèd prow

Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else

Flood overwhelmed. . . .

Prof. Knight shows that Wordsworth followed the account of the rites of Juppiter Ammon given by Quintus Curtius, *de Gestis Alexandri*, iv. 31.

L. 30. *The Cereal Games*:—I.e. The Feast of Ceres, goddess of grain.

L. 32. *Sulii*:—A Roman College of Priests. The 'shields of Mars' were the sacred *ancilia*, supposed to have fallen from heaven in the time of Numa.

L. 36. Cybelè, the Great Mother, was represented with a crown of towers on her head: the epithet *turrita* is applied to her by Virgil, *Æneid* vi. 786.

Ll. 48-49. This Procession is a part of the sacramental service performed once a month. In the valley of Engelberg we had the good fortune to be present at the *Grand Festival* of the Virgin—but the Procession on that day, though consisting of upwards of 1000 persons, assembled from all the branches of the sequestered valley, was much less striking (notwithstanding the sublimity of the surrounding scenery): it wanted both the simplicity of the other and the accompaniment of the Glacier-columns, whose sisterly resemblance to the *moving* Figures gave it a most beautiful and solemn peculiarity.—W.

P. 111. XXIII. ELEGIAC STANZAS, ll. 67-72. This stanza was added in ed. 1827.

P. 112. XXXV. ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOUR OF BOULOGNE, ll. 5-6. Near the town of Boulogne, and overhanging the beach, are the remains of a tower which bears the name of Caligula, who here terminated his western expedition, of which these sea-shells were the boasted spoils. And at no great distance from these ruins, Buonaparte, standing upon a mound of earth, harangued his 'Army of England,' reminding them of the exploits of Cæsar, and pointing towards the white cliffs, upon which their standards *were to float*. He recommended also a subscription to be raised among the Soldiery to erect on that ground, in memory of the foundation of the 'Legion of Honour,' a Column—which was not completed at the time we were there.—W.

P. 112. XXXVI. AFTER LANDING—THE VALLEY OF DOVER. NOVEMBER, 1820, ll. 5-7. This is a most grateful sight for an Englishman returning to his native land. Everywhere one misses in the cultivated grounds abroad, the animated and soothing accompaniment of animals ranging and selecting their own food at will.—W.

P. 113. XXXVII. AT DOVER. *Probably 1837*:—Prof. Dowden suggests with probability that this sonnet, which first appeared in the volume of *Sonnets* (1838), was written after Wordsworth's return from his tour of 1837. It was doubtless placed here (ed. 1845) as more suitably linked to No. xxxvi. of this series than to the *Memorials* of the later tour. In the *Eversley Wordsworth* the sonnet is erroneously stated to have been first published in 1850.

P. 114. XXXVIII. DESULTORY STANZAS, l. 37:—*Les Fourches*, the point at which the two chains of mountains part, that inclose the Valais, which terminates at *St. Maurice*.—W.

Ll. 49-51. *Sarnen's Mount*:—Sarnen, one of the two capitals of the Canton of Underwalden; the spot here alluded to is close to the town, and is called the Landenberg, from the tyrant of that name, whose

château formerly stood there. On the first of January 1308, the great day which the confederated Heroes had chosen for the deliverance of their country, all the castles of the Governors were taken by force or stratagem; and the Tyrants themselves conducted, with their creatures, to the frontiers, after having witnessed the destruction of their strongholds. From that time the Landenberg has been the place where the Legislators of this division of the Canton assemble. The site, which is well described by Ebel, is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.—W.

L. 56. The bridges of Lucerne are roofed, and open at the sides, so that the passenger has, at the same time, the benefit of shade and a view of the magnificent country. The pictures are attached to the rafters; those from Scripture History, on the Cathedral Bridge, amount, according to my notes, to 240. Subjects from the Old Testament face the passenger as he goes towards the Cathedral, and those from the New as he returns. The pictures on these bridges, as well as those in most other parts of Switzerland, are not to be spoken of as works of art; but they are instruments admirably answering the purpose for which they were designed.—W.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY

P. 116. 1837 :—From March 19th to Aug. 7th.

P. 117. I. MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE. APRIL, 1837, ll. 19-20. *That cone-shaped hill with fractured summit* :—Monte Amiata.—K.

L. 22. *Bleak Radicofani* :—On the old high road from Siena to Rome.—K.

L. 57. '*The Wizard of the North*' :—Sir Walter Scott, who died in 1832. For the visit to Helvellyn referred to in the following lines, cp. below, p. 527, note on p. 347, *Fidelity*.

P. 118, ll. 76-77. These words were quoted to me from *Yarrow Unvisited*, by Sir Walter Scott, when I visited him at Abbotsford, a day or two before his departure for Italy: and the affecting condition in which he was when he looked upon Rome from the Janiculan Mount, was reported to me by a lady who had the honour of conducting him thither.—W.

L. 81. *That Eminence* :—The Janiculan Mount (Gianicolo).

P. 119, l. 126. *Him* :—Christopher Columbus.

P. 120, ll. 158-159. Archbishop Ubaldo (1188-1200) founded the Campo Santo of Pisa, bringing fifty-three shiploads of earth from Mount Calvary, in order that the dead might repose in holy ground.—K.

P. 121, l. 207. *Savona* :—On the gulf of Genoa.

L. 236. *Chiabrera* :—The poet, several of whose epitaphs Wordsworth translated. Cp. vol. III. p. 1.

P. 122, l. 254. *Philosophic Tusculum* :—Wordsworth gives Tusculum this epithet because Cicero wrote his *Disputationes Tusculanae* at his villa there.

L. 262. '*Post fanum putre Vacunæ*,' Horace, *Epistles*, i. x. 49. Vacuna was a Sabine deity.

L. 264. *That delicious Bay*:—The Bay of Naples, of which town the old name was Parthenope. Virgil spent much of his life at Naples, was buried there, and in later times held in awe as a magician.

Ll. 275-276. Wordsworth was familiar with Niebuhr's theory that the legendary history of Rome, as given in Livy and elsewhere, was mainly the work of forgotten poets or bards. The theory, which has been at least very much modified by subsequent criticism, was popularised a few years later than this poem by Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* (1842). For Wordsworth's knowledge of Niebuhr, cp. poems iv. v. vi. of this series.

P. 123, l. 305. *Mamertine prison*:—The *Carcer Mamertinus* or *Tullianum*, the Roman dungeon under the Capitoline Hill.

P. 124, 1837:—In a note, actually written by Frederick Faber, but based upon Wordsworth's expressed intention, this poem is incidentally spoken of as composed in 1837. That it was not written at Aquapendente, which the travellers only visited for a few hours, we know from the Fenwick note. It was first published with the other *Memorials* of this tour in the *Poems chiefly of early and late Years* (1842).

P. 125. II. THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME. Within a couple of hours of my arrival at Rome, I saw from Monte Pincio the Pine-tree as described in the sonnet; and, while expressing admiration at the beauty of its appearance, I was told by an acquaintance of my fellow-traveller, who happened to join us at the moment, that a price had been paid for it by the late Sir G. Beaumont, upon condition that the proprietor should not act upon his known intention of cutting it down.—W.

1841:—All the sonnets of this series, except No. xxvii., were apparently written in 1841, as we learn from a letter of Wordsworth to Moxon of Dec. 24th of that year. Knight's *Life*, III. (xi.) 405.

P. 126. VI. PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN, l. 7. *Clio*:—The Muse of History.

Footnote to l. 14. The words are from Horace, *Odes*, i. xii.

P. 128. XI. FROM THE ALBAN HILLS, LOOKING TOWARDS ROME, l. 10. *Thy fortunes, twice exalted*:—The ancient Classic period, and that of the Renaissance.—K.

L. 12. *Thy double yoke*:—Wordsworth refers no doubt to the Papal and the Neapolitan powers, both at this date maintained by Austrian support against the growing forces of national revolt.

P. 129. XII. NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE. At the battle of Lake Trasimenus in Etruria, in B.C. 217, Hannibal inflicted his first great defeat on the Romans.

P. 129. XIII. NEAR THE SAME LAKE, l. 9. *Vanquished Chief*:—C. Flaminius, the consul.

L. 14. After the Second Punic War Hannibal's administration of Carthage was so successful that the Romans took fright and demanded that he should be given up to them. He left Carthage, and, after being hunted by the Romans from one foreign state to another, finally took the poison which he was said to have carried about with him in a ring.

P. 129. XIV. THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA. On the *Monte Alverno* or *della Vernia* in the Apennines, where St. Francis of Assissi spent the last part of his life.

P. 132. XV. AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI. Near Naples. This and the following sonnet were based mainly on the meeting of Wordsworth's companion, Henry Crabb Robinson, with one of the monks of Camaldoli who had been a painter.

P. 133. XVIII. AT VALLOMBROSA, ll. 6-8. The name of Milton is pleasingly connected with Vallombrosa in many ways. The pride with which the Monk, without any previous question from me, pointed out his residence, I shall not readily forget. It may be proper here to defend the poet from a charge which has been brought against him, in respect to the passage in *Paradise Lost*, where this place is mentioned. It is said that he has erred in speaking of the trees there being deciduous, whereas they are, in fact, pines. The fault-finders are themselves mistaken; the *natural* woods of the region of Vallombrosa are deciduous, and spread to a great extent; those near the convent are, indeed, mostly pines; but they are avenues of trees *planted* within a few steps of each other, and thus composing large tracts of wood; plots of which are periodically cut down. The appearance of those narrow avenues, upon steep slopes open to the sky, on account of the height which the trees attain by being *forced* to grow upwards, is often very impressive. My guide, a boy of about fourteen years old, pointed this out to me in several places.—W.

P. 134, l. 22. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 29-32.

P. 135. XX. BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST, BY RAPHAEL, IN THE GALLERY AT FLORENCE. In the Tribuna at the Uffizzi Palace.

P. 135. XXI. AT FLORENCE—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO. The sonnet, here translated, beginning:

La forza d'un bel volto al Ciel mi sprona . . .

was constructed by Michael Angelo's nephew and first editor from a fragment, No. LXXXI. of the *Sonnetti*, in Guasti's ed. Cp. *Miscellaneous Sonnets*, Part i. xxiv.-xxvi., above, vol. i. p. 441.

P. 136, 1841:—Mr. Hutchinson suggests that this and the following sonnet may have been two of the fifteen sonnets which Wordsworth

attempted to translate from Michael Angelo in 1805. But, if so, they were probably not finished until 1841.

P. 136. XXII. AT FLORENCE—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO. *Sonnetti*, ed. Guasti, LXXIII. :

Scarco d'un' importuna e grave salma.

P. 138. XXVII. COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING, 1838, l. 11. *Colosseum*:—Collosseum, Wordsworth's MS.; Colyseum, edd. 1842, etc. The two forms sanctioned by usage are Colosseum and Coliseum.

P. 138. XXVIII. THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN. This was the subject of the Newdigate Prize Poem for 1826. Wordsworth's son, John, then at New College, Oxford, declined to follow his father's suggestion that he should write for the prize. Wordsworth accordingly wrote these verses 'as a proof of what might, without difficulty, be done on such a subject.'—I. F. Several of the phrases used in describing the figures on the column are drawn from Forsyth's *Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters during an Excursion in Italy in 1802-3*, to which Wordsworth refers in ed. of 1827. Cp. Prof. Knight's notes.

THE RIVER DUDDON

A SERIES OF SONNETS

A Poet [John Dyer] whose works are not yet known as they deserve to be, thus enters upon his description of the *Ruins of Rome* :

The rising Sun

Flames on the ruins in the purer air

Towering aloft ;

and ends thus—

The setting Sun displays

His visible great round, between yon towers,

As through two shady cliffs.

Mr. Crowe, in his excellent loco-descriptive poem, *Lewesdon Hill*, is still more expeditious, finishing the whole on a May morning, before breakfast.

To-morrow for severer thought, but now

To breakfast, and keep festival to-day.

No one believes, or is desired to believe, that those Poems were actually composed within such limits of time ; nor was there any reason why a prose statement should acquaint the Reader with the plain fact, to the disturbance of poetic credibility. But, in the present case, I am compelled to mention that the above series of Sonnets was the growth of many years ; the one which stands the fourteenth was the first produced [in 1807] ; and others were added upon occasional visits to the stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to describe

them. In this manner I had proceeded insensibly, without perceiving that I was trespassing upon ground preoccupied, at least as far as intention went, by Mr. Coleridge; who, more than twenty years ago, used to speak of writing a rural Poem, to be entitled *The Brook*, of which he has given a sketch in a recent publication. But a particular subject cannot, I think, much interfere with a general one; and I have been further kept from encroaching upon any right Mr. C. may still wish to exercise, by the restriction which the frame of the Sonnet imposed upon me, narrowing unavoidably the range of thought, and precluding, though not without its advantages, many graces to which a freer movement of verse would naturally have led.

May I not venture, then, to hope that, instead of being a hindrance, by anticipation of any part of the subject, these Sonnets may remind Mr. Coleridge of his own more comprehensive design, and induce him to fulfil it? There is a sympathy in streams—'one calleth to another'; and I would gladly believe that *The Brook* will ere long murmur in concert with *The Duddon*. But, asking pardon for this fancy, I need not scruple to say that those verses must indeed be ill-fated which can enter upon such pleasant walks of nature, without receiving and giving inspiration. The power of waters over the minds of Poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages;—through the *Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius* of Virgil down to the sublime apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth by Armstrong, and the simple ejaculation of Burns (chosen, if I recollect right, by Mr. Coleridge as a motto for his embryo *Brook*):

The Muse nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learned to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
AND NA' THINK LANG.—W.

P. 152. TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH, ll. 51-52. The reference is to the magic girdle of Aphrodite, which Hera borrowed in order to beguile Zeus with love (cp. *Iliad*, xiv. 214 foll.). Aphrodite is called Cytherea from the legend that she first landed in the island Cythera when she was born of the foam of the sea.

L. 65. Christopher Wordsworth was Rector of St. Mary's, Lambeth, from 1816 to 1820.

P. 152. I. l. 3. *Bandusia*:—*Blandusia*, ed. 1837, etc. The word was correctly printed in the orig. ed. of 1820. The reference is to Horace, *Odes*, III. xiii., in the text of which there is some MS. authority for the spelling *Blandusia*.

P. 155. VI. FLOWERS, ll. 9-10:

*There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness;
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue.*

These two lines are in a great measure taken from *The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile Poem*, by the Rev. Joseph Sympson. He was a native of

Cumberland, and was educated in the vale of Grasmere, and at Hawkshead school; his poems are little known, but they contain passages of splendid description; and the versification of his *Vision of Alfred* is harmonious and animated. In describing the motions of the Sylphs, that constitute the strange machinery of his Poem, he uses the following illustrative simile—

Glancing from their plumes

A changeful light the azure vault illumines.
 Less varying hues beneath the Pole adorn
 The streamy glories of the Boreal morn,
 That wavering to and fro their radiance shed
 On Bothnia's gulf with glassy ice o'erspread,
 Where the lone native, as he homeward glides,
 On polished sandals o'er the imprisoned tides,
 And still the balance of his frame preserves,
 Wheeled on alternate foot in lengthening curves,
 Sees at a glance, above him and below,
 Two rival heavens with equal splendour glow.
 Sphered in the centre of the world he seems;
 For all around with soft effulgence gleams;
 Stars, moons, and meteors, ray opposed to ray,
 And solemn midnight pours the blaze of day.

He was a man of ardent feeling, and his faculties of mind, particularly his memory, were extraordinary. Brief notices of his life ought to find a place in the history of Westmoreland.—W.

P. 157. XIII. OPEN PROSPECT, l. 14. *Donnerdale*:—The district on the east bank of the Duddon between Broughton and Ulpha Bridge. 'Hall Dunnerdale, sometimes shortened into Dunnerdale, is a hamlet on the highroad between Seathwaite and Ulpha.'—From Green's *Comprehensive Guide to the Lakes*, here quoted from Prof. Knight.

P. 158. XVI. AMERICAN TRADITION, l. 14. 'When the natives are asked how those figures could have been sculptured, they answer with a smile, as if relating a fact of which only a white man could be ignorant, that "at the period of the great waters, their fathers went to that height in boats."'—*Humbolt's Travels*, vol. II. p. 183 (Bohn), quoted at greater length by Prof. Knight.

P. 159. XVII. RETURN, l. 2. *Danish Raven*:—The Raven was the ancient flag of the Danes, captured on one occasion by King Alfred, and often mentioned in the Danish and Anglo-Saxon chronicles. Cp. Langebek, *Scriptores Rerum Danicarum*, vol. II. p. 485 note (n.).

L. 3. *Bird of Rome*:—The Eagle requires a large domain for its support: but several pairs, not many years ago, were constantly resident in this country, building their nests in the steeps of Borrowdale, Wast-

dale, Ennerdale, and on the eastern side of Helvellyn. Often have I heard anglers speak of the grandeur of their appearance, as they hovered over Red Tarn, in one of the coves of this mountain. The bird frequently returns, but is always destroyed. Not long since, one visited Rydal lake, and remained some hours near its banks: the consternation which it occasioned among the different species of fowl, particularly the herons, was expressed by loud screams. The horse also is naturally afraid of the eagle.—W.

L. 10. The *Roman Fort* here alluded to, called by the country people *Hardknot Castle*, is most impressively situated half-way down the hill on the right of the road that descends from Hardknot into Eskdale. . . . The *Druidical Circle* is about half a mile to the left of the road ascending Stoneside from the vale of Duddon: the country people call it *Sunken Church*.—W.

P. 159. XVIII. SEATHWAITE CHAPEL, l. 1. '*Sacred Religion! mother of form and fear*':—Daniel, *Musophilus*, l. 295.

L. 12. *A Pastor such as Chaucer's verse portrays*:—*Canterbury Tales*, Prologue, 477-528.

L. 13. *Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew*:—In the *Priest to the Temple*.

L. 14. *And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise*:—In *The Deserted Village*. The clergyman referred to in this sonnet was the Rev. Robert Walker, curate of Seathwaite from 1735 to 1802, when he died in his 93rd year. The memoir which Wordsworth appended to *The River Duddon* is one of the most interesting of Wordsworth's writings, and one of the most beautiful biographical sketches in the language. It will be found below, p. 539.

P. 161. XXIV. THE RESTING-PLACE, l. 4. The '*vagrant reed*' is of course the composition of these sonnets by the wandering poet. The last line of the sonnet is rather obscure. The '*wily mask*' of Idless is apparently the pretence of meditation and necessary rest put forward to excuse the poet's *siesta*. The '*stealthy prospect*' of the beauties outside his retreat will incite the poet to activity.

P. 163. XXVII. ll. 3-4. This '*embattled House*' is supposed to be an almost obliterated ruin at the head of Holehouse Ghyll, near a farmhouse called the Old Hall. There is some difficulty about the identification; and it does not appear that Wordsworth was aiming at topographical accuracy, especially as he says in the Fenwick note that the subject of the sonnet was '*taken from a tradition belonging to Rydal Hall*.' Moreover, this sonnet was first published, in the volume containing *The Waggoner*, in 1819, and was not included in the original series of Duddon sonnets.

P. 164. XXXI. l. 7. *Indian tree*:—The banyan-tree.

P. 165. XXXIV. AFTER-THOUGHT, l. 14. *We feel that we are greater than we know*:—‘And feel that I am happier than I know.’—Milton [*Paradise Lost*, VIII. 282]. The allusion to the Greek poet will be obvious to the classical reader.—W. Wordsworth refers to the lines of Moschus in the *Epitaph of Bion* on the contrast of human mortality with the yearly revival of the flowers. *Bion. Epitaph.* 103-108. Cp. Prof. Jebb’s note contributed to Prof. Knight’s ed., vol. vi. p. 264.

For the date of composition of this series of sonnets (1807-1820) see the note at the beginning of the series.

YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS

P. 166. *Composed (two excepted) during a tour in Scotland, and on the English Border, in the Autumn of 1831*:—This sub-title was carried on by Wordsworth from the first ed. of the series (1835), though No. xxiii., which originally appeared in the series of *Sonnets composed or suggested during a tour in Scotland in the summer of 1833*, was presumably not one of the ‘two excepted’ here. There is no direct evidence to show which the two exceptions are, though it is not unlikely that they are *The Apology* (No. xxvi.) and *The Highland Broach* (No. xv.), which were printed in the original ed., in this order, at the end of the series.

P. 166. I. l. 2. ‘*Winsome Marrow*’:—Cp. *Yarrow Unvisited*, above, p. 18.

P. 169. III. A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND. On the banks of a small stream near the Wauchope that flows into the Esk near Langholme.—I. F.

P. 170. V. COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL DURING A STORM. Cp. *Miscellaneous Sonnets*, Part II. No. iv. vol. i. p. 447.

P. 171. VII. l. 4. *Target*:—The small shield of the Highlander.

P. 172. VIII. COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIVE, l. 14. It was mortifying to have frequent occasions to observe the bitter hatred of the lower orders of the Highlanders to their superiors; love of country seemed to have passed into its opposite. Emigration was the only relief looked to with hope.—I. F.

P. 173. XII. THE EARL OF BREADALBANE’S RUINED MANSION, AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE, NEAR KILLIN, l. 2. ‘*Narrow house*’:—Cp. Burns, *Lament of Mary Queen of Scots*, ll. 53-54:

And in the narrow house of death

Let winter round me rave.

The expression is common in Macpherson’s *Ossian*.

P. 173. XIII. 'REST AND BE THANKFUL.' *At the head of Glencroe*:—Glencroe is in Argyllshire, on the road from Loch Lomond to Inveraray by way of Arrochar and Glenkinglas. The road was made by General Wade immediately after the 1745 Rebellion. Cp. *Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland*.

P. 175. XV. THE HIGHLAND BROACH, l. 35. Malvina, in Macpherson's *Ossian*, is the daughter of a chief named Toscar, betrothed to Oscar, Ossian's son, and, after Oscar's death, living with Ossian, and addressed by him as his audience and his inspiration. Cp. the Ossianic poems *Ca-lodin*, and *Fingal*, Duan iv.

P. 178. XIX. PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN, AT HAMILTON PALACE. This picture, painted entirely by Rubens, belonged at one time to King Charles I. It was bought of the Duke of Hamilton in 1882 by Mr. Becket Denison for 4900 guineas, and on his death was bought back by the Duke for 2000 guineas. This information was kindly given me by Mr. Hawse Turner, the keeper of the National Gallery.

P. 179. XXII. HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH. In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1333 or 1334, Edward Baliol, king of Scotland, came into Westmoreland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfell Park to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again to this place; where, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side; and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In memory of this fact the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just by, and (the dog being named Hercules) this rhythm was made upon them:

Hercules kill'd Hart a greese,
And Hart a greese kill'd Hercules.

The tree to this day bears the name of Hart's-horn Tree. The horns in process of time were almost grown over by the growth of the tree, and another pair was put up in their place.—Nicholson's and Burns's *History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*. The tree has now disappeared, but I well remember its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the high road leading from Penrith to Appleby. This whole neighbourhood abounds in interesting traditions and vestiges of antiquity, viz. Julian's Bower, Brougham and Penrith Castles, Penrith Beacon, and the curious remains in Penrith Churchyard, Arthur's Round Table, and, close by, Maybrough; the excavation called the Giant's Cave, on the banks of the Emont, Long Meg and her Daughters, near Eden, etc. etc.—W. 'Hart a greese' means a fat hart, in condition to be hunted.

P. 180. XXIII. FANCY AND TRADITION. 1833:—Originally No. xxxvi. of the *Sonnets composed or suggested during a Tour in Scotland, in the*

Summer of 1833. But as that series was first published in the same volume (1835) with *Yarrow Revisited*, etc., it is possible that it originally belonged to the latter and should be dated 1831.

P. 180. XXIV. COUNTESS' PILLAR. *Introductory Note*:—I have given Prof. Knight's corrected transcript of this inscription—Wordsworth's containing some, purely verbal, omissions and alterations.

P. 182. XXVI. APOLOGY, *for the foregoing Poems*, l. 21. *That sorrow-stricken door*:—The home of Sir Walter Scott. See *Yarrow Revisited*, and the sonnet following that poem, above, pp. 166, 169.

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE

OR, THE FATE OF THE NORTONS

The Poem of the White Doe of Rylstone is founded on a local tradition, and on the Ballad in Percy's *Collection*, entitled *The Rising of the North*. The tradition is as follows: 'About this time,' not long after the Dissolution, 'a White Doe,' say the aged people of the neighbourhood, 'long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey Churchyard during divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation.—Dr. Whitaker's *History of the Deanery of Craven*.—Rylstone was the property and residence of the Nortons, distinguished in that ill-advised and unfortunate Insurrection; which led me to connect with this tradition the principal circumstances of their fate, as recorded in the Ballad.—W.

P. 183. ADVERTISEMENT. Much of the poem was composed at the time here stated, but Wordsworth was still at work on it not only in 1808, when it was shown, as complete, to Southey, Lamb, and Coleridge, but in 1810. It was first published in 1815, when the Dedication was written, and was very much revised for the edition of 1837. Wordsworth spoke of it as 'in conception, the highest work he had ever produced. The mere physical action was all unsuccessful; but the true action of the poem was spiritual—the subduing of the will, and all inferior fancies, to the perfect purifying and spiritualising of the intellectual nature.'—Christopher Wordsworth's *Memoirs of W. Wordsworth*, vol. II. p. 311.

DEDICATION, l. 23. '*Bliss with mortal Man may not abide*':—*The Faerie Queene*, bk. I. canto viii. stanza 44.

P. 184, ll. 1-6. These six lines were taken from *The Borderers* (Act III. Sc. v., ll. 1539-1544) and placed here, with the addition of the following lines, in the ed. of 1837, at which time *The Borderers* had not yet been published.

Quotation from Lord Bacon:—*Essays: Of Atheism*.

P. 185, l. 1. It is to be regretted that at the present day Bolton Abbey wants this ornament: but the Poem, according to the imagination of the Poet, is composed in Queen Elizabeth's time. 'Formerly,' says Dr. Whitaker, 'over the Transept was a tower. This is proved not only from the mention of bells at the Dissolution, when they could have had no other place, but from the pointed roof of the choir, which must have terminated westward, in some building of superior height to the ridge.'—W.

P. 189, ll. 209-210. Cp. lines 316 foll. The 'remembrances' are those of the incidents to be narrated in the following cantos.

P. 190, l. 230. Cp. *The Force of Prayer*, above, p. 353.

P. 191, l. 268. *Shepherd-lord*:—Cp. *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*, vol. i. p. 343.

P. 196, *footnote* to l. 515. It is in the *Percy Collection*, and was quoted in full by Wordsworth in a note to the original ed. of *The White Doe* (1815).

P. 198, l. 595. Brancepeth Castle stands near the river Were, a few miles from the city of Durham. It formerly belonged to the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland. See Dr. Percy's account.—W.

P. 200, l. 687. *Towers of Saint Cuthbert*:—Durham Cathedral.

L. 696. *Raby Hall*:—Raby Castle, about six miles N.E. of Barnard Castle, was founded in 1379 by John de Neville; it is described by Leland as 'the largest castle of logginges in all the north country.' Cp. Brabner's *Comprehensive Gazetteer of England and Wales*.

P. 203, ll. 814-815. At the Battle of the Standard, Aug. 22, 1138, Archbishop Thurstan of York repulsed the Scots who had invaded England under David I. The Standard was composed of the 'saintly ensigns' of St. Cuthbert of Durham, St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfred of Ripon.

L. 828. At the battle of Durham or Neville's Cross, Oct. 17, 1346, the Scots, led by their king, David Bruce, were defeated by the English under Henry Percy, Ralph Neville, and William de la Zouche, Archbishop of York.

P. 209, l. 1069. *Her duty is to stand and wait*:—Cp. Milton, *On his blindness*, l. 14: 'They also serve who only stand and wait.' Wordsworth first italicised this line, and printed the words following in capitals, in 1820, no doubt by way of bringing out the motive of the whole poem.

P. 211, l. 1175. *Pendle-hill or Pennygent*:—Both hills of the same part of the country as Rylstone Fell.

P. 220. *Motto* to CANTO SEVENTH. From the *Address to Kilchurn Castle*, ll. 6-9 above, p. 13.

Ll. 1158-1159. 'After the attainder of Richard Norton, his estates were forfeited to the crown, where they remained till the 2nd or 3rd of James; they were then granted to Francis Earl of Cumberland.'—W. From Whitaker's *History of the Deanery of Craven*.

P. 221, l. 1622. By 'thoroughly forlorn,' Wordsworth must here mean the condition of one who has reached the very bottom of the pit of desolation, and so is past the worst: the use seems not to be found elsewhere.

P. 223, l. 1707. *Amerdale*:—Otherwise called Littondale, a fork of the valley of the Wharf.

L. 1711. 'Dernbrook, which runs along an obscure valley from the N.W., is derived from a Teutonic word, signifying concealment.' Dr. Whitaker [*History of the Deanery of Craven*].—W.

P. 224, l. 1733. *Wandered*:—We might well expect the word to be 'wandering': the word at any rate is a participle (having wandered) parallel to 'browsing,' and not a verb parallel to 'espied.'

P. 225, l. 1774. On one of the bells of Rylstone Church, which seems coeval with the building of the tower, is this cypher 'J. N.' for John Norton, and the motto 'God us apdr.'—W.

P. 226, l. 1828. The connected thought of the passage demands that this word 'beamed' should be used in a sense elsewhere, so far as I know, unparalleled, though derived from a legitimate, if rare, use of the verb. 'How happy in its turn was the Doe to meet the recognition!—to meet the mild glance *which was beamed* (i.e. was shed as a beam) from the maiden's countenance, and was a communication like the ray of a new morning to the nature and outlook of the Doe.' The use is not noticed in *N.E.D.*, where, however, there are examples of the verb in the transitive sense: e.g. Shenstone, *Love and Honour*, 187: 'the genial sun . . . Beams forth ungentle influences.'

ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS

IN SERIES

During the month of December 1820 I accompanied a much-beloved and honoured Friend in a walk through different parts of his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of a new Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season—our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing influences of the scene; and such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this series were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country might advantageously be presented to view in verse. Accordingly, I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the reader was the result.

When this work was far advanced, I was agreeably surprised to find that my friend Mr. Southey had been engaged with similar views in writing a concise *History of the Church in England*. If our Productions, thus unintentionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate each other, it will prove a high gratification to me, which I am sure my friend will participate.—W. WORDSWORTH. RYDAL MOUNT, *January 24, 1822.*

For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets: but the Reader, it is to be hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only—its difficulty.—W.

Most of the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* were written in 1821, and published as *Ecclesiastical Sketches* in 1822. I follow Prof. Dowden and Mr. Hutchinson in appending the date only to those sonnets to which this remark does not apply.

PART I

P. 229. *Motto*:—Cp. George Herbert's *The Temple: The Church Porch*, i. i.:

A verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn delight into a Sacrifice.

P. 230. II. CONJECTURES, l. 6. *Did holy Paul a while in Britain dwell*:—Stillingfleet adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Roman Catholic writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude church at Glastonbury; alluded to hereafter, in a passage upon the dissolution of monasteries.—W.

P. 231. V. UNCERTAINTY, l. 2. *Brigantian*:—The Brigantes at the time of the Roman occupation of Britain inhabited Yorkshire, Cumberland, and Durham.

L. 8. Cp. the sonnets on Iona, below, p. 315-16.

L. 10. Taliesin is the name of an ancient British bard, first mentioned in the Saxon genealogies appended to the *Historia Britonum* (seventh or eighth century A.D.). The poems attributed to him are found in a MS. of the fourteenth century. None of them, in all probability, go back to the supposed date of the bard; but in Wordsworth's time they were accepted as genuine, and the legends that had grown up round the name of Taliesin were 'worked up into one consistent tale, which also embodied a good deal of the "Taliesin" poetry,' and were published in the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine* in 1833.' (From T. E. Lloyd's article, 'Taliesin' in *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*).

P. 231. VI. PERSECUTION, ll. 13-14. This hill at St. Albans must have

been an object of great interest to the imagination of the Venerable Bede, who thus describes it, with a delicate feeling, delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works: 'Variis herbarum floribus depictus, immo usque quaque vestitus, in quo nihil repente arduum, nihil præceps, nihil abruptum, quem lateribus longe lateque deductum in modum aequoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet eum pro insita sibi specie venustatis iam olim reddens, qui beati martyris cruore dicaretur.'—W. The account of the martyrdom of St. Alban, from which Wordsworth quotes, is given in Bede's *Ecclesiasticæ historiæ gentis Anglorum Libri Quinque*, bk. i. vii.

P. 233. X. STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST THE BARBARIANS, l. 1. Aneurin, bard and priest of the Godolin, a British tribe of the sea coast south of the Firth of Forth, described the defeat of the Britons by the Saxons at the battle of Cattraeth (probably about 600 A.D.) in the poem called *Godolin*, which in an imperfect and interpolated form is still extant. His personality is hardly less legendary than that of Taliesin, or that of Urien, the British king and ally of Arthur, who struggled against the Angles of Northumbria, or that of Arthur himself.

P. 233. XI. SAXON CONQUEST, l. 2. *Hallelujahs*:—Alluding to the victory gained under Germanus. See Bede.—W. 'The Bishop Germanus, being asked for aid by the Britons against the Saxons and Picts, routed the latter by instructing his followers at a given signal to wake the echoes of the hills with a universal shout of 'Hallelujah' (Bede, *Ecclesiast. Hist.*, bk i. xx.).

L. 10. The last six lines of this sonnet are chiefly from the prose of Daniel.—W. Cp. Daniel's *Collection of the History of England* (*Works*, ed. Grosart, vol. iv. p. 101): 'They [the Saxons] being a people of a rough breeding that would not be taken with these delicacies of life, seemed to care for no other monuments but of earth, and as borne in the field would build their fortunes onely there. Witness so many Intrinchments, Mounts, and *Borroughs* raised for tombs, and defences upon all the wide champions, and eminent Hills of this Isle, remaining yet as characters of the deepe scratches made on the whole face of our Country, to shew the hard labour our Progenitors endured to get it for us.' Wordsworth also refers to his frequent obligations to other prose writers, particularly Fuller.

P. 234. XII. MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR. 'Ethelforth reached the Convent of Bangor, he perceived the Monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their Countrymen: "if they are praying against us," he exclaimed, "they are fighting against us"; and he ordered them to be first attacked: they were destroyed; and appalled by their fate, the courage of Brocmail wavered, and he fled from the field in dismay. Thus abandoned by their leader, his army soon gave way, and Ethelforth obtained a decisive conquest. Ancient Bangor

itself soon fell into his hands and was demolished; the noble monastery was levelled to the ground; its library, which is mentioned as a large one, the collection of ages, the repository of the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons, was consumed; half-ruined walls, gates, and rubbish were all that remained of the magnificent edifice.'—See Turner's valuable *History of the Anglo-Saxons*. The account Bede gives of this remarkable event suggests a most striking warning against National and Religious prejudices.—W. See Bede, *Ecc. Hist.*, bk. II. ii.

P. 235. XV. PAULINUS, ll. 5-9. The person of Paulinus is thus described by Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness: 'Longae staturae, paululum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie macilenta, naso adunco, pertenui, venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu.'—W. 'Of tall stature, slightly bent, black-haired, of lean face, with a very thin and hooked nose, his appearance inspired at the same time veneration and fear.'

P. 235. XVI. PERSUASION, l. 1. See the original of this speech in Bede.—W. Bede, *Ecc. Hist.*, bk. II. xiii., from which the incident of Sonnet XVII. is also taken.

P. 236. XVII. CONVERSION, l. 12. *Heard near fresh streams*:—The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to preach near rivers for the convenience of baptism.—W.

P. 237. XIX. PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY. Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds: 'Unde et in magna erat veneratione tempore illo religionis habitus, ita ut ubicunque clericus aliquis aut monachus adveniret gaudenter ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus acciperetur. Etiam si in itinere pergens inveniretur, accurrebant, et flexa cervice, vel manu signari, vel ore illius se benedici, gaudebant. Verbis quoque horum exhortatoriis diligenter auditum praebebant' (lib. III. xxvi.).—W.

P. 238. XXII. SECLUSION—CONTINUED, l. 13. *Thorp or vill*:—Homestead or small house. Cp. *The Excursion*, viii. 100: 'Among the tenantry of thorpe and vill.' The expression looks like a quotation, but I cannot trace it.

P. 240. XXVI. ALFRED, l. 10. Through the whole of his life, Alfred was subject to grievous maladies.—W.

P. 241. XXIX. DANISH CONQUESTS, l. 1. The violent measures carried on under the influence of *Dunstan*, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions.—See Turner [*History of the Anglo-Saxons*].—W.

P. 241. XXX. CANUTE, footnote to l. 11:—Cp. *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, 'Canute.'

P. 242. XXXIII. THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT. Wordsworth refers to that Council of Clermont which was held by Pope Urban II. in 1095, at which the First Crusade was proclaimed.

P. 243. *footnote to l. 14* :—For the statement, and for the expression ‘Nature’s hollow arch,’ marked by Wordsworth as a quotation, cp. Fuller’s *Historie of the Holy Warre*, bk. I. viii. : ‘If fame, which hath told many a lie of others, be not herein belyed herself, the things concluded in this Council, were the same night reported at impossible distance in the utmost parts of Christendome. What spirituall intelligencers there should be, or what echoes in the hollow arch of this world should so quickly resound news from the one side thereof to the other belongeth not to us to dispute.’

P. 244. XXXVIII. SCENE IN VENICE. The legendary character of this scene became known to Wordsworth in later years, these sonnets having been written ‘long before ecclesiastical history and points of doctrine had excited the interest with which they have been recently enquired into and discussed’ (from Fenwick note). As Wordsworth says in the same note, the penance inflicted by Gregory VII. upon the Emperor Henry IV. would equally well illustrate his point.

PART II

P. 246. II. l. 5. I have added a comma after ‘tower,’ as necessary to the sense. In a MS. version of the sonnet, quoted by Prof. Knight, ll. 5-6 run :

Behold how thundering from her spiritual tower
She daunts brute rapine, cruelty she tames.

P. 246. III. CISTERTIAN MONASTERY, ll. 1-5. ‘Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, praemiatur copiosius’ (Bernard). ‘This sentence,’ says Dr. Whitaker, ‘is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses.’—W.

P. 248. VII. OTHER BENEFITS—CONTINUED, l. 9. Prof. Knight is doubtless right in referring this passage to Edward III., whose knightly person, magnificence, and ostentation, as well as his institution of the Order of the Garter, his tournaments, and his naval and military achievements, are well known. At the same time it is curious that Wordsworth, who was not at all given to missing the true proportions of things, should have been misled into so unqualified a panegyric. Moreover, in Edward III.’s day both chivalry and crusades were rapidly becoming mere empty survivals.

P. 250. XI. TRANSUBSTANTIATION, l. 9. *Valdo* :—Peter Waldo, a rich merchant of Lyons, was the founder of the sect of the Waldenses (about

1170). He sold his goods and gave them to the poor, and had the New Testament translated into Provençal. This action, and the unauthorised preaching of his followers, led to a struggle with the Church, and the Waldenses were, with other heretics, the object of frequent and cruel persecution. The majority of them gradually settled in the valleys of Piedmont, and gave the name of the Vaudois to that district. In 1487 Pope Innocent VIII. made a desperate attempt to exterminate them, but they continued to exist, and were gradually absorbed in the manifold body of Protestants, suffering persecutions similar to those of the Huguenots. Sonnet XII., in which the Vaudois is represented as a refuge for the spiritual progenitors of the Waldenses, 'Age sere Valdo,' etc., rests upon historical views which have been revised since Wordsworth's day.

P. 251. XIV. WALDENSES, l. 8. The list of foul names bestowed upon those poor creatures is long and curious; and, as is, alas! too natural, most of the opprobrious appellations are drawn from circumstances into which they were forced by their persecutors, who even consolidated their miseries into one reproachful term, calling them Patarenians or Paturins, from *pati*, to suffer.

Dwellers with wolves she names them, for the pine
And green oak are their covert; as the gloom
Of night oft foils their enemy's design,
She calls them Riders on the flying broom;
Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have become
One and the same through practices malign.—W.

These six lines were apparently an alternative sextet for the sonnet, following naturally after the line:

Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous bark.

P. 252. XVII. WICLIFFE. Cp. Fuller, *The Church-History of Britain*, bk. iv. p. 170 (orig. ed. 1655), where we are told that 'about one and fourty years' after Wicliffe's death, in obedience to the Council of Constance, the Bishop of Lincoln had his remains taken from his grave at Lutterworth, burnt to ashes, and cast into a neighbouring brook called the Swift. 'Thus this *Brook* hath convey'd his ashes into *Avon*; *Avon* into *Severn*; *Severn* into the narrow *Seas*; they, into the main *Ocean*. And thus the *Ashes* of *Wickliff* are the *Emblem* of his *Doctrine*, which now is dispersed all the *World* over.'

P. 253. XIX. ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER, l. 6. The Secular is the priest who lives in the secular world, as opposed to the Regular, who is under the rule of a religious order.

P. 254. XXI. DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES. These two lines (7-8) are adopted from a MS., written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding Sonnet

on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source, as is the verse, 'Where Venus sits,' etc., and the line, 'Once ye were holy, ye are holy still,' in a subsequent Sonnet.—W.

L. 14. *Arimathea Joseph's wattled cells*:—Cp. Part I. Sonnet II. above.

P. 255. XXIV. SAINTS, l. 9. *Valiant Margaret*:—St. Margaret, Virgin and Martyr, died at Antioch in Pisidia in the latter half of the third century. She is generally represented as piercing a dragon with a long cross, or as emerging from the dragon's rent body while her robe is still passing through its mouth. She was a very popular Saint in the north of England, being, no doubt, often confused with St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland (d. 1093).

P. 256. XXVI. APOLOGY, ll. 9-10. '*Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit upon his throne*':—*Romeo and Juliet*, v. i. 3. 'My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne.'

Ll. 8-14. Both John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Thomas More disapproved of Henry VIII.'s divorce, and refused to take the oath recognising the King as 'supreme head' of the Church. They were beheaded in 1535.

P. 256. XXVIII. REFLECTIONS, l. 6. '*Trumpery*':—Prof. Knight compares *Paradise Lost*, iii. 474:

Eremites and Friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumperie.

P. 257. XXXI. EDWARD VI., l. 1. '*Sweet is the holiness of Youth*':—Cp. Wordsworth's version of *The Prioress's Tale*, l. 61, and note: below, p. 535.]

P. 258. XXXII. EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR THE EXECUTION OF JOAN OF KENT. Joan Bocher (Butcher) was twice charged with heresy, in 1543 and 1548. Many efforts were made to induce her to recant her views, which were equally opposed to Roman Catholic and English orthodoxy; and she was finally burnt in 1550. The story of Cranmer forcing Edward VI. to sign the warrant for her execution has been popularised by Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*.

P. 259. XXXIV. LATIMER AND RIDLEY, l. 5. *Transfigured*:—'M. Latimer suffered his keeper very quietly to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to looke unto was very simple: and being stripped into his shrowd, he seemed as comely a person to them that were present, as one should lightly see: and whereas in his clothes he appeared a withered and crooked sillie (weak) olde man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold. . . . Then they brought a faggotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at doctor Ridley's feete. To whome M. Latimer spake in this manner: "Bee of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man: we shall this day light such

a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out."—Foxe's *Acts, etc.* Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon. See note to the above passage in Dr. Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*, for an example in an humble Welsh fisherman.—W.

I have not been able to trace the quotation in ll. 11-12 of this sonnet.

P. 260. XXXVIII. ELIZABETH, l. 12. Wordsworth refers to the recrudescence of religious intolerance after 1570, in which year Pope Pius v. published his bull of deposition against Elizabeth, and the English Government began to retaliate by increased persecution of Roman Catholics.

P. 261. XXXIX. EMINENT REFORMERS, l. 5. 'On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker sit at his own table; which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends; and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, "Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease," and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany; and he said, "Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me, at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard."—See Walton's *Life of Richard Hooker*.—W.

P. 262. XLI. DISTRACTIONS, l. 11. *Personates the mad*:—A common device in religious and political conflicts. See Strype in support of this instance.—W. Prof. Knight refers to Strype's *Life and Acts of Matthew Parker*, bk. III. [for which Prof. Knight gives vol. i.] xiii. and xvi., where the case of a Dominican Friar, who preached under the guise of a Puritan dissenter, one Faithful Cummin, is related. A better instance is the case of Elizeus Hall, the pretended Messenger from Heaven. Strype, *Annals of the Reformation*, vol. i. (3rd ed.) xxv. Cp. *ibid.*, lii., the case of the Jesuit, Thomas Heth, who for about six years preached 'up and down the country,' pretending to be a Puritan. There are many similar cases in Strype.

P. 262. XLII. GUNPOWDER PLOT, l. 12. *That dismal night*:—St. Bartholomew's Eve, Aug 24, 1572.

P. 263. XLV. LAUD. In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry; but fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, 'that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period.' A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium upon him in his own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the bar of the House of Peers: 'Ever since I came in place, I have laboured nothing more than the external publick worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw that the public neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which while we live in the body, needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any vigour.'—W.

L. 3. 'In the painful art of dying':—I have not been able to trace this quotation.

PART III

P. 264. I. 1. 1. *A lovely Maid*:—When I came to this part of the series I had the dream described in this Sonnet. The figure was that of my daughter, and the whole passed exactly as here represented.—I. F.

P. 265. III. CHARLES THE SECOND, l. 10. *England soon must sink*:—I.e. on the accession of James II.

P. 265. IV. LATITUDINARIANISM. Latitudinarianism is not here, as so often, employed as a term of disapproval, but expresses the religious attitude of men like Jeremy Taylor, Chillingworth, and the Cambridge Platonists, who did not believe in the exclusive efficacy of particular forms of Church government, etc.

Ll. 13-14. 'That he may see and tell of things invisible to mortal sight':—*Paradise Lost*, bk. III. 54.

P. 266. VI. CLERICAL INTEGRITY, l. 2. *One rigorous day*:—Wordsworth refers to Black Bartholomew's day, Aug. 24, 1662, on which the Act of Uniformity came into force, causing upwards of two thousand ministers to leave their cures.

P. 266. VII. PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS, l. 2. *The majesty of England interposed*:—The massacre of the Vaudois in April 1655 excited great indignation in England, and especially moved Cromwell and Milton. The latter wrote his famous sonnet *Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughter'd saints*, while Cromwell tried to stir up the Protestant powers and France to a war with Spain and Savoy. He succeeded in getting the Duke of Savoy forced to drop the persecution of the Vaudois.

P. 267. VIII. ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS. In a note on Part I. Sonnet XI. Wordsworth says: 'Upon the acquittal of the Seven Bishops I have done little more than versify a lively description of that event in the MS. Memoirs of the first Lord Lonsdale.' The Seven Bishops were sent to the Tower by James II. in 1688 for protesting against the second Declaration of Indulgence. They were tried and acquitted June 29-30 of the same year.

P. 268. X. OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY, l. 3. Algernon Sidney, second surviving son of the Earl of Leicester, and brother of Waller's 'Saccharissa,' was born in 1622, fought for the Parliament against Charles I., sat in the Long Parliament, refused to sit as one of the judges at the trial of the King, and held aloof from internal politics during the Protectorate. His main interest was in foreign politics, and he was engaged on a mission to Denmark at the time of the Restoration. After that event he lived in exile till 1677, when he returned to England. In 1683 he was tried before Jeffreys for participation in the Rye House Plot, condemned, and beheaded. Lord William Russell, who had suffered on the same charge earlier in the year, was third son of the Duke of Bedford, born in 1639, for many years a member of Parliament, and strongly opposed to the Papists.

P. 268. XI. SACHEVEREL, l. 5. *Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell:*—Henry Sacheverell (1674?-1724) was a High-Church Tory with a very violent, abusive style in preaching. A great vogue was foolishly given him by the Whig Government in 1709, when he was impeached for a sermon preached at St. Paul's. He was tried by the House of Lords, found guilty by 69 to 52, and suspended from preaching for three years. Popular feeling ran so high in his favour, that in the general election which soon followed his trial the Whigs were completely defeated. His preaching and his presence were especially attractive to ladies, including the Queen, who presented him to the living of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in 1713. Cp. *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

P. 270. XV. III. THE PILGRIM FATHERS—CONCLUDED.—AMERICAN EPISCOPACY. American episcopacy, in union with the church in England, strictly belongs to the general subject; and I here make my acknowledgments to my American friends, Bishop Doane, and Mr. Henry Reed of Philadelphia, for having suggested to me the propriety of adverting to it, and pointed out the virtues and intellectual qualities of Bishop White, which so eminently fitted him for the great work he undertook. Bishop White was consecrated at Lambeth, Feb. 4, 1787, by Archbishop Moore, and before his long life was closed, twenty-six bishops had been consecrated in America, by himself. For his character and opinions, see his own numerous Works, and a 'Sermon in commemoration of him, by George Washington Doane, Bishop of New Jersey.'—W.

P. 272. XXII. CATECHISING. Cp. the *Autobiographical Memoranda* in Christopher Wordsworth's *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, vol. i. p. 8. 'I remember my mother only in some few situations, one of which was her pinning a nosegay to my breast when I was going to say the catechism in the church, as was customary before Easter.'

P. 274. XXVI. THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY, l. 10. '*The which would endless matrimony make*':—From Spenser's *Epithalamion*, stanza xl.

P. 277. XXXII. RURAL CEREMONY. This is still continued in many churches in Westmoreland. It takes place in the month of July, when the floor of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes; and hence it is called the 'Rush-bearing.'—W.

P. 278. XXXV. OLD ABBEYS, ll. 3-10. This is borrowed from an affecting passage in Mr. George Dyer's *History of Cambridge*.—W. Wordsworth apparently refers to a passage near the end of the account of Trinity College, vol. ii. p. 337.

P. 279. XXXVII. CONGRATULATION, l. 2. *Them*:—*I.e.* the party which called in William of Orange to turn out James II.

Ll. 2-6. See Burnet [*History of his own Time*, bk. iv. (vol. iii. pp. 1312-1324, ed. 1725)], who is unusually animated on this subject; the east wind, so anxiously expected and prayed for, was called the 'Protestant wind.'—W.

P. 279. XXXVIII. NEW CHURCHES, l. 11. *The wished-for Temples rise*:—'In 1818, under the ministry of Lord Liverpool, £1,000,000 was voted by Parliament to build new churches in England.'—Prof. Knight.

P. 279. XXXIX. CHURCH TO BE ERECTED. See p. 510 above, note at the beginning of the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, from which we gather that this and the following two sonnets were the first composed of the series.

P. 280. XL. CHURCH TO BE ERECTED—CONTINUED, ll. 9-10. The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their churches: it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.—W.

L. 12. *The fresh air of incense-breathing morn*:—Cp. Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, l. 17, 'The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.'

P. 281. XLIII. INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE, l. 1. *The royal Saint*:—HENRY VI.

P. 282. XLVI. EJACULATION, ll. 5-6. Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit—a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.—W.

EVENING VOLUNTARIES

P. 284. The *Evening Voluntaries* appeared as a separate class of poems in the volume *Yarrow Revisited and other Poems* (1835). They consisted of the first eight here printed, though in a different order, together with a piece composed of a 'fine stanza of Akenside, connected with a still finer from Beattie by a couplet of Thomson.'—W. This piece was not reprinted in Wordsworth's collected poems: it will be found below, vol. III. p. 439.

P. 286. III. (BY THE SEA-SIDE), l. 39. 'Our thoughts are heard in heaven':—Young's *Night Thoughts*, ii. 95.

P. 286. IV. l. 7. The lines following 'nor do words' were written with Lord Byron's character as a poet before me, and that of others his contemporaries who wrote under like influences.—I. F.

P. 290. VIII. *Introductory Note*:—Composed June 8, 1802; the 'Friend' being the poet's sister.

L. 11. 'And masquerading':—Burns, *The Two Dogs*, ll. 153-154:

At operas and plays parading,

Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading.

P. 291. IX. l. 49. In these lines I am under obligation to the exquisite picture of 'Jacob's Dream,' by Mr. Alstone, now in America. It is pleasant to make this public acknowledgment to a man of genius, whom I have the honour to rank among my friends.—W.

P. 294. XII. TO THE MOON. *Composed by the Seaside,—on the Coast of Cumberland*, l. 51. *Plains*:—This word is italicised in all edd. It is very difficult to see why, unless it be merely to point a contrast between the 'billows' and the 'depths' of the sea on the one hand, and the smooth surface of a calm sea on the other, on which the moon shines 'with especial grace.' The mere fact that the plains (*Campi*) of the sea is a common metaphor with the ancients would hardly account for the italics.

P. 295, ll. 63-64. Cp. 'When thou wert hidden in thy monthly grave' in some lines *Written in a Grotto*, published in the *Morning Post*, Mar. 9, 1802, attributed by Prof. Knight and others to Wordsworth. See below, vol. III. p. 424, and Prof. Knight's Eversley ed., vol. VIII. p. 234.

P. 296. XIII. TO THE MOON. (RYDAL), l. 50. 'To look on tempests, and be never shaken':—Shakespeare, *Sonnets*, cxvi. l. 6.

P. 296. XIV. TO LUCCA GIORDANO. Born at Naples in 1629, but his work was mostly done at Venice. 'The picture referred to in this sonnet was brought from Italy by the poet's eldest son.'—Prof. Knight.

POEMS

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, IN THE SUMMER OF 1833

P. 298. *Introductory Note*.—My companions were H. C. Robinson and my son John.—I. F. Most of the poems were published in *Yarrow Revisited and other Poems* (1835).

P. 299. IV. TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK, l. 5. Cocytus, the Greek word for 'wailing,' was the name of one of the rivers of the lower world.

P. 300. V. TO THE RIVER DERWENT, ll. 9-10. The crown of victory at the Nemean games, one of the four great contests of Greece, was a wreath of parsley. In Wordsworth's text the word is mis-spelt Nemæan.

Published 1819 :—First published with *The Waggoner*. This date is, by an oversight, omitted in Mr. Hutchinson's Oxford ed.

P. 301. VIII. NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM, l. 14. 'Too soft a tear':—Pope, *Eloïsa to Abelard*, l. 270.

P. 301. IX. TO A FRIEND. (*On the banks of the Derwent*.) John Wordsworth, the poet's son (who accompanied him on this tour of 1833), was building a parsonage on his small living of Brigham, to which he had been lately presented by the Earl of Lonsdale.

P. 301. X. MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. (*Landing at the mouth of the Derwent, Workington*):—'The fears and impatience of Mary were so great,' says Robertson, 'that she got into a fisher-boat, and with about twenty attendants landed at Workington in Cumberland; and thence she was conducted with many marks of respect to Carlisle.'—W.

P. 302, l. 9. Time is called Saturnian, partly perhaps because the sickle is an emblem of both, partly from the association of Saturn with the remotest antiquity in Roman mythology.

P. 302. XI. STANZAS. *Suggested in a Steamboat off Saint Bees' Heads, on the coast of Cumberland*:—St. Bees' Heads, anciently called the Cliff of Baruth, are a conspicuous sea-mark for all vessels sailing in the N.E. parts of the Irish Sea. In a bay, one side of which is formed by the southern headland, stands the village of St. Bees; a place distinguished, from very early times, for its religious and scholastic foundations. . . .

The form of stanza in this Poem, and something in the style of versification, are adopted from the 'St. Monica,' a poem of much beauty upon a monastic subject, by Charlotte Smith: a lady to whom English verse is under greater obligations than are likely to be either acknowledged or remembered. She wrote little, and that little unambitiously, but with true feeling for rural nature, at a time when nature was not much

regarded by English Poets; for in point of time her earlier writings preceded, I believe, those of Cowper and Burns.—W.

P. 303, l. 32. St. Bega came from Ireland and founded a small monastery about A.D. 650.

P. 304, l. 73. I am aware that I am here treading upon tender ground; but to the intelligent reader I feel that no apology is due. The prayers of survivors, during passionate grief for the recent loss of relatives and friends, as the object of those prayers could no longer be the suffering body of the dying, would naturally be ejaculated for the souls of the departed; the barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the power of love and faith. The ministers of religion, from their habitual attendance upon sick-beds, would be daily witnesses of these benign results, and hence would be strongly tempted to aim at giving to them permanence, by embodying them in rites and ceremonies, recurring at stated periods. All this, as it was in course of nature, so was it blameless, and even praiseworthy; since some of its effects, in that rude state of society, could not but be salutary. No reflecting person, however, can view without sorrow the abuses which rose out of thus formalising sublime instincts, and disinterested movements of passion, and perverting them into means of gratifying the ambition and rapacity of the priesthood. But, while we deplore and are indignant at these abuses, it would be a great mistake if we imputed the origin of the offices to prospective selfishness on the part of the monks and clergy: *they* were at first sincere in their sympathy, and in their degree dupes rather of their own creed, than artful and designing men. Charity is, upon the whole, the safest guide that we can take in judging our fellow-men, whether of past ages, or of the present time.—W.

L. 94. *Staff and cockle hat and sandal shoon*:—Wordsworth is practically quoting from *The Friar of Orders Gray*, in Bp. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*:

O by his cockle-hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

Cp. the Oxford *New English Dictionary*: 'cockle-hat, a hat with a cockle or scallop-shell stuck in it, worn by pilgrims, as a sign of their having been at the shrine of St. James of Compostella in Spain.'

P. 305. l. 114. Prof. Knight refers to *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, Part II. No. xxv. *The Virgin*.

L. 127. This and the following stanza first appeared in ed. 1845.

P. 306. l. 162. Wordsworth refers us to bk. vii. of *The Excursion* (see II. 1008-1057), and *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, Part II. Early Sonnets.

P. 307. XV. ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF MAN. '*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori*':—Horace, *Odes*, iv. viii. 28.

L. 1. *The bastions of Cohorn*:—I.e. the castles of feudal times and the later fortifications built by such military engineers as the Dutch, van Cœhorn (1641-1704), or his still more celebrated French contemporary, Vauban.

L. 14. *Noble Hillary*:—The *Tower of Refuge*, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary; and he also was the founder of the lifeboat establishment at that place; by which, under his superintendence, and often by his exertions at the imminent hazard of his own life, many seamen and passengers have been saved.—W.

P. 308. XVII. ISLE OF MAN. My son William is here the person alluded to as saving the life of the youth.—I. F.

P. 309. XIX. BY A RETIRED MARINER. (*A Friend of the Author*):—This unpretending sonnet is by a gentleman nearly connected with me, and I hope, as it falls so easily into its place, that both the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance here.—W. The author was Henry Hutchinson, Mrs. Wordsworth's brother, 'a person of great originality and vigour of mind, a very enterprising sailor, and a writer of verses distinguished by no ordinary merit.' Bp. Wordsworth's *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, vol. II. p. 246, quoted by Prof. Knight.

P. 309. XX. AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN. (*Supposed to be written by a Friend*), footnote to l. 3:—The friend was a Mr. Cookson, a relative of Wordsworth's mother.

P. 310. XXI. TYNWALD HILL, l. 9. *Snafell*:—The summit of this mountain is well chosen by Cowley as the scene of the 'Vision,' in which the spectral angel discourses with him concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell. 'I found myself,' says he, 'on the top of that famous hill in the Island Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not long since most happy, kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked upon them, they called forth the sad representation of all the sin and all the miseries that overwhelmed them these twenty years.' It is not to be denied that the changes now in progress, and the passions, and the way in which they work, strikingly resemble those which led to the disasters the philosophic writer so feelingly bewails. God grant that the resemblance may not become still more striking as months and years advance!—W.

P. 312. XXVII. WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN. Cp. *Glen Almain*, vol. II. p. 10.

P. 313, ll. 39-40. Cp. Virgil, *Æneid*, VI. 667:

Musæum ante omnes (medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet atque humeris extantem suscipit altis).

P. 314, l. 80. *Mæonides*:—Homer.

P. 315. XXX. CAVE OF STAFFA, l. 8. The reference is doubtless to Ossian, though I know of no particular passage in Macpherson's *Ossian* of which these lines are a definite reminiscence. The rhythm of l. 8 is noticeable. Wordsworth experiments to a certain extent in slurred syllables, and in particular is fond of using the word 'spiritual' as a dissyllable: but this line is exceptional.

P. 315. XXXI. FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE. *Flowers*:—Ox-eyed daisies, as Wordsworth tells us.

P. 316. XXXIII. IONA. (*Upon Landing*), ll. 11-14. The four last lines of this sonnet are adopted from a well-known sonnet of Russel, as conveying my feeling better than any words of my own could do.—W. Cp. *Sonnets and Miscellaneous Poems* (No. x.), by the Rev. Thomas Russell, Fellow of New College, Oxford, who died in 1788 in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

P. 316. XXXIV. THE BLACK STONES OF IONA. [*See Martin's 'Voyage among the Western Isles'*]:—*Description of the Western Islands of Scotland* by M. Martin (1703), p. 259.

P. 317. XXXV. l. 1. *Isle of Columba's Cell*:—St. Columba settled in Iona in 563.

P. 317. XXXVI. GREENOCK. *Per me si va nella Città dolente*:—‘By me is the way into the sorrowful city.’—Dante, *Inferno*, III. i.

P. 318. XXXVII. l. 4. Cp. Burns, *To a Mountain Daisy*, from which (stanza iv.) comes the quotation in l. 9.

P. 318. XXXVIII. THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND, ll. 3-4. Wordsworth probably refers to the *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*, ll. 46, 47:

And she that keepeth watch and ward
Her statelier Eden's course to guard.

See vol. I. p. 344.

L. 5. *Fetched from Paradise*:—It is to be feared that there is more of the poet than the sound etymologist in this derivation of the name Eden. On the western coast of Cumberland is a rivulet which enters the sea at Moresby, known also in the neighbourhood by the name of Eden. May not the latter syllable come from Dean, *a valley*? Langdale, near Ambleside, is by the inhabitants called Langden. The former syllable occurs in the name Emont, a principal feeder of the Eden; and the stream which flows, when the tide is out, over Cartmel sands, is called the Ea—French, *eau*—Latin, *aqua*.—W.

P. 319. XLI. NUNNERY, l. 14. At Corby, a few miles below Nunnery, the Eden is crossed by a magnificent viaduct; and another of these works is thrown over a deep glen or ravine, at a very short distance from the main stream.—W.

P. 320. XLIII. THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED LONG MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS, NEAR THE RIVER EDEN. The Daughters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle eighty yards in diameter, are seventy-two in number above ground; a little way out of the circle stands Long Meg herself, a single stone eighteen feet high. When I first saw this

monument as I came upon it by surprise, I might over-rate its importance as an object; but though it will not bear comparison with Stonehenge, I must say, I have not seen any other relique of those dark ages, which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.—W.

P. 321. XLV. TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE. This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long-continued attacks upon his character, through the local press, had thought it right to prosecute the conductors and proprietors of three several journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case; and, in the others the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.—W.

P. 321. XLVI. THE SOMNAMBULIST. The story told in this poem is purely imaginary, and not founded upon any local tradition. Cp. the Fenwick note.

P. 323, ll. 84-85. Lady Macbeth.

P. 325. *Probably before 1833*:—This poem was dated 1833 in ed. 1849-50: but the Fenwick note informs us that it arose from an excursion made by Wordsworth with Sir George Beaumont, and 'the story here told was constructed and soon after put into verse by me as it now stands.' Sir George Beaumont died in 1827.

P. 325. XLVII. TO CORDELIA M——. Marshall.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION

P. 329. III. LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING. Actually composed while I was sitting by the side of the brook that runs down from the Comb, in which stands the village of Alford, through the grounds of Alfoxden. It was a chosen resort of mine.—I. F., where the scene is further described: cp. too Coleridge, *This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison*.

P. 329. IV. A CHARACTER. The principal features are taken from my friend Robert Jones.—I. F. Cp. vol. i. p. 12.

P. 331. VI. SIMON LEE, *The Old Huntsman*. This old man had been huntsman to the Squires of Alfoxden.—I. F. The first seven stanzas of the poem, representing eight in the original ed., were subjected to a great many changes and transpositions, especially in edd. 1820 and 1827.

P. 332, l. 25. Milton, *Lycidas*, l. 37.

P. 335. VIII. A POET'S EPITAPH, l. 11. The Doctor is of course a Doctor of Divinity, and his cushion that of the pulpit.

P. 337. IX. TO THE DAISY. 1802 :—Dated 1803 in edd. from 1836, but in a note of 1807 to the poem *To the Daisy* ('In youth from rock to rock I went'), Wordsworth states that that poem and this were written in 1802.

P. 337. X. MATTHEW. This, and other poems connected with Matthew, would not gain by a literal detail of facts. Like the Wanderer in *The Excursion* this Schoolmaster was made up of several, both of his class and of men of other occupations.—I. F. The School was that of Hawkshead, cp. *Introd.*, p. xxv.

P. 342. XIII. PERSONAL TALK, l. 6. *Maidens withering on the stalk* :—This somewhat contemptuous expression is rather softened if one remembers the passage of Shakespeare which suggested it (*Midsummer's Night's Dream*, l. i. 76) :

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

It met, however, with a deserved rebuke from Wordsworth's friend and amanuensis, Miss Fenwick, as the Fenwick note testifies. 'By the bye, I have a spite at one of this series of Sonnets (I will leave the reader to discover which) as having been the means of nearly putting off for ever our acquaintance with dear Miss Fenwick, who has always stigmatised one line of it as vulgar, and worthy only of having been composed by a country squire.'

Ll. 7-8. *Like Forms, with chalk painted on rich men's floors* :—'To guide the dancers.'—Prof. Dowden.

L. 12. *In the loved presence of my cottage-fire* :—This line stood in the original edition of 1807 'better and more characteristically' (as Wordsworth says in the Fenwick note) thus :

By my half-kitchen my half-parlour fire.

Ll. 25-26. This quotation from Collins, *Ode to the Passions*, l. 60, also occurs in *An Evening Walk*, l. 237, above, vol. i. p. 8.

P. 343, ll. 41-42. The references are to Shakespeare's *Othello* and Spenser's *Færie Queene*.

Published 1807 :—Written at Town-End [*i.e.* Dove Cottage], Grasmere.—I. F.

P. 343. XIV. ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS. 'The *Illustrated London News*—the pioneer of illustrated newspapers—was first issued on 14th May 1842.'—Prof. Knight.

P. 345. XVII. INCIDENT *Characteristic of a Favourite Dog*. The dog belonged to Mrs. Wordsworth's brother, Thomas Hutchinson, and died, aged and blind, by falling into a draw-well (from Fenwick notes).

P. 347. XIX. FIDELITY. Cp. Sir Walter Scott's poem *Helvellyn*, which deals with the same incident. Wordsworth and Scott climbed Helvellyn

together in the same year as the death of the young angler here recorded, and each wrote his poem without knowing that the other was engaged upon the same subject.

P. 349. XX. ODE TO DUTY. This Ode is on the model of Gray's *Ode to Adversity*, which is copied from Horace's *Ode to Fortune* [*Odes*, i. xxxv.] (from Fenwick note). Prof. Knight adds a note from 'the MS.': 'But is not the first stanza of Gray's from a chorus of Æschylus? And is not Horace's Ode also modelled on the Greek?' Horace's Ode is certainly modelled, like most of his Odes, on the Greek, though not on any single original. Gray's first stanza is not a translation from Æschylus, but he prefixed to his Ode, or *Hymn* as he called it, lines from the first chorus of Æschylus' *Agamemnon*.

L. 16. In ed. 1827 these two lines were :

Long may the kindly impulse last !

But Thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast !

P. 350, l. 40. The following stanza was printed only in the original ed. of 1807 :

Yet not the less would I throughout

Still act according to the voice

Of my own wish ; and feel past doubt

That my submissiveness was choice :

Not seeking in the school of pride

For 'precepts over dignified,'

Denial and restraint I prize

No farther than they breed a second Will more wise.

P. 351. XXI. CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR. Written soon after tidings had been received of the death of Lord Nelson, which event directed the Author's thoughts to the subject.—W. . . . Many elements of the character here pourtrayed were found in my brother John, who perished by shipwreck.—I. F.

P. 352, ll. 75-76. Wordsworth refers us to *The Floure and the Leafe* (usually, though probably wrongly, attributed to Chaucer), l. 548 :

For knightës ever should be persévering,

To seeke honour without feintyse or slouth,

Fro wele to better, in al maner thing.

1806 :—Perhaps written at the end of 1805 ; at any rate 'soon after tidings had been received of the death of Lord Nelson' (W. 1807). Nelson was killed on Oct. 21, 1805.

P. 353. XXII. THE FORCE OF PRAYER ; or, *The Founding of Bolton Priory*, l. 1. *Bene* :—Old English *bén* = prayer.—Prof. Dowden.

P. 354. 1807 :—Dated by Wordsworth 1808, but found by Prof. Knight, in an earlier form, in a letter of Dorothy Wordsworth of Oct. 18, 1807.

P. 356. XXIV., ll. 1-2. Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, beginning.

L. 11. *O my own Dora*:—So ed. of 1849-50. Previously 'O my Antigone,'—in allusion to the daughter of Œdipus, who guided him, after his self-imposed blindness, from Thebes to Attica. Wordsworth's daughter Dora died, to his utter grief, in 1847.

L. 31. '*Abrupt abyss*':—The phrase is marked as a quotation by Wordsworth, and Prof. Knight compares *Paradise Lost*, ii. 409: 'Over the vast Abrupt.' L. 405, *ibid.* runs: 'The dark, unbottomed infinite Abyss.'

P. 357. XXV. ODE TO LYCORIS. MAY 1817. Lycoris was the pseudonym under which Virgil's friend Gallus wrote of his mistress Cytheris. The name was popularised by Virgil's *Tenth Eclogue*, and is used by Wordsworth in a purely fanciful manner.

P. 359. XXVI. TO THE SAME, l. 46. In editions 1845 and 1849-50 'too' is substituted for 'two' of previous editions. No doubt 'too' was a misprint. Mr. Hutchinson corrects it in the *Oxford Wordsworth*: neither Prof. Knight nor Prof. Dowden notices the variation, both printing 'too.'

P. 363. XXX. l. 6. *Strenuous idleness*:—This expression is borrowed from Horace, *Epistles*, i. ii. 28; *Strenua nos exercet inertia*. Wordsworth had used it earlier, in *Prelude*, iv. 378; and, in its original Latin, in a letter to his friend Mathews (1791) given in Knight's *Life*, i. (ix.) p. 58.

P. 364. XXXI. HUMANITY, l. 32. I am indebted, here, to a passage in one of Mr. Digby's valuable works.—W. Prof. Knight says: 'See his *Of bodies, and of Man's Soul*'—referring us to the works of Sir Kenelm Digby (1603-1665): but Wordsworth obviously refers to Mr. Kenelm Henry Digby (1800-1880), the author of *The Broadstone of Honour*, of which a presentation copy (ed. 1823) was in Wordsworth's library. I have not, on a superficial glancing through that work, discovered the passage to which he refers.

P. 365, l. 83. '*Slaves cannot breathe in England*':—Cp. Cowper's *Task*, ii. 40.

P. 366, ll. 89-90. Cp. *The Prelude*, xiii. 77: ' . . . That idol proudly named "The Wealth of Nations."'—Prof. Knight.

P. 367. XXXIV. To ——. *Upon the Birth of her First-born Child*, March 1833. Isabella, wife of John Wordsworth, the poet's eldest son, at this time Rector of Moresby, near Whitehaven.

Lucretius:—[v. 222 foll.],

P. 369. XXXV. THE WARNING. *A Sequel to the Foregoing*. These lines were composed during the fever spread through the Nation by the Reform Bill. As the motives which led to this measure, and the good or evil which has attended or has risen from it, will be duly appreciated

by future historians, there is no call for dwelling on the subject in this place. I will content myself with saying that the then condition of the people's mind is not, in these verses, exaggerated.—I. F. Such verses as these can hardly be fairly judged now, except by studying the history of politics contemporary with them, and particularly the letters of Wordsworth of this period. See the *Memoirs* by Bp. Wordsworth, vol. II. ch. xlix.

P. 370, l. 23. I expect that there should be only a comma at 'Lay': if the couplet is exclamatory Wordsworth would probably have used a note of exclamation.

P. 377. XXXIX. To MAY, l. 59. '*The rathe primrose as it dies*':—Milton, *Lycidas*, l. 142.

P. 378. 1826-1834 :—Wordsworth informs us that this and the preceding poem were originally intended to be one, but were broken into two, and that he made additions to each part, so as to produce a consistent and appropriate whole. (From I. F.) Hence this date.

P. 378. XL. LINES. *Suggested by a portrait from the pencil of F. Stone*—Of Jemima Quillinan, eldest daughter of Edward Quillinan, by his first wife. Edward Quillinan married Wordsworth's daughter Dora in 1841.

SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND ORDER

P. 385. II. UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST. March 1832 :—Appointed because of an outbreak of cholera.—Prof. Knight.

P. 386. III., l. 14. *Hurrah for* —:—George Grote, the celebrated historian of Greece.

P. 386. IV., l. 14. *Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound*: 'All change is perilous and all chance unsound.'—Spenser [*Færie Queene*, bk. v. canto xii. stanza 36.].—W.

P. 388. VIII. These lines were written several years ago, when reports prevailed of cruelties committed in many parts of America, by men making a law of their own passions. A far more formidable, as being a more deliberate mischief, has appeared among those States, which have lately broken faith with the public creditor in a manner so infamous. I cannot, however, but look at both evils under a similar relation to inherent good, and hope that the time is not distant when our brethren of the West will wipe off this stain from their name and nation.—W. In the last year of his life Wordsworth added the following note: 'I am happy to add that this anticipation is already partly realised; and that the reproach addressed to the Pennsylvanians in the next sonnet, is no longer applicable to them. I think that those other states to which it may yet apply will soon follow the example now set them by Philadelphia and redeem their credit with the world.'

SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH

P. 391. This series of sonnets was written in or about the year 1839-40, in consequence of the question of capital punishment being much agitated at that time. In 1837 the number of offences liable to capital punishment had been very greatly diminished by Parliament. See Sir Henry Taylor's article in the *Quarterly Review* (Dec. 1841) on *The Sonnets of William Wordsworth*, in which this series was published for the first time.

P. 392. III., ll. 1-2. Lucius Junius Brutus condemned his own sons to death for conspiring with the banished Tarquins.

P. 394. VIII., l. 14. '*Wild justice of revenge*':—Bacon's *Essays*. *Of Revenge*, ad. init.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

P. 397. I. EPISTLE. *To Sir George Howland Beaumont, Bart.*:—Sir George Beaumont died in 1827. This *Epistle* was first published in 1842. ' . . . I am loth to add, that it was never seen by the person to whom it is addressed. So sensible am I of the deficiencies in all that I write, and so far does everything that I attempt fall short of what I wish it to be, that even private publication, if such a term may be allowed, requires more resolution than I can command. I have written to give vent to my own mind, and not without hope that, some time or other, kindred minds might benefit by my labours: but I am inclined to believe I should never have ventured to send forth any verses of mine to the world if it had not been done on the pressure of personal occasions. Had I been a rich man, my productions, like this *Epistle*, the tragedy of *The Borderers*, etc., would most likely have been confined to manuscript.—I. F.

P. 398, l. 41. *Attendant on Thessalian flocks*:—Apollo, in the Greek story, tended the flocks of Admetus at Pheræ in Thessaly, either out of friendship to him, or as a punishment for having slain the Cyclops.

P. 399, l. 111. The only Gowdar Crag, of which I can find mention, is in Borrowdale.

L. 119. This visit to Bootle in 1811 was undertaken for the health of the poet's children, Catherine and Thomas, who, however, both died the next year. See next poem and *Intro.*, p. xlv.

P. 401, ll. 189-190. Sir George Beaumont had bought Loughrigg Tarn 'with a view to build, near it, such a residence as is alluded to in this *Epistle*.' The project was given up owing to the opposition of Sir Michael le Fleming, who 'claimed a sort of Lordship over the territory' (from I. F.).

P. 404. II. GOLD AND SILVER FISHES IN A VASE, ll. 7-8. Cp. 'Something less than joy, but more than dull content.' Quoted from the Countess of Winchelsea's poems by Wordsworth in a note to *Miscellaneous Sonnets*, vol. I. p. 535.

P. 406. III. LIBERTY (*Sequel to the Preceding*), l. 2. Anna:—See note at the end of the poem.

P. 407, ll. 60-61. Cp. Chaucer, *The Squire's Tale*, ll. 610 foll.:

Men loven of propre kinde newfangelnesse,
As briddes doon that men in cages fede.
For though thou night and day take of hem hede,
And strawe hir cage faire and softe as silk,
And yeve hem sugre, hony, breed and milk,
Yet right anon, as that his dore is uppe,
He with his feet wil spurne adoun his cuppe,
And to the wode he wol and wormes ete;
So newfangel been they of hir mete,
And loven novelryes of propre kinde;
No gentillesse of blood ne may hem binde.

P. 408, l. 91. Horace, *Epistles*, I. xviii. 103.

An secretum iter et fallentis semita vitae.

L. 104. *Bandusia*:—*Blandusia*, ed. 1849-50. *Bandusia*, ed. 1835. Cp. the first sonnet of *The River Duddon*, and note, vol. II. p. 503.

L. 113. *The melancholy Cowley*:—In *The Complaint*, l. 7, Cowley calls himself 'the melancholy Cowley,' being, like so many Royalists, neglected at the Restoration.

L. 111. *In a deep vision's intellectual scene*:—This is actually the first line of Cowley's poem *The Complaint* (1663).

P. 410. IV. l. 22. *Spite of names, to show*:—I.e. to show, in spite of names, bright colours, etc.

P. 410. V. THE GLEANER (*Suggested by a Picture*). By T. Holmes, engraved by C. Heath.—Prof. Knight.

P. 411. VI. TO A REDBREAST (*In Sickness*). S. H.:—Almost the only verses by our lamented sister, Sara Hutchinson.—I. F.

P. 414. IX. FLOATING ISLAND. D. W.—*Published* 1842:—My poor sister takes a pleasure in repeating these verses, which she composed not long before the beginning of her sad illness.—I. F. Dorothy Wordsworth had a severe illness in 1829, from which she never really recovered; but her brain was not seriously affected until 1835.

P. 417. XII. TO THE LADY FLEMING, on seeing the foundation preparing for the erection of Rydal Chapel, Westmoreland, l. 81. 'Bold bad':—Spenser, *Færie Queene*, bk. I. canto i. stanza xxxvii.

L. 83. 'Dark opprobrious den':—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, II. 58.

P. 418. XIII. ON THE SAME OCCASION, l. 4. *The Mother Church in yon sequestered vale* :—The church at Grasmere, dedicated to St. Oswald.

P. 419. XIV. THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE. A tradition transferred from the ancient mansion of Hutton John, the seat of the Hudlestons, to Egremont Castle.—I. F.

P. 422. XV. GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL, *a true Story*. The incident from Dr. Darwin's *Zoönomia* (I. F.), vol. iv. pp. 68-69, ed. 1801.—Prof. Knight.

L. 6. *Duffe* :—Duffel is a coarse, thick cloth, so called from the town of that name between Antwerp and Mechlin.

P. 423, l. 39. *Cunty* = lively, cheery.

P. 426. XVII. TO A CHILD. Rotha Quillinan, the poet's god-daughter.

P. 429. XIX. GRACE DARLING. Grace Darling (1815-1842) was the daughter of William Darling, keeper of the lighthouse on one of the Farne Islands, off Northumberland. On September 7, 1838, the *Forfarshire* steamboat was wrecked on one of the rocks, and most of the persons on board were lost. Darling and his daughter rowed in a small boat to a rock on which the few survivors had found refuge; they brought off four men and a woman. Two of these four returned with Darling and rescued the remaining four men (see *Dict. Nat. Biog.*).

L. 27. *Holy Cuthbert's Cell* :—On one of the Farne Islands. St. Cuthbert was for a time a monk, and afterwards Bishop of Lindisfarne; but he preferred his anchorite's hut.

P. 431. 1842 :—So dated by Wordsworth. In a letter of March 27, 1843, he speaks of the poem as written 'two or three weeks ago.'

P. 431. XX. THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE. Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his entertaining memoirs the substance of this tale, affirms that, besides the concurring reports of others, he had the story from the lady's own mouth.

The Lady Catherine, mentioned towards the close, is the famous Catherine, then bearing that name as the acknowledged wife of Peter the Great.—W. The book referred to above is *Memoirs of Peter Henry Bruce, containing an account of his travels in Germany, Russia, Tartary, Turkey, and the West Indies; as also several anecdotes of the Czar Peter I. of Russia* (1782).

P. 435. In ed. 1835 ll. 179-180 were enclosed in quotation-marks, with this note: 'From Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. See also his Dedicatory Epistle prefixed to the same work.' The lines referred to are:

There was not any wheare

As yet a Bay; by meanes whereof was Phebus faine to weare

The leaves of every pleasant tree about his goolden heare.

(From the First Book, pp. 10, 11, ed. 1575). And:

As for example, in the tale of Daphnee turned to Bay
 A myrror of virginities appeere unto us may,
 Which yeelding neither unto feare, nor force, nor flatterye,
 Doth purchase everlasting fame and immortalitye.
 (From *The Epistle to the Earl of Leycester*, *ibid.* p. 2.)
 P. 437, l. 255. *The Kremlin*:—The royal palace at Moscow.

INSCRIPTIONS

P. 441. I. IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON, THE SEAT OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART., LEICESTERSHIRE, l. 17. *The haunt of him*:—Sir John Beaumont. Cp. note to the *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*, vol. 1. p. 526.

L. 19. *That famous Youth*:—Francis Beaumont, the dramatist, brother of Sir John, was born in 1584 and died in 1616.

1808-1811:—Dated by Wordsworth 1808: but Prof. Dowden is probably right in supposing that while the original idea or perhaps the original draft of the poem dates from that year, it was only finished in 1811, the year in which the fourth of these inscriptions (also dated by Wordsworth 1808) was certainly composed.

P. 443. IV. FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES OF COLEORTON. Nov. 19, 1811:—Dated by Wordsworth 1808; but in a letter of Nov. 20, 1811, he writes that he composed these verses 'yesterday morning.' There is no doubt that this and the three preceding inscriptions were the result of Wordsworth's residence at Coleorton in 1806-1807.

P. 443. V. WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UPON A STONE IN THE WALL OF THE HOUSE (AN OUT-HOUSE), ON THE ISLAND AT GRASMERE, l. 6. *Vitruvius*:—The famous Roman architect M. Vitruvius Pollio, author of the *De Architectura Libri X.*, lived in the time of Julius Cæsar and Augustus.

P. 444. VI. WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL ON A STONE, ON THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN OF BLACK COMB. Black Comb stands at the southern extremity of Cumberland; its space covers a much greater extent of ground than any other mountain in these parts, and from its situation, the summit commands a more extensive view than any other point in Britain. See [*View from the top of Black Comb*, vol. 1. p. 370].—W.

P. 445. VIII. 1830:—So dated by Wordsworth. Sent in MS. to John Kenyon on Sept. 9, 1831.—Prof. Dowden.

P. 446. ll. 21-22. The walk is what we call *Far-terrace*, beyond the summer-house at Rydal Mount. The lines were written when we were afraid of being obliged to quit the place to which we were so much attached.—I. F.

SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER

MODERNISED

P. 451. I. THE PRIORESS' TALE. *Motto*:—Milton, *Il Penseroso*, ll. 109-110.

P. 452, l. 51. *A little scholar*:—In Chaucer 'clergeon,' i.e. a little clerk, a child being brought up as a clerk or member of one of the clerical orders. Such a child would naturally be a chorister, and clergeon therefore often means a chorister, but there seems no sufficient reason to quarrel with Wordsworth's 'scholar.'

P. 453, l. 60. *Simple*:—In Chaucer (l. 60), 'For sely child wil alday sone lere': Wordsworth's 'simple' is quite correct. This is the meaning of 'sely' or, as in Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity*, 'silly.' Cp. Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women*; *Dido*, l. 234 and l. 331.

Ll. 57-64. This stanza has a line more than the rest, and the rhyme-system altered. The words 'Sweet is the holiness of youth' are not represented in the original. St. Nicholas, the patron of schoolboys, was said to have shown his piety at such an early age that on Wednesdays and Fridays in his infancy he would only be suckled once a day, in the evening. See Prof. Skeat's *Chaucer* (Clarendon Press), vol. v. p. 177.

P. 454, l. 113. *Our*:—In Chaucer the MSS. vary between 'your' and 'oure.' Prof. Skeat adopts 'your,' which is obviously the more likely expression here.

P. 457, l. 231. *Enclosed his uncorrupted body sweet*:—In Chaucer, 'enclosen they his litel body swete.' It is difficult to see the motive of Wordsworth's alteration.

P. 458. II. THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE. *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale* is now recognised as not having been written by Chaucer: Prof. Skeat observes that at the end of it in a MS. in the Cambridge University Library are the words *Explicit Clanvowe*, and attributes it to Sir Thomas Clanvowe, 'a well-known personage at the courts of Richard II. and Henry IV.,' and 'a friend of "Prince Hal."'

L. 20. *But most his might he sheds on the eve of May*:—In the original, 'And most his might he sheweth ever in May.'

P. 459, l. 28. *Remembrance*:—Printed 'remembrance' in ed. 1849-50, and by Prof. Knight and Prof. Dowden. Mr. Hutchinson restores 'rememberance' (which spelling occurs also in *Troilus and Cressida*, l. 44 below) from ed. 1842.

L. 39. *Both hot and cold, and heart-aches every day*:—In the original, 'both hoot and cold, an acces every day.'

P. 460, l. 64. *Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty cover*:—In the original, as Wordsworth had it before him, 'The flowers and the graves

like hie.' The true text is 'The floures and the gras ilike al hie' or, with slight variations, to that effect; *i.e.* the daisies and the grass were equally high, or low.

P. 461, l. 99. 'A loud rioting' is an addition of Wordsworth.

L. 104. *She*:—Some MSS. of the original fluctuate in the gender of the Cuckoo; but there can be little doubt that it should be masculine throughout.

P. 462, ll. 127-129. *Oci* was the imperative of the old French verb *ocire* 'to kill': it also in Old French, when doubled, represented the cry of the nightingale.—Prof. Skeat.

P. 464, l. 180. *He may full soon go with an old man's hair*:—Wordsworth correctly renders the text as he had it, but the original is really: 'He may ful sone of age have his heyr,' *i.e.* according to Prof. Skeat, 'may very soon find that his heir has come of age,'—and threatens his inheritance. At the end of the next stanza the original 'And thanne thou shalt hoten as do I' means, 'and then thou shalt be called *cocu* like me,' *cocu* in Old French meaning both *cuckoo* and *cuckold*. This gives its point to l. 186.

P. 465, l. 203. *And knows not when he hurts and when he heals*:—In the best MS. of the original, 'And whom he hit he not, or whom he fayleth, with better sense: *i.e.* 'And he knows not whom he hits or whom he misses.'

P. 466, l. 240. This line is scarcely intelligible, as the point of the poem is in honour of Love. Wordsworth followed the text of his day: but the right reading is, in the original,

'Nay,' quod I, 'thérto shal no thing me bringe
Fro love; and yet he doth me mochel wo'.

P. 467, l. 270. *Of that false Bird whom Love can not abide*:—In the original, 'Of that foule, false, unkinde brid.'

L. 283. *Under a maple that is well beseen*:—In the original, 'Under a maple that is fayre and grene.'

P. 468, ll. 291 to the end follow the popular texts in being closely attached to the preceding poem; according to Prof. Skeat, however, they have nothing to do with it.

P. 468. III. *TROILUS AND CRESIDA*. Chaucer, *Troilus and Criseyde*, bk. v. 519-686.

P. 469, l. 21. *Continuance*:—In Chaucer, 'countenance,' which is natural and makes sense.

P. 470, l. 57. *And at the corner of that self-same house*:—In the original, 'And at that corner, in the yonder house.'

P. 471, l. 118. *With a soft voice*:—In ed. 1849-50, 'With a soft night voice.' This phrase raises one of the most curious questions of text in Wordsworth. In the version contributed by Wordsworth to *The Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer Modernised* (1841), in which this poem first appeared, this line ran, 'With a soft voice, he of his Lady dear,'—a literal version

of the original Chaucer (l. 636). The phrase 'with a soft night voice' appeared in ed. 1842 (*Poems chiefly of Early and Late Years*) and in all subsequent editions until, on the suggestion of Prof. Dowden in a paper read to the Wordsworth Society, Mr. Hutchinson expelled the word 'night' from the Oxford ed. Mr. Hutchinson thinks that 'night' was foisted in by the compositor, being 'evidently caught from the expression "night by night," which occurs four lines below': from the point of view of textual criticism I cannot help thinking that this is a rash assumption: but that 'night' was foisted in by some mistake or other seems quite certain. It would have been quite in Wordsworth's manner to insert a monosyllable before or after 'soft' to strengthen the rhythm: there are many instances of a similar treatment of such light words as 'with a,' and many more of Wordsworth's frequent uneasiness, even in the minutest points of rhythm, where perhaps, but for his alterations, few readers would have felt what seemed to him amiss. But it is scarcely conceivable that he should have inserted the word 'night,' which is not an adjective, clashes harshly with the end of the preceding line, is otiose for the sense, and represents nothing in the original.

L. 123. *I steer and sail*:—In Chaucer, 'with wind in stere I sayle': but in common edd. 'I stere and sayle.'

P. 472, l. 138. *Above*:—In the original, more intelligibly, 'about,' i.e. throughout thy circular course. It seems probable that the mistake was originally a misprint.

L. 147. Phaëthon, the son of Helios the Sun-god, persuaded his father to allow him to drive his chariot. The horses, getting out of his control, came so near to Earth as nearly to burn it; whereupon Zeus killed Phaëthon with lightning.

L. 152. *Or yonder is it that the tents must be*:—In the original, 'Or elles yonder, ther tho tentes be!' i.e. where those tents are. Wordsworth's line would imply that the tents were not visible from the walls.

POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF OLD AGE

P. 475. I. THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR. The passage from l. 79 'Then be assured,' to l. 87 'worthless,' was added in ed. 1837.

P. 477. 1797-1798:—'Written at Racedown and Alfoxden in my twenty-third year.'—I. F. Wordsworth was in his twenty-fifth year when he went to Racedown, in his twenty-seventh when he went to Alfoxden.

P. 477. II. THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE. With this picture, which was taken from real life, compare the imaginative one of *The Reverie of Poor Susan* [vol. i. p. 314]; and see (to make up the deficiencies of this class) *The Excursion*, *passim*.—W. The character of this man was described to me, and the incident upon which the verses turn was told me, by Mr. Poole of Nether Stowey, with whom I became

acquainted through our common friend S. T. Coleridge. During my residence at Alfoxden I used to see much of him, and had frequent occasions to admire the course of his daily life, especially his conduct to his labourers and poor neighbours: their virtues he carefully encouraged, and weighed their faults in the scales of charity. If I seem in these verses to have treated the weaknesses of the farmer, and his transgression, too tenderly, it may in part be ascribed to my having received the story from one so averse to all harsh judgment. After his death, was found in his escritoire a lock of grey hair carefully preserved, with a notice that it had been cut from the head of his faithful shepherd, who had served him for a length of years. I need scarcely add that he felt for all men as his brothers. He was much beloved by distinguished persons—Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Southey, Sir H. Davy, and many others; and in his own neighbourhood was highly valued as a magistrate, a man of business, and in every other social relation. The latter part of the poem, perhaps, requires some apology as being too much of an echo to the *Reverie of Poor Susan*.—I. F.

P. 478, ll. 41-42. In ed. 1800:

You lift up your eyes, 'O the merciless Jew!'

But in truth he was never more cruel than you.

P. 479, ll. 73-76. This stanza in ed. 1815 took the place of the following two:

Where proud Covent-garden, in frost and in snow,
Spreads her fruits and her flow'rs, built up row after row,
Old Adam will point with his finger and say
To them that stand by, 'I've seen better than they.'

Where the apples are heaped on the barrows in piles,
You see him stop short, he looks long, and he smiles;
He looks, and he smiles, and a Poet might spy
The image of fifty green fields in his eye.

P. 480, l. 90. In ed. 1849-50 'up' is omitted.

1800:—Dated by Wordsworth 1803, but first published in *The Morning Post* of July 21, 1800.

P. 480. III. THE SMALL CELANDINE. Cp. the two other poems to this flower, vol. i. p. 257, 259.

P. 481. IV. THE TWO THIEVES; or, *The Last Stage of Avarice*, l. 1. Thomas Bewick, the wood-engraver, best known perhaps for his illustrations of the *History of British Birds*, was born in 1753 at Cherryburn, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, served his apprenticeship and lived for most of his life at Newcastle, and died in 1828.

P. 482. *Published* 1800:—Dated by Wordsworth 1800, in which year it was published. Prof. Knight quotes variants from a MS. version which he dates 1798.

P. 482. V. ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY. l. 14. In editions previous to 1815, the following lines, with slight variations, continue the poem :

I asked him whither he was bound, and what
The object of his journey ; he replied
' Sir ! I am going many miles to take
A last leave of my son, a mariner,
Who from a sea-fight has been brought to Falmouth,
And there is dying in an hospital.'

ADDITIONAL NOTE (p. 505)

MEMOIR OF THE REV. ROBERT WALKER

In the year 1709, Robert Walker was born at Under-crag, in Seathwaite ; he was the youngest of twelve children. His eldest brother, who inherited the small family estate, died at Under-crag, aged ninety-four, being twenty-four years older than the subject of this Memoir, who was born of the same mother. Robert was a sickly infant ; and, through his boyhood and youth, continuing to be of delicate frame and tender health, it was deemed best, according to the country phrase, *to breed him a scholar* ; for it was not likely that he would be able to earn a livelihood by bodily labour. At that period few of these dales were furnished with school-houses ; the children being taught to read and write in the chapel ; and in the same consecrated building, where he officiated for so many years both as preacher and schoolmaster, he himself received the rudiments of his education. In his youth he became schoolmaster at Loweswater ; not being called upon, probably, in that situation to teach more than reading, writing, and, arithmetic. But, by the assistance of a ' Gentleman ' in the neighbourhood, he acquired, at leisure hours, a knowledge of the classics, and became qualified for taking holy orders. Upon his ordination, he had the offer of two curacies : the one, Torver, in the vale of Coniston,—the other, Seathwaite, in his native vale. The value of each was the same, *viz.* five pounds *per annum* : but the cure of Seathwaite having a cottage attached to it, as he wished to marry, he chose it in preference. The young person on whom his affections were fixed, though in the condition of a domestic servant, had given promise, by her serious and modest deportment, and by her virtuous dispositions, that she was worthy to become the helpmate of a man entering upon a plan of life such as he had marked out for himself. By her frugality she had stored up a small sum of money, with which they began housekeeping. In 1735 or 1736, he entered upon his curacy ; and, nineteen years afterwards, his situation is thus described, in some letters to be found in the *Annual Register* for 1760, from which the following is extracted :—

TO MR. —

Coniston, July 26, 1754.

'SIR,—I was the other day upon a party of pleasure, about five or six miles from this place, where I met with a very striking object, and of a nature not very common. Going into a clergyman's house (of whom I had frequently heard), I found him sitting at the head of a long square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons; a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes plated with iron to preserve them (what we call clogs in these parts), with a child upon his knee, eating his breakfast; his wife, and the remainder of his children, were some of them employed in waiting upon each other, the rest in teasing and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great proficient; and moreover, when it is made ready for sale, will lay it, by sixteen or thirty-two pounds' weight, upon his back, and on foot, seven or eight miles, will carry it to the market, even in the depth of winter. I was not much surprised at all this, as you may possibly be, having heard a great deal of it related before. But I must confess myself astonished with the alacrity and the good humour that appeared both in the clergyman and his wife, and more so at the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself. . . .'

Then follows a letter from another person, dated 1755, from which an extract shall be given.

'By his frugality and good management, he keeps the wolf from the door, as we say; and if he advances a little in the world, it is owing more to his own care, than to anything else he has to rely upon. I don't find his inclination is running after further preferment. He is settled among the people, that are happy among themselves; and lives in the greatest unanimity and friendship with them; and, I believe, the minister and people are exceedingly satisfied with each other; and indeed how should they be dissatisfied when they have a person of so much worth and probity for their pastor? A man who, for his candour and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honour to the country he is in; and bear with me if I say, the plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity.'

We will now give his own account of himself, to be found in the same place.

FROM THE REV. ROBERT WALKER

'SIR,—Yours of the 26th instant was communicated to me by Mr. C——, and I should have returned an immediate answer, but the hand

of Providence, then laying heavy upon an amiable pledge of conjugal endearment, hath since taken from me a promising girl, which the disconsolate mother too pensively laments the loss of; though we have yet eight living, all healthful, hopeful children, whose names and ages are as follows:—Zaccheus, aged almost eighteen years; Elizabeth, sixteen years and ten months; Mary, fifteen; Moses, thirteen years and three months; Sarah, ten years and three months; Mabel, eight years and three months; William Tyson, three years and eight months; and Anne Esther, one year and three months; besides Ann, who died two years and six months ago, and was then aged between nine and ten; and Eleanor, who died the 23d inst., January, aged six years and ten months. Zaccheus, the eldest child, is now learning the trade of tanner, and has two years and a half of his apprenticeship to serve. The annual income of my chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to about 17*l.*, of which is paid in cash, viz., 5*l.* from the bounty of Queen Anne, and 5*l.* from W. P., Esq., of P——, out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and 3*l.* from the several inhabitants of L——, settled upon the tenements as a rent-charge; the house and gardens I value at 4*l.* yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplice fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth 3*l.*; but as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very low, this last-mentioned sum consists merely in free-will offerings.

‘I am situated greatly to my satisfaction with regard to the conduct and behaviour of my auditory, who not only live in the happy ignorance of the follies and vices of the age, but in mutual peace and goodwill with one another, and are seemingly (I hope really too) sincere Christians, and sound members of the established church, not one dissenter of any denomination being amongst them all. I got to the value of 40*l.* for my wife’s fortune, but had no real estate of my own, being the youngest son of twelve children, born of obscure parents; and, though my income has been but small, and my family large, yet, by a providential blessing upon my own diligent endeavours, the kindness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had the necessaries of life. By what I have written (which is a true and exact account, to the best of my knowledge), I hope you will not think your favour to me, out of the late worthy Dr. Stratford’s effects, quite misbestowed, for which I must ever gratefully own myself, sir, your much obliged and most obedient humble servant,

‘R. W., Curate of S——.

‘To Mr. C., of Lancaster.’

About the time when this letter was written, the Bishop of Chester recommended the scheme of joining the curacy of Ulpha to the contiguous one of Seathwaite, and the nomination was offered to Mr. Walker; but an unexpected difficulty arising, Mr. W., in a letter to the Bishop (a copy of which, in his own beautiful handwriting, now lies before me), thus expresses himself: ‘If he,’ meaning the person in whom the diffi-

culty originated, 'had suggested any such objection before I should utterly have declined any attempt to the curacy of Ulpha: indeed, I was always apprehensive it might be disagreeable to my auditory at Seathwaite, as they have been always accustomed to double duty, and the inhabitants of Ulpha despair of being able to support a schoolmaster who is not curate there also; which suppressed all thoughts in me of serving them both.' And in a second letter to the Bishop he writes:—

'MY LORD,—I have the favour of yours of the 1st instant, and am exceedingly obliged on account of the Ulpha affair: if that curacy should lapse into your Lordship's hands, I would beg leave rather to decline than embrace it; for the chapels of Seathwaite and Ulpha, annexed together, would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places; by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid.' And in concluding his former letter, he expresses a similar sentiment upon the same occasion, 'desiring, if it be possible, however, as much as in me lieth, to live peaceably with all men.'

The year following, the curacy of Seathwaite was again augmented; and, to effect this augmentation, fifty pounds had been advanced by himself; and, in 1760, lands were purchased with eight hundred pounds. Scanty as was his income, the frequent offer of much better benefices could not tempt Mr. W. to quit a situation where he had been so long happy, with a consciousness of being useful. Among his papers I find the following copy of a letter, dated 1775, twenty years after his refusal of the curacy of Ulpha, which will show what exertions had been made for one of his sons.

'MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—Our remote situation here makes it difficult to get the necessary information for transacting business regularly; such is the reason of my giving your Grace the present trouble.

'The bearer (my son) is desirous of offering himself candidate for deacon's orders at your Grace's ensuing ordination; the first, on the 25th instant, so that his papers could not be transmitted in due time. As he is now fully at age, and I have afforded him education to the utmost of my ability, it would give me great satisfaction (if your Grace would take him, and find him qualified) to have him ordained. His constitution has been tender for some years; he entered the college of Dublin, but his health would not permit him to continue there, or I would have supported him much longer. He has been with me at home above a year, in which time he has gained great strength of body, sufficient, I hope, to enable him for performing the function. Divine Providence, assisted by liberal benefactors, has blest my endeavours, from a small income, to rear a numerous family; and as my time of life renders me now unfit for much future expectancy from this world,

I should be glad to see my son settled in a promising way to acquire an honest livelihood for himself. His behaviour, so far in life, has been irreproachable; and I hope he will not degenerate, in principles or practice, from the precepts and pattern of an indulgent parent. Your Grace's favourable reception of this, from a distant corner of the diocese, and an obscure hand, will excite filial gratitude, and a due use shall be made of the obligation vouchsafed thereby to your Grace's very dutiful and most obedient Son and Servant,

ROBERT WALKER.

The same man, who was thus liberal in the education of his numerous family, was even munificent in hospitality as a parish priest. Every Sunday, were served, upon the long table, at which he has been described sitting with a child upon his knee, messes of broth, for the refreshment of those of his congregation who came from a distance, and usually took their seats as parts of his own household. It seems scarcely possible that this custom could have commenced before the augmentation of his cure; and what would to many have been a high price of self-denial, was paid, by the pastor and his family, for this gratification; as the treat could only be provided by dressing at one time the whole, perhaps, of their weekly allowance of fresh animal food; consequently, for a succession of days, the table was covered with cold victuals only. His generosity in old age may be still further illustrated by a little circumstance relating to an orphan grandson, then ten years of age, which I find in a copy of a letter to one of his sons; he requests that half a guinea may be left for 'little Robert's pocket-money,' who was then at school: intrusting it to the care of a lady, who, as he says, 'may sometimes frustrate his squandering it away foolishly,' and promising to send him an equal allowance annually for the same purpose. The conclusion of the same letter is so characteristic, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it. 'We,' meaning his wife and himself, 'are in our wonted state of health, allowing for the hasty strides of old age knocking daily at our door, and threateningly telling us, we are not only mortal, but must expect ere long to take our leave of our ancient cottage, and lie down in our last dormitory. Pray pardon my neglect to answer yours: let us hear sooner from you, to augment the mirth of the Christmas holidays. Wishing you all the pleasures of the approaching season, I am, dear Son, with lasting sincerity, yours affectionately, ROBERT WALKER.'

He loved old customs and old usages, and in some instances stuck to them to his own loss; for, having had a sum of money lodged in the hands of a neighbouring tradesman, when long course of time had raised the rate of interest, and more was offered, he refused to accept it; an act not difficult to one, who, while he was drawing seventeen pounds a year from his curacy, declined, as we have seen, to add the profits of another small benefice to his own, lest he should be suspected of cupidity.—From this vice he was utterly free; he made no charge for teaching school; such as could afford to pay, gave him what they

pleased. When very young, having kept a diary of his expenses, however trifling, the large amount, at the end of the year, surprised him; and from that time the rule of his life was to be economical, not avaricious. At his decease he left behind him no less a sum than 2000*l.*; and such a sense of his various excellencies was prevalent in the country, that the epithet of *WONDERFUL* is to this day attached to his name.

There is in the above sketch something so extraordinary as to require further *explanatory* details.—And to begin with his industry: eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion table was his desk; and, like Shenstone's schoolmistress, the master employed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening, after school hours, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labour, exchanging, for the benefit of exercise, the small wheel, at which he had sate, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. Thus, was the wheel constantly in readiness to prevent the waste of a moment's time. Nor was his industry with the pen, when occasion called for it, less eager. Intrusted with extensive management of public and private affairs, he acted, in his rustic neighbourhood, as scrivener, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, etc., with pecuniary gain to himself, and to the great benefit of his employers. These labours (at all times considerable) at one period of the year, viz., between Christmas and Candlemas, when money transactions are settled in this country, were often so intense, that he passed great part of the night, and sometimes whole nights, at his desk. His garden also was tilled by his own hand; he had a right of pasturage upon the mountains for a few sheep and a couple of cows, which required his attendance; with this pastoral occupation, he joined the labours of husbandry upon a small scale, renting two or three acres in addition to his own less than one acre of glebe; and the humblest drudgery which the cultivation of these fields required was performed by himself.

He also assisted his neighbours in haymaking and shearing their flocks, and in the performance of this latter service he was eminently dexterous. They, in their turn, complimented him with the present of a haycock, or a fleece; less as a recompence for this particular service than as a general acknowledgment. The Sabbath was in a strict sense kept holy; the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the Scripture and family prayer. The principal festivals appointed by the Church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year he was incessantly occupied in work of hand or mind; not allowing a moment for recreation, except upon a Saturday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a Newspaper, or sometimes with a Magazine. The frugality and temperance established in his house,

were as admirable as the industry. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given was there known; in the latter part of his life, indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visitors, and for such of his own family as returned occasionally to his roof, and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere; but neither he nor his wife ever partook of it. The raiment worn by his family was comely and decent, but as simple as their diet; the home-spun materials were made up into apparel by their own hands. At the time of the decease of this thrifty pair, their cottage contained a large store of webs of woollen and linen cloth, woven from thread of their own spinning. And it is remarkable that the pew in the chapel in which the family used to sit, remains neatly lined with woollen cloth spun by the pastor's own hands. It is the only pew in the chapel so distinguished; and I know of no other instance of his conformity to the delicate accommodations of modern times. The fuel of the house, like that of their neighbours, consisted of peat, procured from the mosses by their own labour. The lights by which, in the winter evenings, their work was performed, were of their own manufacture, such as still continue to be used in these cottages; they are made of the pith of rushes dipped in any unctuous substance that the house affords. *White* candles, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honour the Christmas festivals, and were perhaps produced upon no other occasions. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from their small mountain flock, and killed for the use of the family; and a cow, towards the close of the year, was salted and dried for winter provision: the hide was tanned to furnish them with shoes.—By these various resources, this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family, not only preserving them, as he affectingly says, 'from wanting the necessities of life'; but affording them an unstinted education, and the means of raising themselves in society. In this they were eminently assisted by the effects of their father's example, his precepts, and injunctions: he was aware that truth-speaking, as a moral virtue, is best secured by inculcating attention to accuracy of report even on trivial occasions; and so rigid were the rules of honesty by which he endeavoured to bring up his family, that if one of them had chanced to find in the lanes or fields anything of the least use or value without being able to ascertain to whom it belonged, he always insisted upon the child's carrying it back to the place from which it had been brought.

No one, it might be thought, could, as has been described, convert his body into a machine, as it were, of industry for the humblest uses, and keep his thoughts so frequently bent upon secular concerns, without grievous injury to the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstances apparently so unfavourable, and where, to the direct cultivation of the mind, so small a portion of time was allotted? But, in this extraordinary man, things in their nature adverse were reconciled.

His conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent; his written style was correct, simple, and animated. Nor did his *affections* suffer more than his intellect; he was tenderly alive to all the duties of his pastoral office: the poor and needy 'he never sent empty away,'—the stranger was fed and refreshed in passing that unfrequented vale—the sick were visited; and the feelings of humanity found further exercise among the distresses and embarrassments in the worldly estate of his neighbours, with which his talents for business made him acquainted; and the disinterestedness, impartiality, and uprightness which he maintained in the management of all affairs confided to him were virtues seldom separated in his own conscience from religious obligation. Nor could such conduct fail to remind those who witnessed it of a spirit nobler than law or custom: they felt convictions which, but for such intercourse, could not have been afforded, that, as in the practice of their pastor, there was no guile, so in his faith there was nothing hollow; and we are warranted in believing that, upon these occasions, selfishness, obstinacy, and discord would often give way before the breathings of his good-will and saintly integrity. It may be presumed also—while his humble congregation were listening to the moral precepts which he delivered from the pulpit, and to the Christian exhortations that they should love their neighbours as themselves, and do as they would be done unto—that peculiar efficacy was given to the preacher's labours by recollections in the minds of his congregation, that they were called upon to do no more than his own actions were daily setting before their eyes.

The afternoon service in the chapel was less numerously attended than that of the morning, but by a more serious auditory; the lesson from the New Testament, on those occasions, was accompanied by Burkitt's Commentaries. These lessons he read with impassioned emphasis, frequently drawing tears from his hearers, and leaving a lasting impression upon their minds. His devotional feelings and the powers of his own mind were further exercised, along with those of his family, in perusing the Scriptures; not only on the Sunday evenings, but on every other evening, while the rest of the household were at work, some one of the children, and in her turn the servant, for the sake of practice in reading, or for instruction, read the Bible aloud; and in this manner the whole was repeatedly gone through. That no common importance was attached to the observance of religious ordinances by his family, appears from the following memorandum by one of his descendants, which I am tempted to insert at length, as it is characteristic, and somewhat curious. 'There is a small chapel in the county palatine of Lancaster, where a certain clergyman has regularly officiated above sixty years, and a few months ago administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the same, to a decent number of devout communicants. After the clergyman had received himself, the first company out of the assembly

who approached the altar, and kneeled down to be partakers of the sacred elements, consisted of the parson's wife, to whom he had been married upwards of sixty years ; one son and his wife ; four daughters, each with her husband ; whose ages, all added together, amount to above 714 years. The several and respective distances from the place of each of their abodes, to the chapel where they all communicated, will measure more than 1000 English miles. Though the narration will appear surprising, it is without doubt a fact that the same persons, exactly four years before, met at the same place, and all joined in performance of the same venerable duty.'

He was indeed most zealously attached to the doctrine and frame of the Established Church. We have seen him congratulating himself that he had no dissenters in his cure of any denomination. Some allowance must be made for the state of opinion when his first religious impressions were received, before the reader will acquit him of bigotry, when I mention, that at the time of the augmentation of the cure, he refused to invest part of the money in the purchase of an estate offered to him upon advantageous terms, because the proprietor was a Quaker ;—whether from scrupulous apprehension that a blessing would not attend a contract framed for the benefit of the church between persons not in religious sympathy with each other ; or, as a seeker of peace, he was afraid of the uncomplying disposition which at one time was too frequently conspicuous in that sect. Of this an instance had fallen under his own notice ; for while he taught school at Loweswater, certain persons of that denomination had refused to pay annual interest due under the title of Church-stock ;¹ a great hardship upon the incumbent, for the curacy of Loweswater was scarcely less poor than that of Seathwaite. To what degree this prejudice of his was blameable need not be determined ;—certain it is, that he was not only desirous, as he himself says, to live in peace, but in love, with all men. He was placable, and charitable in his judgments ; and, however correct in conduct and rigorous to himself, he was ever ready to forgive the trespasses of others, and to soften the censure that was cast upon their frailties.—It would be unpardonable to omit that, in the maintenance of his virtues he received due support from the partner of his long life. She was equally strict, in attending to her share of their joint cares, nor less diligent in her appropriate occupations. A person who had been some time their servant in the latter part of their lives, concluded the panegyric of her mistress by saying to me, 'She was no less excellent than her husband ; she was good to the poor ; she was good to everything !' He survived for a short time this virtuous companion. When she died, he ordered that her body should be borne to the grave by three

¹ Mr. Walker's charity being of that kind which 'seeketh not her own,' he would rather forego his rights than distract for dues which the parties liable refused, as a point of conscience, to pay.

of her daughters and one grand-daughter ; and, when the corpse was lifted from the threshold, he insisted upon lending his aid, and feeling about, for he was then almost blind, took hold of a napkin fixed to the coffin ; and, as a bearer of the body, entered the chapel, a few steps from the lowly parsonage.

What a contrast does the life of this obscurely-seated, and, in point of worldly wealth, poorly-repaid Churchman, present to that of a Cardinal Wolsey !

‘ O ’tis a burthen, Cromwell, ’tis a burthen
Too heavy for a man who hopes for heaven.’

We have been dwelling upon images of peace in the moral world, that have brought us again to the quiet enclosure of consecrated ground, in which this venerable pair lie interred. The sounding brook, that rolls close by the churchyard, without disturbing feeling or meditation, is now unfortunately laid bare ; but not long ago it participated, with the chapel, the shade of some stately ash-trees, which will not spring again. While the spectator from this spot is looking round upon the girdle of stony mountains that encompasses the vale,—masses of rock, out of which monuments for all men that ever existed might have been hewn—it would surprise him to be told, as with truth he might be, that the plain blue slab dedicated to the memory of this aged pair is a production of a quarry in North Wales. It was sent as a mark of respect by one of their descendants from the vale of Festiniog, a region almost as beautiful as that in which it now lies !

Upon the Seathwaite Brook, at a small distance from the parsonage, has been erected a mill for spinning yarn ; it is a mean and disagreeable object though not unimportant to the spectator, as calling to mind the momentous changes wrought by such inventions in the frame of society—changes which have proved especially unfavourable to these mountain solitudes. So much had been effected by those new powers, before the subject of the preceding biographical sketch closed his life, that their operation could not escape his notice, and doubtless excited touching reflections upon the comparatively insignificant results of his own manual industry. But Robert Walker was not a man of times and circumstances : had he lived at a later period, the principle of duty would have produced application as unremitting ; the same energy of character would have been displayed, though in many instances with widely different effects.

With pleasure I annex, as illustrative and confirmatory of the above account, extracts from a paper in the *Christian Remembrancer*, October 1819 : it bears an assumed signature, but is known to be the work of the Rev. Robert Bamford, vicar of Bishopton, in the county of Durham ; a great-grandson of Mr. Walker, whose worth it commemorates, by a record not the less valuable for being written in very early youth.

‘His house was a nursery of virtue. All the inmates were industrious, and cleanly, and happy. Sobriety, neatness, quietness, characterised the whole family. No railings, no idleness, no indulgence of passion were permitted. Every child, however young, had its appointed engagements; every hand was busy. Knitting, spinning, reading, writing, mending clothes, making shoes, were by the different children constantly performing. The father himself sitting amongst them, and guiding their thoughts, was engaged in the same occupations. . . .

‘He sate up late, and rose early; when the family were at rest, he retired to a little room which he had built on the roof of his house. He had slated it, and fitted it up with shelves for his books, his stock of cloth, wearing apparel, and his utensils. There many a cold winter’s night, without fire, while the roof was glazed with ice, did he remain reading or writing till the day dawned. He taught the children in the chapel, for there was no schoolhouse. Yet in that cold, damp place he never had a fire. He used to send the children in parties either to his own fire at home, or make them run up the mountain side.

‘It may be further mentioned, that he was a passionate admirer of Nature; she was his mother, and he was a dutiful child. While engaged on the mountains, it was his greatest pleasure to view the rising sun; and in tranquil evenings, as it slid behind the hills, he blessed its departure. He was skilled in fossils and plants; a constant observer of the stars and winds: the atmosphere was his delight. He made many experiments on its nature and properties. In summer he used to gather a multitude of flies and insects, and, by his entertaining description, amuse and instruct his children. They shared all his daily employments, and derived many sentiments of love and benevolence from his observations on the works and productions of nature. Whether they were following him in the field, or surrounding him in school, he took every opportunity of storing their minds with useful information.—Nor was the circle of his influence confined to Seathwaite. Many a distant mother has told her child of Mr. Walker, and begged him to be as good a man.

‘Once, when I was very young, I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing that venerable old man in his 90th year, and even then, the calmness, the force, the perspicuity of his sermon, sanctified and adorned by the wisdom of grey hairs, and the authority of virtue, had such an effect upon my mind, that I never see a hoary-headed clergyman, without thinking of Mr. Walker. . . . He allowed no dissenter or methodist to interfere in the instruction of the souls committed to his cure: and so successful were his exertions, that he had not one dissenter of any denomination whatever in the whole parish. Though he avoided all religious controversies, yet when age had silvered his head, and virtuous piety had secured to his appearance reverence and silent

honour, no one, however determined in his hatred of apostolic descent, could have listened to his discourse on ecclesiastical history and ancient times, without thinking, that one of the beloved apostles had returned to mortality, and in that vale of peace had come to exemplify the beauty of holiness in the life and character of Mr. Walker.

‘Until the sickness of his wife, a few months previous to her death, his health and spirits and faculties were unimpaired. But this misfortune gave him such a shock, that his constitution gradually decayed. His senses, except sight, still preserved their powers. He never preached with steadiness after his wife’s death. His voice faltered: he always looked at the seat she had used. He could not pass her tomb without tears. He became, when alone, sad and melancholy, though still among his friends kind and good-humoured. He went to bed about twelve o’clock the night before his death. As his custom was, he went, tottering and leaning upon his daughter’s arm, to examine the heavens, and meditate a few moments in the open air. “How clear the moon shines to-night!” He said these words, sighed, and laid down. At six next morning he was found a corpse. Many a tear, and many a heavy heart, and many a grateful blessing followed him to the grave.’

Having mentioned in this narrative the vale of Loweswater as a place in which Mr. Walker taught school, I will add a few memoranda from its parish register, respecting a person apparently of desires as moderate, with whom he must have been intimate during his residence there.

‘Let him that would, ascend the tottering seat
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great
As are his mounting wishes; but for me,
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be.

HENRY FOREST, Curate.’

‘Honour, the idol which the most adore,
Receives no homage from my knee;
Content in privacy I value more
Than all uneasy dignity.’

‘Henry Forest came to Loweswater, 1708, being twenty-five years of age.’

‘This curacy was twice augmented by Queen Anne’s Bounty. The first payment, with great difficulty, was paid to Mr. John Curwen of London, on the 9th of May 1724, deposited by me, Henry Forest, Curate of Loweswater. Y^e said 9th of May, y^e said Mr. Curwen went to the office, and saw my name registered there, etc. This, by the providence of God, came by lot to this poor place.

Hæc testor H. Forest.

In another place he records, that the sycamore-trees were planted in the churchyard in 1710.

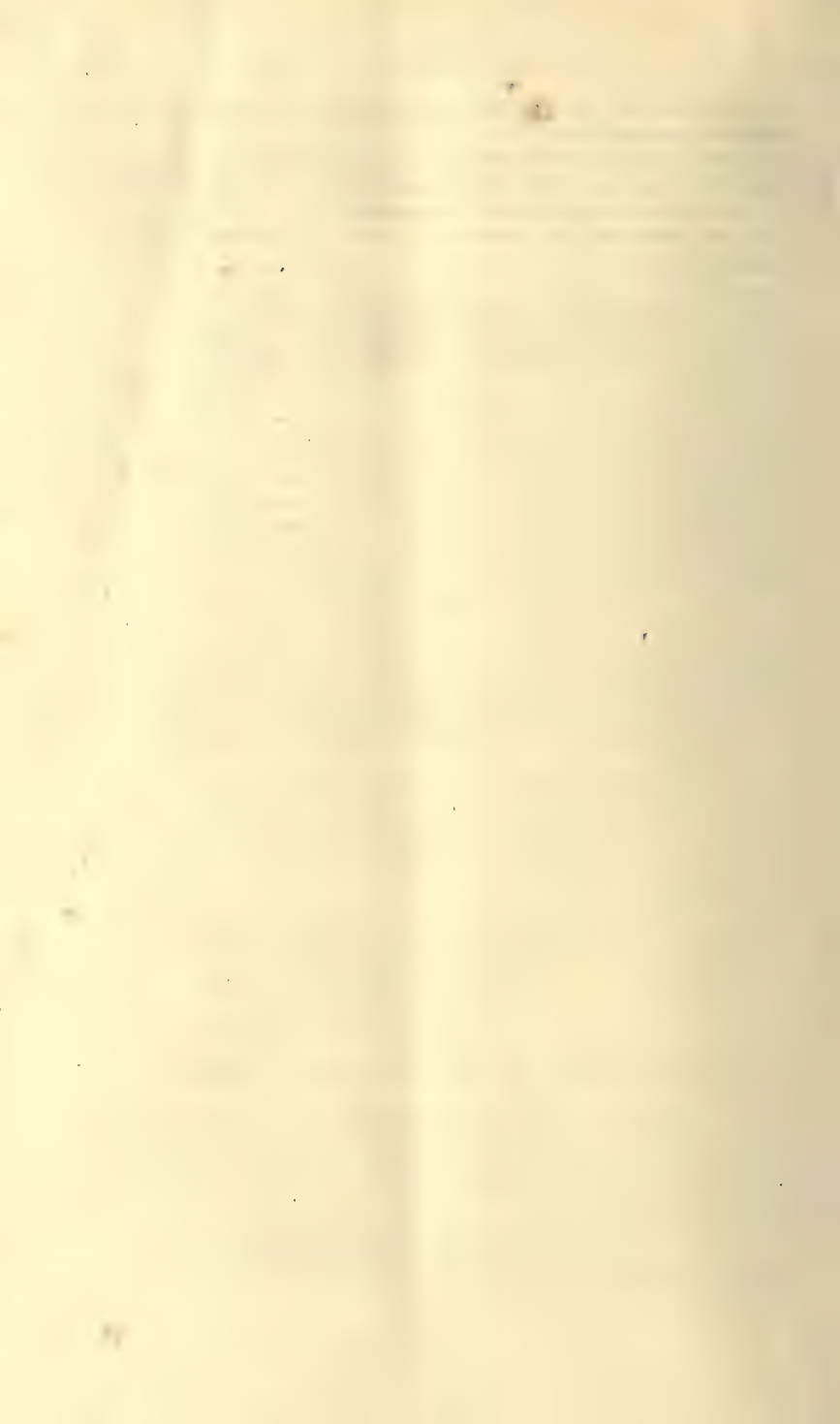
He died in 1741, having been curate thirty-four years. It is not improbable that H. Forest was the gentleman who assisted Rober, Walker in his classical studies at Loweswater.

To this parish register is prefixed a motto, of which the following verses are a part :—

‘Invigilate viri, tacito nam tempora gressu
Diffugiunt, nulloque sono convertitur annus ;
Utendum est ætate, cito pede præterit ætas.’

W. W. 1820.

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